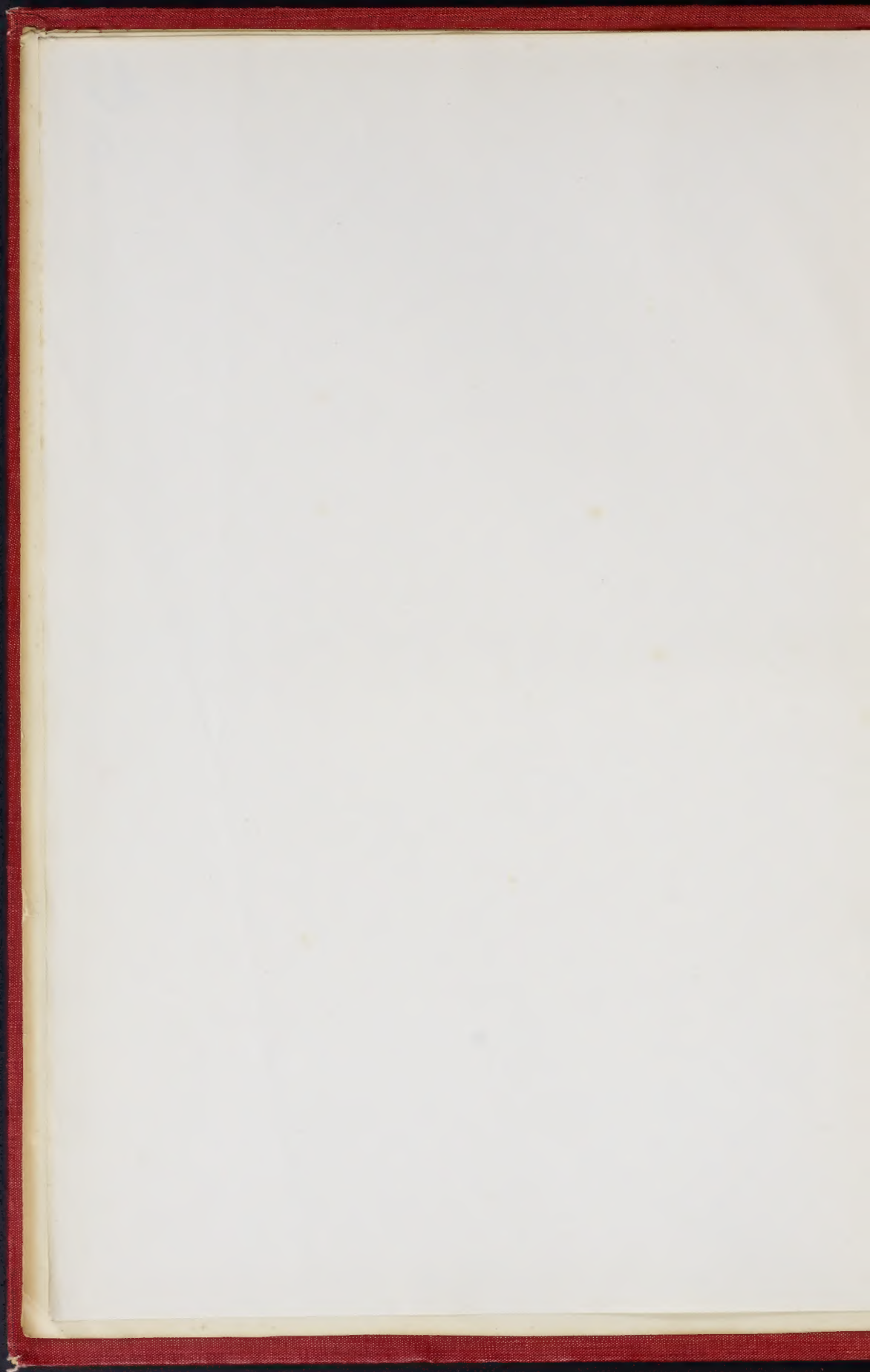




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# THE STUARTS

FROM 1502 TO 1714





THE STUARTS

IN

XVI<sup>TH</sup>, XVII<sup>TH</sup> AND XVIII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ART

THE STUARTS

BY JOHN G. LEITCH, LL.D.









LXVII

HENRIETTA MARIA

*Sir A Van Dyck.*





# THE STUARTS

BEING ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PERSONAL HISTORY  
OF THE FAMILY (ESPECIALLY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS)  
IN XVI<sup>TH</sup>, XVII<sup>TH</sup> AND XVIII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ART

PORTRAITS, MINIATURES, RELICS, &c.

FROM

THE MOST CELEBRATED COLLECTIONS

BY

J. J. FOSTER

AUTHOR OF

"BRITISH MINIATURE PAINTERS AND THEIR WORKS"

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

DICKINSON'S

*Fine Art Publishers to Her Late Majesty The Queen*

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MCMII





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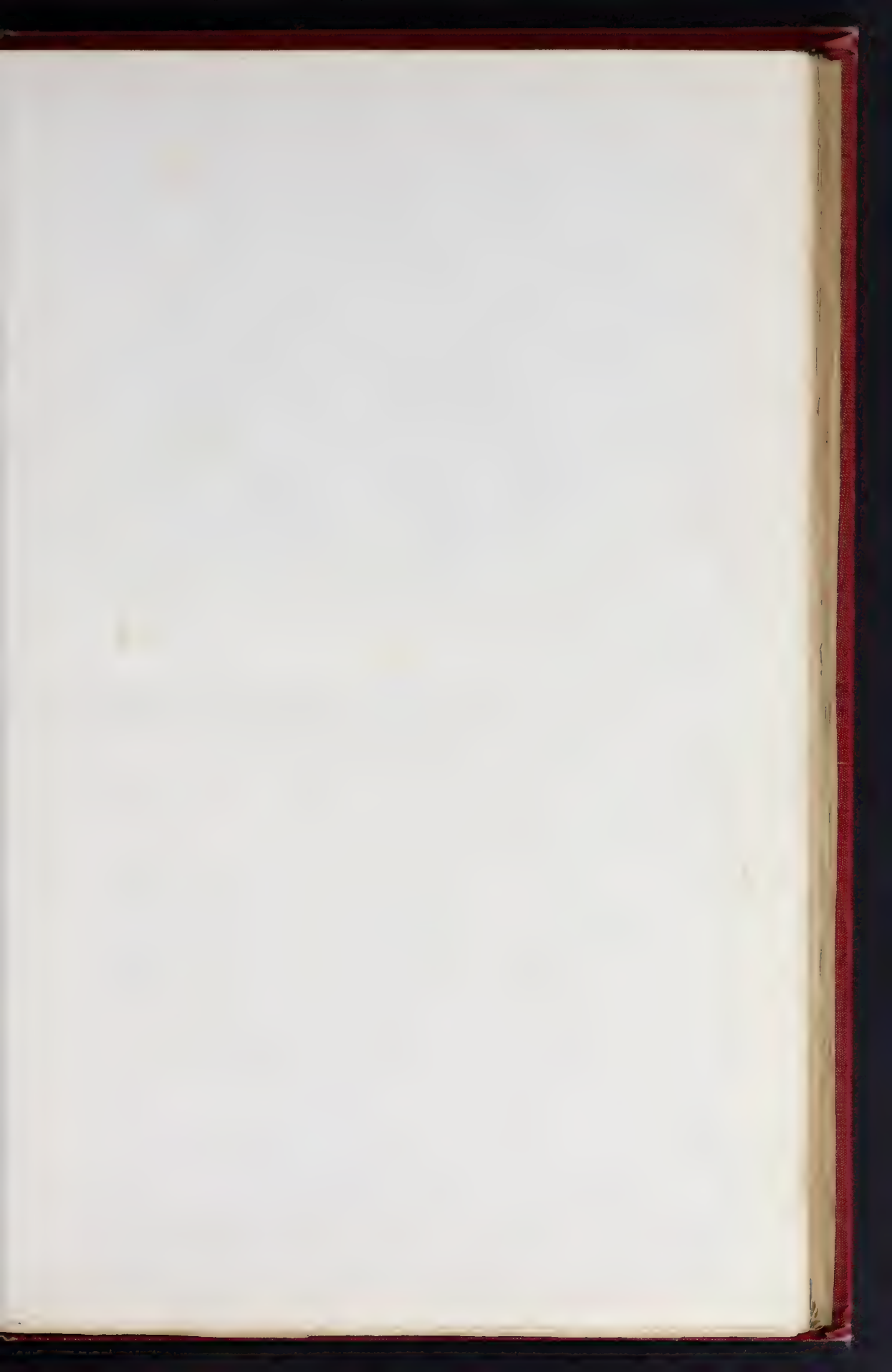
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LXVIII.

(a) CHARLES I.

*M. Snelling.*

(b) JOHN HAMPDEN.

*S. Cooper.*





## CHAPTER XI

CHARLES I.—(*continued*)

" . . . Let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings."

*King Richard II.*



KNOW no portion of history," says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, " which a man might write with so much pleasure as that of the great struggle in the time of Charles I., because he might feel the profoundest respect for both parties. The side taken by any particular person was determined by the point of view which such person happened to command at the commencement of the inevitable collision, one line seeming straight to this man, another to another. No man of that age saw *the* truth, the whole truth ; there was



not light enough for that. The consequence, of course, was a violent exaggeration of each party for the time. The King became a martyr and the Parliamentarians traitors, and vice versa."

The story of the man who was seen going out with his beagles on the morning of the battle of Naseby has often been quoted to show that the nation at large did not enter into the feud between the Crown and the Parliament; but whilst it is probable that, at the time, the issues at stake were not fully realised, and whilst it is certain that it was impossible for the rival parties to do justice to the leading men who took part in the struggle on either side, we can now see how vitally important it all was, and how heroic were the proportions of the combatants. It adds greatly to the interest of this period of our history to know that, thanks to the portraiture of Van Dyck and Samuel Cooper, we can see the living presentments of the men and women of those eventful days. Accordingly I have selected several portraits by these great artists, of which it may be said that they are invaluable as showing the characters of the originals, and delightful in themselves as works of art.

Let us begin with the most commanding figure of the time—Oliver Cromwell alone excepted—Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. He is one of those men on whom "the grand air" sits as of birthright. It is stamped unmistakably upon his portraits. Take Van Dyck's magnificent full-length of him at Welbeck; or Earl Fitzwilliam's no less fine example at Wentworth; or the well-known and masterly group of him with his secretary, also at Wentworth; or, again, the miniature which the Duke of Buccleuch owns. In each and all of these we see "the dark gloomy countenance, the full heavy eye," which was, according to Mr. Green, the best commentary on the policy of "thorough."

These portraits do indeed suggest Strafford as a "silent, proud, passionate man"; but, masterful and austere though he was, yet he was tender at heart, and, with children, playful as a boy. Witness the language in which he writes to his little daughter Anne when she was but four years of age. But to the outer world stern imperiousness must have seemed the keynote of his character, and this aspect of it is fully shown in Van Dyck's pictures of him.

Such was the adviser Charles declared he trusted more than the whole Council, and such was the servant whom his master, alas! did not spare when the Commons impeached him. It is generally allowed that when



LXIX.

EARL OF STRAFFORD.

*Sir A. Van Dyck.*









the King abandoned his resolute minister he sealed his own doom ; a fact which Charles seems to have realised, as is shown by his efforts to recall the fatal signature when it was too late. It has been said that Strafford's policy was too great for a man like Charles I. to carry out ; certain it is that when he sacrificed that dauntless spirit he was left without a single great man to advise him ; there was no one to hold the helm of State. Wentworth perhaps saw further than others, certainly he had determination and administrative genius of a high order, qualities supremely fitting him to be a ruler of men. Duplicity seems to have been Charles's notion of statecraft, prescriptive rights and force the links wherewith he hoped to hold the nation's allegiance to his throne. Of the two pillars, Church and State, to which he looked as the supports of the fabric of his power, the execution of Strafford in 1641 shattered one, while the loss of Laud, three years later, brought the whole edifice to the ground.

Did one know nothing of the character of Archbishop Laud a glance at his portrait would suffice to show how different a man he must have been to Wentworth. He might have been more sincere than Strafford, but he was an indiscreet and dangerous adviser at the best ; "the little meddling hocus pocus" he has been called, "with his insensate mole-like face." Laud's principles and practice in matters ecclesiastical were the head and front of his offending, and were intensely repugnant to the Puritan party. In judging of the disastrous effects of Laud's policy it must not be forgotten that one of the main impulses of the Rebellion was religion, of a pattern diametrically opposed to the Archbishop's. Cromwell may be said to represent this impulse. Now, as Coleridge says, Laud was not exactly a Papist, but he was on the road, with the Church with him, to a point where declared Popery would have been inevitable.

To Carlyle, as might perhaps be expected, Laud seems somewhat of a puzzle ; he says of him : "Certainly among the characters I have fallen in with in history this William Laud has not been the least perplexing. A clean-brushed, cultivated man, well read in the Fathers and Church history, a rational, extremely logical man . . . not among the heroes of this world . . . at once persecutor and martyr. Laud is little to me . . . this small man of great activity. A man not without affections, though bred as a college monk, with little room to develop them, of shrill, tremulous, partly feminine nature, capable of spasms, of most hysterical obstinacy, as

female natures are . . . poor Laud, weak and ill-starred, not dishonest, an unfortunate pedant rather than anything else." It was claimed for Laud that he was a great theologian of the High Church type. The fact, however, that he held the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings in its most extreme form led, above all else, to his downfall. As Carlyle has said: "Was not his doom stern enough—whatever wrongs he did—were they not all frightfully avenged on him?" When we reflect on the characters of the people by whom Charles was surrounded, and by whose counsel he was accustomed to act, the imperious Strafford, the intolerant Laud, his petulant Queen and the extravagant Buckingham, it becomes abundantly clear that not one of them was in any degree a safe guide for the difficult path Charles had to tread. Indeed, it has been said of Laud and Buckingham that such counsellors as they were of themselves enough to ruin any prince. Some have thought that had Buckingham possessed more balance he might have made a great minister; but, though not wanting in ability, he proved incompetent again and again, because, full of overweening self-confidence, he would not learn, and would not control his temper. The pride and ostentation of this spoilt favourite of James and intimate friend of Charles have been dwelt upon in the last chapter; but we must allow, in parting with him, that he had generous instincts, and that his disposition was kindly and forgiving.

One man there was, Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, "the martyr of sweetness and light," as Matthew Arnold has called him. "An ideal gentleman," though his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible, he had a lucidity of mind and largeness of temper which, could Charles but have shared it, might have found a way out of the difficulties of the Royalist position. That, however, was not to be. I have spoken before of Lord Clarendon's gallery of portraits in his "History of the Rebellion;" and of all the pictures drawn therein none is finished with such loving care as that of Falkland. Soldier, statesman and author, he was one of the earliest victims of the Civil War, and died when but thirty-three, fighting in the front rank of Lord Byron's regiment. "Let us bid him farewell, not with compassion for him, and not with excuses, but in confidence and pride. Slowly, very slowly, his ideal conquers, but it conquers; in the end it will prevail, only we must have patience, the day will come when this nation shall be renewed by it. But oh! lime-trees of Taw, and quiet Oxfordshire field banks, where the first violets are



LXX

THE EXECUTION OF STRAFFORD.



A. The Castle of London.  
 B. The Tower of London.  
 C. The Castle of St. Paul.  
 D. The Tower of London.







even now raising their heads, how often before that day arrives for Englishmen shall your renewal be seen."

Of Charles's two nephews, namely, Princes Rupert and Maurice, sons of Frederick Count Palatine and Elizabeth, daughter of James I., mention must be made. The proverbial rashness of Rupert in the Civil War was a constant source of disaster to the King's cause, and led to results out of all proportion to the real importance of the man. He lost Marston Moor for the King in 1644, dashing himself in vain against Cromwell and his Ironsides, and weakly surrendered Bristol in 1645. After the Restoration he served in the navy under his uncle James, then Duke of York. Prince Rupert was a scientific man of considerable attainments, especially in chemistry, and will always retain a niche in the history of English art as one of the first to practise mezzotint engraving in this country, an art which, in a comparatively short time after his death, was destined to rise to a pitch of perfection which has never been reached in other countries, and may be said to be the despair of succeeding generations of engravers, both at home and abroad. Appended to a document in the archives of Badminton, appointing the Marquis of Worcester to an important post, is a highly characteristic signature of Rupert's, which may be commended to collectors of autographs.



"Rupert le Diable" would seem not to have been exempt from the profligacy of the day. Evelyn speaks of an illegitimate son of his, and particularises the Prince as being one of those inflamed by "fowle and indecent women (players) . . . to the ruine of both body and soule."

He has been called a fascinating failure, and "very nearly a great man." Be this as it may, who will doubt that his influence on the Stuarts was mischievous, and often disastrous, and that, as Mr. Courtney says, the Civil War ruined his reputation? When he came to this country from the Palatinate he knew something of the art of war, and he was a born soldier

at any rate a born fighter, and a brilliant cavalry officer. Moreover, he was loyal and generous in nature, but he lacked patience, insight into character, coolness of judgment, and other qualities indispensable to a successful leader. The story of his failures at Naseby, at Marston Moor, and at Bristol can be traced to the defects to which I have alluded. In person he was tall and stern of aspect, and there was a *hauteur* and imperiousness, not unmixed with shyness, which prevented both him and his brother Maurice from becoming close friends with the English nobility. Rupert, at any rate, had bitter enemies, such men as Goring and Digby for example, who prejudiced him with his uncle the King. It has been said that he was proud, melancholy and sensitive. We know that he was a staunch Protestant and faithful to his word; a student he was also. Campbell, who wrote from personal knowledge, says of this tall stern Prince Palatine that he had often heard old people in Berkshire speak in rapture about him; he was so just, so beneficent, so courteous, that his memory remained dear to all who knew him.

Prince Maurice may be said to have been eclipsed by his dashing brother. Thus Evelyn mentions him but once, and that in the most casual way; Pepys, I think, not at all.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, is in some respects the most attractive of the whole group of Charles's active partisans. Sir Walter Scott has left us a portrait in his "Legend of Montrose" of this resolute spirit, which should be given in the writer's own words:

"His graceful manner, expressive features, and dignity of deportment made a singular contrast with the coarseness and meanness of his dress. Montrose possessed that sort of form and face in which the beholder, at the first glance, sees nothing extraordinary, but of which the interest becomes more impressive the longer we gaze upon them. His stature was very little above the middle size, but in person he was uncommonly well built, and capable both of exercising great force and enduring much fatigue. In fact, he enjoyed a constitution of iron, without which he could not have sustained the trials of his extraordinary campaigns, through all of which he was subjected to the hardships of the meanest soldier. He was perfect in all exercises, whether peaceful or martial. His long brown hair, according to the custom of men of quality amongst the Royalists, was parted on the top of his head, and trained to hang down on each side in curled locks, one of which descended two or three inches

lower than the others. The features which the tresses enclosed were of that kind which derive their interest from the character of the man rather than from the regularity of their form. But a high nose, a full, decided, well-opened, quick, grey eye, and a sanguine complexion, made amends for some coarseness and irregularity in the subordinate parts of the face; so that, altogether, Montrose might be termed rather a handsome than a hard-featured man."

Montrose had joined the Covenanters in 1647, but, as we know, afterwards declared for the King, and won the brilliant victories of Perth and Inverlochy.

Another man of eminence who changed sides in the struggle, but whose action was diametrically opposite to that of Montrose, is Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. The year that Montrose joined the Covenanters, Percy was High Admiral, but being dismissed in 1642, he sided with the Parliament. Probably he found himself unable to go to the extremes to which their policy led them, as he took no part in the execution of Charles, and favoured the Restoration after the death of Cromwell.

I give a miniature of him from the collection of Lord Aldenham, which will be found to be identical in pose with the oil painting in the National Portrait Gallery, said to be copied by Henry Stone from Van Dyck. (There is another copy of this picture by Knappton at Woburn, from the original at Cassiobury, and I believe Lord Clarendon owns another repetition.) The picture in the National Portrait Gallery gives him chestnut-coloured hair and dark hazel eyes. In Lord Aldenham's fine miniature the hair is of a different and lighter shade and the eyes less brilliant. This may, of course, be attributed somewhat to fading, although, as the miniature is largely painted in body colour, it should not have suffered much in this way.

"Elliot, Hampden, Pym, nay Ludlow, Hutchinson, Vane himself, are admitted to be kind of heroes; political conscript fathers, to whom in no small degree we owe what makes us a free England. It would not be safe for anybody to designate these men as wicked now. Far be it from me to say or insinuate a word of disparagement against such characters as Hampden, Elliot and Pym, whom I believe to have been right worthy and useful men. I have read diligently what books and documents about them I could come at, with the honestest wish to admire, to love and



worship them like heroes, but with very indifferent success! At bottom, I found it would not do. They are very noble men these . . . a most constitutional, unblamable, dignified set of men. But the heart remains cold before them."

Such are the terms of faint praise in which Carlyle speaks of a group of men whom he is constrained to call "very noble," but for whom one is rather surprised to find he expresses no sort of enthusiasm. They do not stand in close personal relation to Charles, though they had much to do with his fate. I do not propose, however, to enter upon their careers, but give a portrait of John Hampden, one of the most eminent of them all.

Of this "the most gracious and attractive figure," after Falkland, that the Civil War produced, one would fain say much, but his fame needs no vindication, and the following words from "British Worthies" may serve as his epitaph, "who with great spirit and consummate abilities began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court, in defence of the liberties of his country, supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the field." The calm and steadfast soul of the patriot looks out through the eyes of the beautiful portrait by Cooper which Earl Spencer owns, and which is here reproduced. Like John Pym, he did not live to see the triumph of the party whose cause he espoused. Both these great men died in the year 1643, Hampden receiving his death-wound in the fatal skirmish at Chalgrove Field when he was seeking to intercept the return of Prince Rupert to Oxford.

In any account of Charles I. it is, of course, inevitable that Oliver Cromwell should be mentioned, and it is a tribute to the greatness of the Protector that, whilst attempting to portray the King, the Regicide appears continually upon the mental canvas, and the Huntingdonshire farmer looms so large as to overshadow the anointed Monarch.

Less than two hundred and fifty years ago—it was June 30, 1661—Evelyn notes in his Diary that he saw the carcase of Cromwell hanged on the gallows at Tyburn, and "then buried under the fatal monument in a deepe pitt." The year 1899 saw a bust of the Protector placed in the Palace of Westminster; a monument erected outside Westminster Hall; and an honourable place assigned to him amongst the greatest statesmen of our race. To Thomas Carlyle, perhaps more than to any other, may be given the credit of this rehabilitation of Cromwell. His lectures on Heroes appeared some years earlier than Merle D'Aubigné's "Vindication,"





LXXI.

(a) CHARLES I. ON HORSEBACK.

(b) CROMWELL ON HORSEBACK.

*After Sir A. Van Dyck.*









and now Cromwell's character is seen in a new light. How prophetic sound his own words contained in a letter to Norton, written a year before the King's death: "I know God has been above all ill reports, and will in His own time vindicate me."

In 1840 the author of "Lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship" wrote thus: "One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Cromwell, seems to hang yet on the gibbet, and find no hearty apologist anywhere. Him neither saint nor sinner will acquit of great wickedness. A man of ability, infinite talent, courage, and so forth; but . . . a fierce, coarse, hypocritical Tartufe . . . this and worse, is the character they give of Cromwell. From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me . . . no, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity or a Fatuity; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that . . . there should not be one falsehood brought home to him. A prince of liars and no lie spoken by him. . . . What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate, sincere kind of man? . . . His successes in Parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him, than other men . . . nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business, killing of a king . . . once at war you have made wager of a battle with him; it is he to die or else you. That such a man, with the eye to see, with a heart to dare, should advance from post to post, from victory to victory, till he became the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain."

Compare this with the language of an avowed partisan of the Stuarts in whose eyes Cromwell is a tragic figure. "All his life, even when in camp and court, a solitary man, he was possessed by a great passion, fierce ecstasy, fever of devotion, cool head and grim humour, austere but fervid. A fire burned beneath that plain garb and that uncomely visage. His life a failure, he built in sand and knew it. Clarendon admits he had perfect tact when elevated. A military dictatorship was a poor imitation of the city of God—a highly efficient drill-sergeant and a competent cavalry officer."

Even he is fain to admit that Oliver was "a wise and just and vigorous

ruler, forced to rule by the sword, with a bloody stain on his escutcheon which could not be wiped out."

Let us now turn to the man himself, his parentage and early surroundings. According to Milton, Oliver Cromwell was "*genere nobile atque illustri ortus*." "I was by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity," he told his first Parliament. He was born on the eve of the eventful seventeenth century one year before Charles I. His mother was a Steward, but she was not connected with the Royal house. She was, "by contemporary testimony, a woman of strong character, of sterling goodness and of a simple nature." Her portrait presents a motherly form of the same type as her son's, "strong, homely, keen, with firm mouth, penetrating eyes." I reproduce a miniature said to be her portrait from Mr. Fanshawe's collection, and I may add Carlyle's word-picture of this notable woman: "I think always too of his poor mother now very old . . . a right brave woman . . . if she heard a shot go off she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living, the poor old mother." From his early years she was constantly at his side to love, exhort, pray for him. She lived to be ninety, and when she died he buried her royally, despite her wishes to the contrary, in Westminster Abbey, and here she lay until the Restoration "when her bones were cast forth and thrust into a hole." The father of Oliver was Robert Cromwell, second son of Sir Henry Cromwell, Knight, of Hinchinbrook, "a gentleman of good sense and competent learning, a steadfast worthy man."

Oliver Cromwell, says one of his recent vindicators, Mr. Frederic Harrison, was "essentially a townsman, a son of a townsman, one who passed his early life in towns, but also a landowner occupied in the business of farming—the Eastern townships were then the core of a prosperous, independent, and pious middle class, and the household of Robert Cromwell was a type of that order of life."

We need not follow him through his school- and college-days, and as to his later career, is it not written large upon the pages of history? In "Woodstock" Sir Walter Scott has drawn a highly finished portrait, coloured it may be by prejudice, but with a masterly hand:

"The figure of Oliver Cromwell was in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe



LXXII.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

*Sir P. Lely.*









features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey—piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a reddish hue. His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could, on such occasions, put his meaning into fewer or more decisive words. But when he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the



19<sup>th</sup> October 1651.



17<sup>th</sup> August 1649.

most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It was also remarked of Cromwell that, though born of good family, both by father and mother, although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding connected with such an advantage, the fanatic, democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character which impressed awe, even if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England."

Compare the foregoing with Carlyle's reading of the man: "I have marked," says he, "Mr. Cromwell as a choleric man. Indeed, his face speaks it. Look at that mouth, at those wild, deep grey eyes, at that wart on the brow, at that massive nose, not beautiful, nor yet, in spite of calumnies, ugly . . . a troublous, dark face, full of sorrow, full of

confused energy and nobleness. I regret much that it is not of a Grecian ideal structure, the facial angle is not that of Mars, or the Phidian Thunderer! What a pity not! It is the weary workday face of an Englishman, not the holiday exhibition of a Greek, or other Jupiter (a mixture of the lion and the mastiff, say physiognomists). Mr. Cromwell, it must be added, is given to weeping; incredible as it may seem. I have seen that stern face dissolved in very tears like a girl's. For this is withal a most loving man; who knows what tremulous thrillings, wild pangs of fear and sorrow, burstings of woe and pity, dwell in such a soul . . . a man not beautiful to look upon, grew other than comely. O ye daughters of England, happily, happily he is not bound; can without penalty suffer himself to continue ugly—ugly, and yet that is not the word. Look in those strange, deep, troubled eyes of his, with their look of never-resting, wearied thought-struggle, with their wild, murky sorrow and depth, on the whole wild face of him, and a kind of murky chaos; almost a fright to weak nerves . . . the chaos is indeed deep and black, yet with morning beams of beautifullest creation peering through it . . . he is epic, still living.

"Hail to thee, thou strong one! Hail to thee across the long-drawn funeral aisle and night of Time! Two dead centuries with all that they have born and buried, part us; and it is far to speak together: how diverse are our centuries, most diverse, yet our Eternity is the same; and a kinship unites us which is much deeper than Death and Time. Hail! to thee, thou strong one, for thou art ours, and I, at least, mean to call thee so."

Leaving these graphic word-pictures of Cromwell, we remark of the painted portraits that one of the most famous is the drawing in the house of the Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Samuel Cooper's miniatures of the Protector are numerous, and seem to have been preferred by the Cromwell family, several members of whom he painted—*e.g.*, the daughter, Bridget, who married Ireton and afterwards Fleetwood. I know of three of Oliver's favourite daughter Elizabeth (Mrs. Claypole), and of several of his easy-going son Richard; the weak face of the last named is well rendered in the miniature which faces his grandmother in this book, and is from the collection of Mr. Charles Butler. Richard Cromwell, who preferred the life of a country gentleman to that of his father's puritanical court, though he assumed the title of Lord Protector, soon let drop the reins of power from his nerveless hands. It is indeed remarkable how in two short years the whole fabric of his father's system fell shattered to the





LXXIII.

- (a) ARCHBISHOP JUXON.
- (b) EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.
- (c) CHARLES I. (MADE OF HIS OWN HAIR).
- (d) GOLD MEDAL OF CHARLES I. (OVERSE).
- (e) GOLD MEDAL OF CHARLES I. (REVERSE).
- (f) HALF GOLD COIN OF CHARLES I.









ground. Oliver's vigorous foreign policy proved more lasting in its results, and is, no doubt, justly extolled, but topics such as these pertain to politics, and have little to do with the subject of this work.

In the ducal collections at Stafford, Devonshire, and Montagu Houses, are unrivalled drawings of Oliver Cromwell by Cooper. The Duke of Buccleuch's example is one of the finest miniatures extant.

Those who wish to pursue the subject of portraits of Cromwell further will find it copiously dealt with in Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Cromwell," from which valuable and appreciative work I append a few remarks about a somewhat gruesome relic which has excited a good deal of controversy, viz., the embalmed head, fixed on a halberd point, said to have been blown off the door of Westminster Hall, and which passed into the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson. According to Mr. Harrison no certain history of it can be given. Some competent judges have, on physical grounds, believed it to be genuine, and it does not seem to disagree with any single feature in the authentic portraits. It is not a skull, but a head which has been thoroughly embalmed; severed, after embalming, from the body, encrusted upon an ancient spear-point. It is said to have been secured by a descendant of the Protector from the soldier who was on guard when it fell from the gateway of Westminster Hall, whereon Pepys described it as hanging. But it adds nothing fresh to our knowledge, and from the nature of the case it could give us no help in recalling the likeness. The Cromwellian portraits and relics, genuine and spurious, are altogether infinite, and even about the genuine alone a volume might be written.

But we must return to the Stuarts.

From the "evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day" when Charles raised the Royal Standard at Nottingham on August 23, 1642, to the bitter January morning in 1649 when he laid down his life upon a scaffold outside the banqueting-house of his own palace of Whitehall, is a brief space in the history of a nation; but it is a period so crowded with battles, sieges, and events of the first political magnitude that I need offer no apology for not dealing with them in these pages. The expiring throes of feudalism in England possess indeed an absorbing interest, but the climax of all, the execution of the monarch who paid in his person the penalty of the last assertion of the divine right of kings, comes within the scope of this book. A great deal is laid to the charge of the two Charleses on the score of ingratitude. The elder one is accused

of fickleness and of want of resolution. The latter indictment is probably only too true, and was attended by the most fatal consequences. But is it proved that he always deserted his friends, except when compelled, as it were, by *force majeure*? The terrible strain of the circumstances preceding, leading up to and attending the Civil War, were too much for a man of his character. He gave way, as we all know, and his adherents, men like Strafford and Laud, were the first to suffer, but the blows fell afterwards with redoubled force upon himself. It is a truism to say that when Charles sacrificed Wentworth he signed his own death-warrant. But was his treatment of Worcester ingratitude pure and simple, still more absolute falseness? Circumstances were, as I have said, too much for him, and he never had an opportunity of carrying out his promises; how warmly he could express his sense of gratitude for eminent services may be seen by the beautiful autograph letter which I give, on the following page, from the Badminton MSS.

The case of Charles II. is different, and is wholly indefensible.

When he came to the throne the period of storm and stress was over; not only so, he had ample leisure, and might have found many opportunities of rewarding his friends and requiting their unparalleled sacrifices. How he behaved is notorious. He squandered his money upon abandoned and designing women. These considerations are suggested by the remarkable claim preserved in the muniment room at Badminton, in which the author of "A Century of Inventions" sets forth the indebtedness of his Royal master to the extent of what would amount in these days to over three millions of money.

The document seems conclusive, even if large deductions for exaggerated claims be allowed, moreover it throws light upon the times, and it shows circumstantially the nature of the sacrifices, and how they were made. It gives us, as it were, chapter and verse of the way in which Charles II. treated his father's staunch, devoted, and self-sacrificing follower.

Returning to the story of that father, the patience and dignity displayed by Charles I. in the closing days of his career are universally admitted. It is indeed true to say that "he nothing common did or mean, upon that memorable scene." Sir Thomas Herbert, who, as Groom of the Chambers, attended the King upon the last night of his life at St. James' Palace and followed him to Whitehall the



LXXIV.

CHALICE USED BY CHARLES I.









Worcester I am sensible of the grate affection, which you & your  
sonne have exprest unto me by eminent services, & of the manner  
hee may have of doinge me more, in that way wherein hee is now  
engaged himselfe, that I can not chuse before his goinge but  
expresse unto you in a very particular manner the value I  
have of you both. & to assure you, that if god bless mee,  
I will not bee behinde hand with either of you. In the meane  
time I desire your sonne soe much more pleasure that there  
shoulde be placed upon you some marke of my favour rather  
then upon himselfe. I have thought fit to let you knowe  
that as soone as I shall conferre the order of the Garter upon  
any you shall receive it as a testimonie of my beinge.

Liscard the 2<sup>d</sup> August.

Your assured constant freinde  
Charles I

next morning has left a simple and deeply pathetic account which, familiar though it may be to many readers, is too valuable to be omitted altogether. He relates that Charles, having risen, said: "Herbert, this is my second marriage day, I would be as trim to-day as may be, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." Then, pointing out the clothes that he would wear, the King added: "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp, as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death. Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared."

As to the sharpness of the season of which the Royal martyr speaks it may be noted that the cold was so intense that the Thames was partly, if not wholly, frozen over.

There has been a good deal of uncertainty about these shirts and, as there are disputed claims with regard to their authenticity, a short account of those known to me may not be out of place. One with an undoubted pedigree is that preserved by the Earl of Ashburnham, who also possesses other memorials, such as the sheet used to cover Charles' body after his beheading, his drawers and garters. These were shown at the Stuart Exhibition (No. 370). They have descended direct to the present owner, whose ancestor, John Ashburnham, was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles. A portrait of this personal attendant of the King was shown at the Stuart Exhibition. The above-mentioned relics were given by Mr. Ashburnham to the parish church and people of Ashburnham, and as late as the nineteenth century people were wont to come and to touch these objects for cure of the King's evil. A history of the clothes will be found in the Sussex Archaeological Collection (Vol. 36). There was a watch also, preserved in a gold external case. The church having been broken into, the relics were removed to Ashburnham Place. A second shirt, as to which I believe no doubt exists, is that belonging to Mr. Bewicke Blackburn. This was shown at the Stuart Exhibition (No. 373), where the last-named owner also exhibited linen probably used at the christening of Charles at Dunfermline, *e.g.*, forehead cloths, bibs, mittens, and so forth. These objects and the shirts above mentioned were preserved by Elizabeth Coventry, eldest daughter of Thomas Coventry, Lord Keeper, who regarded Charles as a martyr. From her they have descended to the present





LXXV.

SHIRT OF CHARLES I.





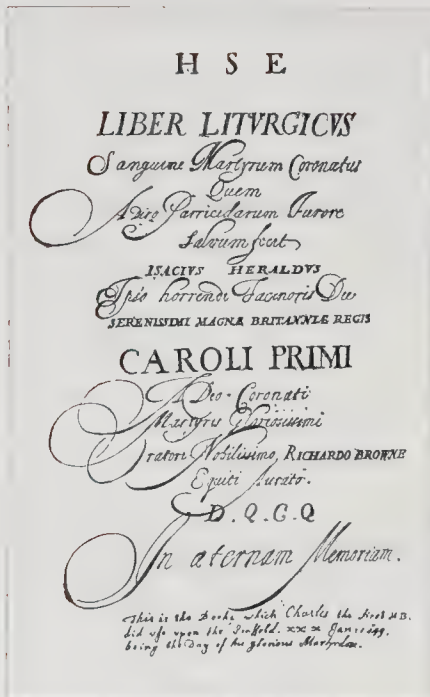




possessor in an unbroken line of owners, as enumerated in documents preserved by his family.

At Badminton the Duke of Beaufort preserves another shirt of Charles', linen, frilled with damask work, an heirloom of the Somerset family, whose close connection with Charles I. in the time of his troubles I have already alluded to. There remains yet another shirt, which is perhaps more correctly described as a vest. In "The Secret History of Whitehall" it is stated that the Bishop (Juxon) put on his (the King's) nightcap and unclothed him to his sky-blue vest. The garment here figured is a beautiful specimen of weaver's work, and is of finely woven silk formed into diamond and other patterns. It measures 32 inches in length,  $16\frac{1}{2}$  inches under the armpits, 64 inches from wrist to wrist, and  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches round the neck, and has the remains of large stains, apparently of blood, on it. Its history is as follows: After the execution of the King it was removed from his body by his physician, Dr. Hobbes, who carefully preserved this relic of his Royal master; from him it passed to his daughter Susannah, who married Temple Stanger, of Rawlins, Oxfordshire; from her it descended to Temple Hardy, and from him to his kinsman Admiral d'Aeth, of Knowlton Court, Kent, who died in 1873; it then became the property of his son, Mr. Narborough d'Aeth, who died in 1886, and passed to the eldest son of the latter, Captain L. N. B. d'Aeth, who sold it by auction at Mr. Stevens' rooms on November 8, 1898, when it was purchased by Mr. Ernest A. Brocklehurst, after a very spirited competition, for 200 guineas. The last-named owner died recently, when it again found its way into the same auction room, and this time was purchased for exactly the same sum by Mr. Berney Ficklin, of Tasburgh Hall, Norfolk, by whose courtesy I have been able to reproduce it.

Whilst these pages have been passing through the press, a very curious and interesting circumstance has come to light with reference to this shirt. At Hitchin Priory there hangs a portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck which has been the property of the Delmé Radcliffe family for many generations. In the frame of this picture is mounted a blue silk button; and manuscript is preserved, in a handwriting which obtained about 1680, recording how a certain Mr. James Tucker cut this button from the waistcoat in which King Charles was beheaded. Mr. Berney Ficklin's vest has a button wanting, and Mr. Francis Delmé Radcliffe, having compared the garment with the button he possesses, says he has not the slightest



doubt that it is the missing button, and that the authenticity of both are thereby clearly proved.

Relics of Charles I. are not only numerous but most diverse in their nature, and embrace objects of all sorts, from the elaborate suit of tilting armour—which is at Windsor—down to the garters which he wore; from the Onyx George, also at Windsor, down to the warming-pan with a history, which now belongs to Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane. Not the least interesting of Charles' belongings is the Prayer-book, which is preserved at Wootton, undoubtedly used by the King on the last day of his life.

John Evelyn got it from his father-in-law, and I am indebted to its present owner, Mr. W. J. Evelyn, for a facsimile of the inscription on the page facing the title, and a description of the book. In the handwriting of John Evelyn are the following words: "This is the book which Charles the First M.B. did use upon the scaffold XXX January 1649, being the day of his glorious Martyrdom." It was printed by Barker in 1638, is bound in old brown calf, measures twelve inches by nine and has the Royal arms emblazoned upon it.

By the kindness of their owners I am able to show other things connected with the last hours of Charles; for example, a lace collar, which he is said to have worn on the morning of his execution. This belongs to George Soames, Esq., it measures fifteen inches by six and is old English point. Mr. Soames also possesses a cap in "tambour" work, with roses, shamrocks, and thistles closely embroidered; this measures twenty-two



LXXVI.

HENRIETTA MARIA, AGED

*P. La Poer.*









inches round and is in admirable preservation. It is interesting to observe that in the print of the execution, after Sir Godfrey Kneller, the King is wearing a cap very like this in appearance; and Lord Bagot owns a skull cap embroidered with gold on crimson silk which the King sent to Colonel Salisbury just before his death. Mention must be made of the pattern five-broad piece which was presented to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold just before the execution. This remarkable coin bears the head of Charles I. and his titles on the obverse, and the Royal shield with the motto *florent concordia regna*, on the reverse. It formerly belonged to the Rev. James Commeline of Cambridge, a collateral descendant of the Bishop. From him it passed successively through the possession of Lt.-Col. John Drummond, Mr. Edward Wigan, Mr. S. Addington and Mr. H. Montagu. In November 1896 it was sold at Sotheby's, and Messrs. Spink and Son bought it for the record price of £770. It is now, I believe, in the British Museum. Another coin, or rather a portion of one, is the half of a gold piece of Charles I., struck in 1638, I believe, which belongs to the Duke of Beaufort and has a romantic legendary history. It has long been preserved in the family, and is recorded to have been one which the King broke in two, retaining one half for himself and giving the other to Henrietta Maria. Charles, as is well known, spent a good deal of time at Raglan Castle, whence this coin is said to have been brought.

The medal represented on the same page is now the property of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany. It is a beautiful commemorative piece of great rarity, as will be seen by the following account addressed to the late Duke of Albany by the former owner, which I am permitted to print. "I am told this medal is one of twelve which were struck after the decapitation of Charles I. of England. Ten of them are said to have been of silver, and two (one of which is the enclosed) are of gold. Desirable that this historical memento should not be left in a foreign land, I have asked Lady Ely to offer it to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, along with the respectful feelings of sincere regard of Gertrude, Countess Baldelli, April 24th, 1879, Florence."

There remains yet another relic, which the Duke of Portland has kindly allowed me to give, and it is in some eyes perhaps the most interesting of them all. It is the cup out of which Charles is reputed to have partaken of the Communion at the hands of Bishop Juxon, on the morning of his execution. It bears the arms of Sir Henry

Hene, Bart., of Wingfield, Berkshire, or, as it says on the inscription, Dorking, at whose house Bishop Juxon was stopping at the time. On the base of the chalice is inscribed: "Charles I. received the Communion in this boule; on Tuseday the 30th of Janiary, 1649, beeing the day in which he was murthered." It is hall-marked London, 1629 to 30, and stands about nine inches high. The maker's mark is well known. It occurs upon the communion plate of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and on a flagon dated 1625-6 in the church of St. Thomas at Bristol. I believe the Earl of Crewe owns the plate used on the same occasion. Speaking of Bishop Juxon it may be noted that the Duke of St. Albans possesses a gold ring with a portrait of Charles which was given to the Bishop by his Royal master just before his (the King's) execution.

The number of memorial portraits and mourning rings of Charles I. is especially observable. The portrait in his own hair dipped in his blood upon the scaffold is not the least remarkable, and I have figured it in this work. I believe it is preserved in the Shelley family. Scarcely inferior in high romantic interest to this, is the ring with a portrait of Charles taken from the dead hand of the King's standard bearer—a Verney—which is still in the Verney family.

In the collection of the Earl of Essex is a piece of the pall that covered the coffin when it was taken (1649) to be interred at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It was of black velvet, and it is noteworthy that "when the body was brought out of St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and fell so fast as by the time they came to the west end of the Royal Chapel, the black velvet pall was all white ('the colour of innocency'), so went the White King to his grave." When the Royal vault was opened to admit the body of an infant of Queen Anne, the coffin of Charles was seen, covered with a black pall, which was still there in 1813.

An account of the opening of the tomb of Charles by order of the Prince Regent in 1813 was written by Sir Henry Halford; the coffin was found in a vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, between that of Henry VIII. and one of his Queens. The head was enveloped in cere cloth, when unwrapped it was found well preserved, excepting the nose, which had perished. It bears a strong resemblance to the



portraits of the King taken by Van Dyck, as will be seen by the illustration which I am able to give, taken from the drawing made by Sir Henry Halford. The Earl of Ashburnham has a locket containing a portion of the beard obtained at this time, and Mr. Barclay Squire has another. The Duke of Beaufort possesses not only some of the hair, but a piece of the coffin.



It is stated that one of the medical men present at the investigation was in possession of one of the severed vertebræ of the King, and that he sometimes would exhibit it after dinner.

A caricature was published in 1813 in which the Prince Regent was represented as standing in the vault in a great state of fright, as Henry and Charles are sitting up and upbraiding him for disturbing their rest. Some of the papers of the time state that a gold circlet and several valuable jewels were found in the coffin. Sir Henry Halford's account, to which I have already referred, makes no mention of this.

As to the view of Whitehall which I have given, it is the plate after Hollar, and is from the original in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, which was made early in the reign of Charles I. It closely resembles that by Sylvester, and it is interesting for the fine and correct representation it gives of the celebrated Gateway designed by Hans Holbein, as also for showing some more ancient remains of the Palace, adjoining the north side of the Banqueting House.

Amongst the homes of Charles I., Holdenby was one of famous beauty; it is now destroyed, having been pulled down and sold for its materials by a Yorkshire speculator. Camden terms it

*The British Council*



"a fulle glorious show, a fair patterne of stately and magnificent building." It was erected by Lord Chancellor Hatton. James I. occasionally resided in it. It was, says Norden, "so beautiful that it may well delight a prince." Charles I. was brought to it after Naseby, the Scotch army being then at Newark-on-Trent; many hundreds of the gentry of the country met the royal cavalcade . . . and thousands of spectators thronged the roads, and the Court was accommodated "with all things needful." It is interesting to learn what this meant in those days. There were forty-six members of the Household, twenty-four Yeomen of the Guard, thirty Waiters and Grooms of Chambers, Cup-bearer and Physician, etc. The expenses for twenty days were estimated at three thousand pounds. His Majesty's diet was twenty-eight dishes, calculated at thirty pounds a day.

As to the portraits of Charles there is the closest similarity between all of those that I am acquainted with, excepting perhaps, that by Petitot, now belonging to the Baroness Burdett Coutts, which is certainly more *débonnaire* than any of the others. The rest are marked by the same dignified mien with which Van Dyck has made us familiar, admirably shown in the superb picture of the King in armour, which is owned by the Duke of Norfolk and here reproduced. A certain grave sweetness seems characteristic of him even as a boy, as may be seen in the fine picture which is at Welbeck representing him as such, and also here reproduced; the same thing is noticeable again in the Windsor miniature of him by Alexander Cooper—the finest example of that artist that I have ever seen (it will be remembered this painter was elder brother to Samuel Cooper). This gravity of demeanour is especially observable in the very fine picture of the King and his son James when Duke of York, now at Syon, which, by permission of the Duke of Northumberland, is here given. The well-known picture with three heads, from Windsor, was painted to assist Bernini the sculptor, then in Rome, in making a bust; the statue has since been lost. The miniature after Snelling I have introduced as being a good portrait, and remarkable from the rarity of that artist's work. I am acquainted with but one other example of his skill, which is in the possession of the Marquis of Bristol.

Finally, mention may be made of an engraving by P. Lombart, after Van Dyck, of Charles on horseback in a suit of tilting armour, attended by a page carrying his helmet. Cavalry are seen fighting in the background.



LXXVII.

(*a*) MOTHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL

(*b*) OLIVER CROMWELL.

*S. Cooper.*

(*c*) RICHARD CROMWELL









The various "states" of this subject present an entertaining example of the manner in which the publishers of plates were wont to follow the political changes of their time. There are five different "states" of the work possessed by the British Museum, according to the authorities of the Print Room; in the first the head is quite blank, the face having clearly been taken out (or so it looks to me). In the second, a face with long hair is etched in; it is doubtful for whom this is intended: some have thought it was the commencement of a portrait of Louis XIV., but for whomsoever it was meant, it is left unfinished. In the stage third, we have Cromwell, with his coat of arms engraved, and a eulogistic Latin inscription at the foot, to suit the Commonwealth market. Charles does not appear at all as yet, although the original was obviously intended for the Monarch (whose figure is retained throughout), and not for the Usurper. The fourth "state" represents the King; Carolus I., Dei Gratia, and *his* arms are introduced; and in the fifth, Charles has disappeared, and an older Cromwell, wearing a lace collar of another pattern, takes his place—arms and inscription are replaced, as before, and the page has by this time grown a slight moustache. The plates are variously inscribed Wandycck, Van Dick, and Wandeck. The figure in the first "state" bears a sash across the breast—in later impressions it is put around the waist. I could give, did space permit, a number of such changes, some curious, for example—King Christian made into Oliver Cromwell, and Elizabeth on her throne in Parliament into James I.; Faithorne's plate of Cromwell, standing between two pillars, made into William III.; and, perhaps still more ingenious, Inclendon the singer as Captain Macheath, changed into Greenacre the murderer in Newgate!

Henrietta seems to have been painted almost as frequently as Charles, which is saying a good deal; the beautiful Van Dyck from Syon, in which an angel is about to place the crown upon her head, may be taken as a typical portrait by the Court painter. The picture of her, which is owned by Mrs. Alfred Morrison and is painted by Claude le Fevre, is extremely pathetic; it seems to bear the impress of all the troubles of the Rebellion. Her autograph, which I gave from a letter preserved at Badminton, is most characteristic, and will be examined with interest. The quaint print of her on horseback should not be overlooked. It is by H. David. Of the children of Henrietta and Charles there remains to be mentioned the youngest child, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, born at Oatlands

in 1640. He died of smallpox a few months after the Restoration in 1660, and Pepys records seeing his body taken by water for burial at Westminster. Portraits of him are not common. The one I have given is Simon Luttechuy's. The King possesses one of him as a child by Van Dyck. It is a full length, and he is standing in a landscape. The portrait given of him in this work is marked by a melancholy type of feature, which may be termed hereditary. He was a youth of great promise. In Sir Thomas Herbert's memorials there is a pathetic account of the parting of the young Duke Henry and his sister Elizabeth with King Charles the night before his execution. And to him, we, who in these pages have followed his fortunes from the cradle at Dunfermline to the scaffold at Whitehall, we too must say—farewell.







LXXVIII.<sup>2</sup>

LACE COLLAR OF CHARLES I



*[Faint, illegible text, possibly a library or archival stamp.]*

LXXXI.

MISS JANE LANE.







## CHAPTER XII

### CHARLES II



HE story of the early years of Charles II., passed in idleness on the Continent, is as unexciting to the reader as the time was unprofitable to the Royal exile.

The following letter written from Cologne, where, according to Clarendon, Charles and the Princess Royal stayed for above two years, gives some idea of the occupations of Charles during his youth abroad.

COLLEN, *Aug. 6.*

"Madame,

"I am just now begining this Letter in my Sisters Chamber, wher ther is such a noise that I never hope to end it, and much lesse write sence. For what concerns my sisters journey and the accidents that happened on the way, I leave to her to give your Maty. an account of. I shall only tell your Maty. that we are now thinking how to passe our time; and in the first place of danceing, in which we find to difficultyes, the one for want of the fidelers, the other for some body both to teach and assist at the danceing the new Dances: and I have gott my sister to send for Silvius as one that is able to performe both: for the fideldedies my Ld. Taafe does promise to be there convoy, and in the meane time we must contente our selves with those that makes no difference betweene a himme and a coranto. I have now received my Sisters pickture that my deare cousin the Princess Louise was pleased to draw, and do desire your Maty. thank her for me, for tis a most excellent pickture, which is all I can say at present, but that I am,

"Madame,

"Your Maties. most

"humble and most affectionate

"nephew and servant

"To the Queen of Bohemia,

"CHARLES R."

"my dearest Aunte."

When Charles arrived at the age of twenty-one, he sought, as we all know, the aid of the Scotch; but in 1651, the time we have now arrived at, the southern part of Scotland, including Edinburgh, was in the hands of Cromwell, who had defeated the Scotch at Dunbar; hence he could not be crowned at Holyrood, as his father had been, and Scone—with its immemorial associations of the crowning of kings—was chosen as the place where the ceremony should be performed. Here, on New Year's Day, attended by numerous Scottish Peers—some in robes and some without—Charles appeared in the Palace of Scone, attired in "a princely robe of crimson velvet," and took part in a procession on foot under a canopy of crimson velvet, the six poles of which were held by six eldest sons of Scottish Peers. The King declared, and assured by solemn oath, his approbation of the National League and Covenant. Then followed many



LXXIX.

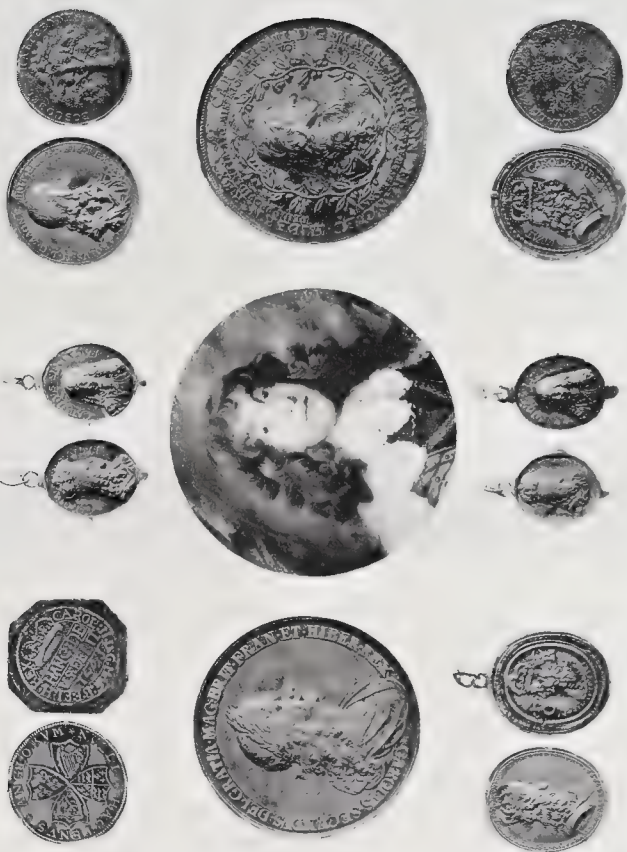
(a) CHARLES II. BIRTH AND OTHER MEDALS.

(b) PRINCE RUPERT

*Sir A. Van Dyck.*









of the ceremonies with which the recent Coronation of King Edward VII. has made us familiar—the curious will find them detailed in a contemporary pamphlet printed at Aberdeen by James Brown. This is the last Coronation which took place in Scotland.

The most interesting period of the life of Charles II. is unquestionably that which followed after his flight from Worcester, and at no time in his chequered career does he appear to such advantage. It is a record of hardships endured, of daring, of devotion shown to him, and of hair-breadth escapes of all concerned. I am well aware the story has often been told, nevertheless it is so remarkable in itself, it is so entirely germane to the subject of this book, and it has of late gained additional and fresh interest from the identification of places—particularly in Dorset, wherein the fugitives rested, as will be seen further on—that I make no further apologies for giving some particulars of it.

"The cool and resolute spirit inherited from his father, which showed itself during the most hopeless crisis of the engagement (at Worcester) was alike conspicuous in the circumstances of the flight, and was united with a presence of mind equally distinct from over caution and temerity, nor does that easy good humour, which was one of his best traits and sat more gracefully upon him than on his grandfather, ever appear to have forsaken him when most pressed by adverse fortune."

"The romantic associations suggested by Highland names and scenery, together with the daring nature of the enterprise terminated by the battle of Culloden, have impressed the escape of the Chevalier more strongly on the imagination than the events of Boscobel, but neither in the merit of the principal characters concerned, nor the imminent nature of the dangers incurred, can it claim the precedence. The resource, presence of mind, and high personal character of the beautiful Miss Jane Lane (as her best authenticated portrait, here given, shows her to have been) may fully challenge a parallel with the more poetic name of Flora Macdonald. Nor do the sturdy brotherhood of Penderel, bold and staunch to a man, who staked their homesteads and families as well as their lives on the event of their Royal service, lose by comparison with the Caterans of the Cave of Corambian who, as old Hugh of Chisholme frankly allowed, were outlawed men and could make no use of the reward offered."

With all their faults the Stuarts seem to have had the faculty of exciting and retaining the strongest feelings of loyalty to their persons, and the

fact that a thousand pounds was offered in vain for the capture of Charles after Worcester is a striking instance of the truth of this assertion. In the proclamation which was then issued he is described as a tall man above two yards high, his hair a deep brown, near to black. Charles was never tired of relating what befell him before he got safely away into France, and he told the tale remarkably well, for, if he was the worst of kings, he was the pleasantest of companions, and full of an unaffected good humour and familiarity with his subjects. The "miraculous escape" has been described in the principal actor's own words, and in the Boscobel Tracts the reader will find an account dictated by the King himself to Mr. Pepys at Newmarket in 1680.

Samuel Pepys relates that when he went with the Earl of Sandwich to escort Charles and various members of the Stuart family, then in exile in Holland, back to England, the King had no sooner got on board ship than he began a narrative of his adventures after Worcester. In those exciting times there was no toying with spaniels and with women, as at Whitehall in after days, no sauntering, as in Birdcage Walk after the Restoration. September 3, 1651, was as "stiff a contest" as ever Cromwell had seen, and when Charles came down from the tower of Worcester Cathedral, whence he had watched the fight begin, he had quickly to fly for his life. Accompanied by Buckingham, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, and Cleveland, Lord Wilmot, and between fifty and sixty horsemen, he left Worcester about six in the evening, with the idea of escaping to Scotland. As darkness came on, their guide lost his way, and at Kinver Heath, a few miles from Kidderminster, the party halted.

Charles was now anxious for rest, being overcome with fatigue, and was therefore taken to a well-secluded dwelling belonging to Mrs. Cotton, on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire, known as Boscobel House. At that time it was inhabited by a man of humble birth named William Penderel and his wife. In the dead of night the fugitives passed safely through Stourbridge, though the town contained a party of Parliamentary horse. A little beyond it Charles broke his fast with a piece of bread obtained from a cottage. Twenty-six miles from Worcester, and within half a mile of Boscobel stood "White Ladies," so called from its having been formerly a monastery of Cistercian nuns. As the dawn drew near, the King's horse was led into the hall for the sake of safety, and George Penderel, a servant of the family, was roused from his bed, whilst Richard hurried to obtain a





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CHARLES II. AS A BOY.

*Sir A. Van Dyck.*









suit of clothes for the King, who was stripped of his military clothes and attired in a woodman's dress of a "noggen" coarse shirt, green suit and leathern doublet. Soot from the chimney was rubbed on his face and hands. Lord Wilmot and the King then departed for the house of Mr. Whitgreave in the neighbourhood. Within half an hour a troop of horse under the Parliamentary Colonel visited the house. The fugitive lords and some forty horsemen marched northwards in the hope of overtaking or meeting General Leslie with the main body of Scotch horse.

Near Newport the enemy surrounded them, Buckingham, Talbot, and Livingstone escaped, but Derby, Cleveland, and Lauderdale were captured. Derby was beheaded at Bolton, and Lauderdale imprisoned for many years. The King having been given a wood-bill, was concealed in Spring Coppice where he remained all day, seated on a blanket, while rain fell in torrents. He was determined, with Richard Penderel as his companion, to cross the Severn, where a Catholic named Woolf lived at Madely, near the river. They reached his house at midnight, and were hospitably regaled. The wanderers spent the day among some straw, and at night Mrs. Woolf brought them food and stained Charles' hands and face with walnut juice. Being unable to cross the Severn, they returned to White Ladies on foot. At John Penderel's house they learned that Careless was hiding in the neighbourhood. It was to this Colonel Careless that Charles chiefly owed his ultimate arrival in France. His name was afterwards changed to Carlos in commemoration of his share in the escape. Charles' feet were very much galled by the journey to Madely, and his shoes and socks being full of stones and gravel, his feet were washed, and his shoes dried by placing hot embers in them. Taking provisions with them, Charles and Careless remained a whole day in a thick oak-tree while soldiers passed by underneath. The night was spent in "the priest's hole" in Boscobel House, and the next day in the garden. Penderel had stolen and brought home on his back a sheep, a leg of which was cut into slices and fried for dinner. At nightfall, Charles proceeded on a mill horse of Humphrey Penderel's towards Mosely, where Lord Wilmot was hidden. In the field where he was to meet Wilmot, the King found only Mr. Whitgreave (his future host) and Father John Huddleston, a Catholic priest, who afterwards administered extreme unction to him while he lay dying at Whitehall. Wilmot had retired again to the priest's hole at Mosely. Whitgreave, not expecting the King, took him for a fugitive



cavalier, and the night being dark and rain falling heavily, he did not know, until entering the house, that it was Charles himself. The King's dress at this time consisted of "a leathern doublet with pewter buttons, a pair of old green breeches and a coat of the same green, a pair of his own stockings with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrup stockings which were lent him at Madely, a pair of old shoes, cut and slashed to ease his feet, an old grey greasy hat without any lining, a noggen shirt of the coarsest linen. His face and hands were made of a reechy complexion by the help of the walnut-tree leaves." Some one had inserted paper between his toes to prevent them from galling, which, however, had the opposite effect; the dirty tattered handkerchief he used when his nose bled was long preserved by a Mrs. Braythwayte as a charm against the King's Evil. The day after Charles left it, Boscobel was searched by the Parliamentary soldiers, and Mosely was visited while he was actually there. After this he went to the house of Colonel Lane at Bentley. Colonel Lane's project was to convey the King to Bristol (one hundred miles distant) whence Charles hoped to escape to the Continent. Miss Jane Lane, the Colonel's sister, had recently obtained a Parliamentary pass for herself and one male attendant to visit her friend Mrs. Norton of Abbot's Leigh near Bristol.

The portrait figured in this work of the handsome and intrepid lady to whom Charles owed so much, and whom, there is evidence, he held in deep respect, is taken from an original, belonging to her descendant, Mr. H. Lane, which still hangs at Bentley Manor. There was a picture of her by Mary Beale which was in the Fountaine Collection shown at the National Portrait Exhibition in 1866. The Earl of Sandwich possesses another at Hinchinbrook, painted by Lely I believe, and there is a charming work by an unknown artist, representing her holding a crown in her right hand, which is at Packington Hall and belongs to the Earl of Aylesford. It may have got there through her marriage with Sir Clement Fisher, Baronet, of that place.

To return to the fugitives. The scheme determined upon was to transform the woodman of Boscobel into William Jackson, the son of a neighbouring tenant, and this was successfully carried out, largely through the coolness of Charles, who profited by some lessons given him by Colonel Lane in the behaviour expected from a serving man. Accordingly, on Wednesday, September 10, the party set forth. It consisted of Miss Jane







Lane, her aunt, Mrs. Petre, a royalist officer named Lascelles, and the King. Colonel Lane and Lord Wilmot with spaniels and hawks rode near at hand. They intended to sleep at Packington Hall, but Miss Lane's horse cast a shoe before they had gone two hours, and the King had to see it replaced, and here we have a striking instance of his presence of mind, for at the forge he discussed with the smith the chances of capturing "that rogue Charles Stuart." Arriving within two or three miles of Stratford, they saw at Wotton a troop of Parliamentary cavalry halted to refresh their horses. Charles rode right through them.

Parting with Mr. and Mrs. Petre, the party slept four miles beyond Stratford, at the house of Mr. Tombs, Long Marston. Here the King distinguished himself by his awkwardness in winding up the jack, and was taken to task by the cook. Travelling by way of Camden, the next day they slept at Cirencester. By Friday evening they had arrived three miles beyond Bristol, at Abbot's Leigh, the residence of Mr. Norton. There they remained three or four days, Charles securing privacy under pretext of recovering from an ague. Finding there was no chance of a safe embarkation from Bristol, they determined to make Trent House in Somerset, the seat of Colonel Wyndham, their next asylum, and accordingly set out on the 16th. That night they slept at Castle Carey, and the following day arrived at Trent. Here the King lay hid for several days. At length Colonel Wyndham went to a little Dorset port, Lyme Regis, to consult a trusty friend, one Captain Ellesdon. Through his means a bargain was made with one Limbry, the master of a coasting vessel, that he should, for the sum of £60, convey by night a party of three or four Royalists from Charmouth to France.

With Colonel Wyndham as guide, Charles left Trent on the morning of September 22, riding "a double horse" before Juliana Coningsby. Accompanied by Lord Wilmot and the faithful manservant Peter, they went to Ellesdon, a lonely farm in the hills, distant about a mile and a half from Lyme and Charmouth, belonging to a brother of Captain Ellesdon, who had been a royalist officer, and was known to and trusted by Wyndham, of whom mention has already been made. It is satisfactory to know that a marble slab recording their visit has been erected by public subscription at this place.

In the evening of the same day he went to a blind inn at Charmouth

called the Queen's Head, and now the manse of the Congregational Church which has existed there since the end of the seventeenth century. This house also is marked by a tablet placed thereon by public subscription. Much information has been gleaned from the Registers of Charmouth and Lyme about the minor personages in this dramatic story, but space does not permit of our doing more than mention the fact.

At Charmouth Lord Wilmot waited all night on the beach; in the little village inn the rest of the party sat up all night in suspense, and to no avail, for the wife of Limbry clearly suspected there was something in the wind. She may have seen or heard at Lyme Regis Fair of the Proclamation, shown on the opposite page, and offering a thousand pounds "for the discovery and apprehending of Charls Stuart and other traytors his adherents and abettors." At any rate when he went home for his sea-chest she asked him "Why he would go to sea, having no goods abroad," and finally made him a prisoner in his own house by locking him in the bedroom, where, rather than rouse a commotion which might have led to unpleasant discoveries, the captain remained till morning, and when he crept out his wife and two daughters dogged his footsteps as he went to the beach.

The Royal party, tired of waiting, and despairing of getting away from Charmouth, went on towards Bridport, and here the King had perhaps his narrowest escape of all, for the port of Lyme was full of people attracted there by a fair; and the headquarters of a detachment of Republicans were at "Burport," as Charles calls it. "The streets were full of redcoats," he says, "being a regiment of 1500 men going to embark to take Jersey." When Colonel Wyndham saw the Roundhead troops he began to despair, but Charles' courage never failed. He rode straight into the yard of the principal inn (now transformed into a chemist's shop), "pushing his way with the horses and portmanteau among the crowd of surly troopers who obstructed his entrance to the stable." Here the ostler startled him by saying, "Sure sir, I know your face?" to which Charles replied by asking where he had lived; it proved the man was born in Exeter "and had been ostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house the King had lain all the time of the war." Charles had a ready reply. "Friend," said he, "certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him above a year." "Oh," says the



I XXXII.  
GEORGE MONCK.  
*S. Cooper.*











By the Parliament.

# A PROCLAMATION

FOR THE.

Discovery and Apprehending of *CHARLS STUART*, and other Traytors  
his Adherents and Abettors.

**W**hereas *CHARLS STUART* Son to the late Tyrant, with divers of the English and Scottish Nation, have lately in a Trayterous and hostile manner with an Army invaded this Nation, which by the Blessing of God upon the Forces of this Commonwealth have been defeated, and many of the chief Actors therein slain and taken prisoners, but the said *Charls Stuart* is escaped: For the speedy Apprehending of such a Malicious and Dangerous Traytor to the Peace of this Commonwealth, The Parliament doth straightly Charge and Command all Officers, as well Civil as Military, and all other the good People of this Nation, That they make diligent Search and Enquiry for the said *Charls Stuart*, and his Abettors and Adherents in this Invasion, and use their best Endeavors for the Discovery and Arresting the Bodies of them and every of them; and being apprehended, to bring or cause to be brought forthwith and without delay, in safe Custody before the Parliament or Council of State, to be proceeded with and ordered as Justice shall require; And if any person shall knowingly Conceal the said *Charls Stuart*, or any his Abettors or Adherents, or shall not Reveal the Places of their Abode or Being, if it be in their power so to do, The Parliament doth Declare, That they will hold them as partakers and Abettors of their Trayterous and wicked Practices and Designs: And the Parliament doth further Publish and Declare, That whosoever shall apprehend the person of the said *Charls Stuart*, and shall bring or cause him to be brought to the Parliament or Council of State, shall have given and bestowed on him or them as a Reward for such Service, the sum of One thousand pounds; And all Officers, Civil and Military, are required to be aiding and assisting unto such person and persons therein. Given at Westminster this Tenth day of September, One thousand six hundred fifty one.

*Wednesday the Tenth of September. 1651.*

Ordered by the Parliament, That this Proclamation be forthwith Printed and Published.

*Hen: Scobell, Cleric. Parliamenti.*

*London, Printed by John Field, Printer to the Parliament of England. 1651.*



ostler, "then I remember you a boy there," and desired to drink a pot of beer with the King for "auld lang syne."

After dinner they rode out of the town as if they had gone upon the road towards London, and there happened what Fuller calls "a miraculous divergence," for about a mile to the east of Bridport, at Lea Lane, Bradpole, Charles turned off the main road to Dorchester and London, and thus escaped his pursuers, under Captain Macy, who were hot on his track from Charmouth, where mischief had been brewing. The spot where he thus probably saved his life has, through the public spirit of a near resident (Mr. Broadley), been marked by a large block of Bothenhampton stone, the face of which bears the following apt inscription :

"Where midst your fiercest foes on every side,  
For your escape God did a Lane provide."

Some seven miles' ride from where he left the Dorchester road brought him to Broad Winsor; here he found refuge at the George Inn—a house which has suffered from fire, but has not been wholly destroyed—a portion of the old building still remaining and being used as a cottage. From Broad Winsor Charles went back to Trent, where he lay *perdu* for a fortnight. Thus it will be seen that the wanderings of the fugitive can be traced in this part of the West literally step by step, and the houses identified. The accompanying sketch-map shows all the country traversed by the King, with the places where he slept underlined. For full details of how he reached France, the reader should consult the Boscobel Tracts.

Next to the King himself, the foremost figure at the opening of the reign of Charles II. was certainly George Monck. He was a man who united to invincible strength of purpose a self-control and a simplicity of real greatness, characteristics which Cooper has caught and fixed on the noble miniature of him which forms one of the chief treasures of the Royal Library at Windsor. Although Monck took the Covenant, was with Cromwell at Dunbar, and in 1654 was Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, his patriotism or his foresight, or both combined, led him to see that Monarchy re-established by a free Parliament was the only durable basis for a settlement. After playing the leading part in preparing the way for the Restoration, Monck went down to Dover to meet the King, and when Charles landed he (Monck) had the choice of



LXXXIII.

VIEWS OF ST. JAMES' PARK, 1660.







honours and of place. It is consistent with his strong, common sense and moderation that he, who perhaps might have been king himself, and was unquestionably the man of the hour, chose the non-political post of Master of the Horse. He was made Duke of Albemarle and given a pension of £7000 a year. It will always stand to his credit that when the plague raged he alone remained in London to carry on, amidst its horrors, the business of the Government. Five years after the Restoration he went back to his old naval command.

On New Year's Day 1670, George Monck died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but there is no monument to him. The King who owed him so much was too poor, and his own son too extravagant to erect one. His wife Nan Clarges was, according to Pepys, "an ever plain, homely dowdy," and was reputed to be the daughter of a blacksmith and the widow of a perfumer named Ratsford. She died of grief, they say, before Monck was buried.

The year 1660 was the beginning of the most shameful period in English history, and yet the whole nation seemed frantic with joy and loyalty. The Houses of Parliament cast themselves at the feet of Charles II. "with all vows of affection and fidelity to the world's end." The *Naseby*, the very ship he set sail in from Holland, was afterwards burnt by the Dutch in the Medway; but when he landed from her at Dover, hardly any of the 20,000 people who received him, says Voltaire, could refrain from tears. When he set foot on shore they gave him a Bible, "the thing he most valued in the world," he declared. But his fidelity to the Protestant religion did not prevent him from dying a Romanist. He attached himself to Parliaments, and before the end of his life dispensed with them altogether.

The state of excitement was naturally shared by Charles himself, who writes from Canterbury the day after his landing at Dover to his sister Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. The letter is in French, and is given facsimile. Being somewhat difficult to read, I print it also. It runs thus:

CANTERBURY, 26 May.

"J'estois si tourmenté des affaires à la Haye que ie ne pouvais pas vous escrire devant mon départ, mais i'ay laissé ordre avec ma soeur de vous envoyer vn petit present de ma part, que i'espere vous recevères bien tost. J'arriuy hire a Douer, ou i'ay trouay Monke avec grande quantité



de noblesse, qui m'ont pensé acablé d'amitié et de ioye pour mon retour. J'ay la test si furieusement étourdy par l'acclamation du peuple et le quantité d'affaires, que ie ne scay si i'escuie du sen ou non ; s'est pour quoy vous me pardonneres si ie ne vous dy pas davantage, seulement que ie suis tout a vous.

C."

John Evelyn thus describes the entry of the King into London on May 29.

"This day his Majestie Charles II. came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen yeares. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of about 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joye ; the wayes strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountaines running with wine ; the Maior, Alderman, and all the Companies in thier liveries, chaines of gold, and banners ; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold and velvet ; the windowes and balconies well set with ladies ; trumpets and music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the Citty, even from 2 in the afternoon till 9 at night. I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was don without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him ; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a Restauration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in this Nation."

Bishop Burnet tells us the proceedings of May 29 all ended in entertainments and drunkenness, "which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree that it very much corrupted their morals." On Coronation Day Mr. Pepys took his wife and a friend "to Axe yard, in which at the further end were three great bonfires and a great many great gallants, men and women ; and they laid hold of us and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolic, but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tippie . . . till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk and there lay, and I went to my Lord's pretty well."

The first night Charles was in London he struck the keynote, as it were, of his after behaviour to his Queen, and his respect for the ordinary

LXXXIV.

(a)

CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA.

*S. Cooper.*

(b)

CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, MEDAL.

(c)

MARY OF MODENA, MEDAL.

(d)

MARY OF MODENA, MEDAL (ACCESSION).









Contestacy 26 May.

J'estois si momentanée des affaires a la haye  
que je ne pouvois pas vous écrire devant  
mon départ, mais j'ay laissé ordonner avec ma  
foi de vous envoyer un petit present de  
ce port que j'espère vous recevrez bien vite.  
J'avois bien a l'onneur de l'ay trouvez <sup>avec</sup> une  
grande quantité de noblesse qui nous parli-  
ent de l'ambassade et de l'oye pour mon retour.  
J'ay la veue si furieusement ~~mon~~ étourdy  
par l'acclamation du peuple et la quantité  
d'affaires que je ne sçay si j'escris du ten-  
a vous, si ce n'est pour quoy ~~et~~ vous ne pardonnez,  
si je ne vous dy pas davantage, seulement  
que je suis tout a vous. Q

rules of morality, for he spent it with another man's wife, namely, Barbara Villiers, who was then Mrs. Palmer, afterwards Lady Castlemaine and finally Duchess of Cleveland. This woman exercised a potent and mischievous influence upon the conduct of the King, and for many years traded upon the weakest side of his character.

She was the daughter and heiress of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison. When eighteen years of age she married Roger Palmer, a gentleman of good fortune and attached to the exiled King. She accompanied her husband to the Hague in 1659, and it was here doubtless that her disastrous acquaintance with Charles commenced. Her profligacy and her rapacity are notorious, and one seeks in vain for a single redeeming feature in her character; indeed, a recent writer, Mr. Vincent, has described her as very nearly "the worst of the bad women of history."

"In no relation of life was she other than wholly bad. She was a bad wife, a bad mother, and a worse mistress. She was inordinately avaricious and madly extravagant. She gambled and she swore, and she had neither wit nor sense, and never did an unselfish thing. She had the temper of a fiend and the manners of a fishwife. Gratitude and tenderness were alike unknown to her, and remorse she could have hardly felt, even if she had been conscious of her own badness. She did no murder it is true, but every other sin in the Decalogue she committed, and more besides."

In the Picture Gallery of Hampton Court we see her in the character of Pallas or Bellona, and this beautiful painting by Sir Peter Lely is full of the imperious character which distinguished the original. Her expression is disdainful, her manner almost fierce. It is the portrait of a virago, and such she was indeed; she hectored Charles nearly out of his wits, and when he offended her, made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, so Lord Anglesey told Pepys. Again and again they quarrelled, and he paid her debts. Four years after the Restoration, Mrs. Pepys tells her husband "the sad news of Lady Castlemaine being now become so decayed that one would not know her, at least far from a beauty." Yet five years later she is reported "never to have been more great with the King than she is now" (1669).

This pernicious influence lasted, so it is said, down till 1672, when Charles, thoroughly weary of her, disavowed a daughter to whom she gave birth.

One of the portraits of her by Sir Peter Lely greatly excited the

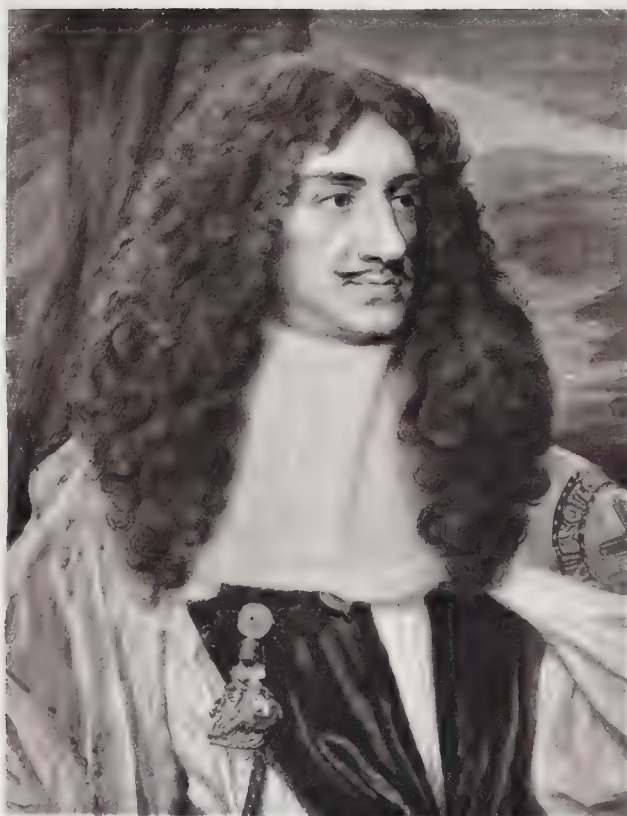


LXXXV.

CHARLES II. IN ROBES

*S. Cooper.*









admiration of Pepys, so much so that he declares it to be "one that I must have a copy of." He saw it at the artist's studio in 1662, and thus describes it: "After I had done with the Duke (of York), with Commissioner Pott to Mr. Lilly's the great painter, who come forth to us; but believing that I come to bespeak a picture he prevented it by telling us that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner; and here, among other pictures saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture."

In the Royal collection at Windsor is a beautiful miniature by Samuel Cooper, which I reproduce. It will be found to differ materially from Lely's and from other portraits of her. The hair is brown, and the eyes light brown; she has very little colour. The expression is pensive, and may be called almost gentle. What she was like in later years may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery where there is an interesting picture of her in mourning for her husband, Lord Castlemaine as he was created. The sincerity of her grief may well be questioned, but it is plain that time had tempered the proud disdain. Her beauty is no longer aggressive, so to speak, though the face is somewhat imperious still.

She lived to the age of sixty-nine and died in Chiswick Mall of dropsy; "miserable, contemned, and neglected," says Mrs. Jameson. Tradition says her ghost haunts Walpole House, and that she is for ever asking that her lost beauty should be given back to her. Her second son, Henry Fitzroy, was the ancestor of the present ducal house of Grafton.

I have given Barbara Villiers the bad pre-eminence of mentioning her first and foremost among the vicious women for whom the King neglected the duties of his station, and upon whom he squandered the nation's wealth, but years before Lady Castlemaine's influence waned, Charles became greatly enamoured of Frances Stewart, a daughter of Captain Walter Stewart, who was a son of Lord Blantyre.

One need go no further than the pages of Pepys, and the De Grammont Memoirs, to obtain a vivid and lifelike portrait of this famous beauty with whom both Charles and James appear to have been infatuated, the former so much so that it was even thought that he might repudiate Catherine in order to marry "la belle Stewart," and the danger of this was deemed so imminent and so great that Clarendon did his utmost to bring about her marriage with the Duke of Richmond.

De Grammont, in his probably not over veracious *Memoirs*, styles Miss Stewart and Miss Hamilton (sister to the real author of these lively chronicles, that is to say Anthony Hamilton) the principal ornaments of the Court of Charles II. He expresses the opinion that had Frances Stewart possessed sufficient art, she might have had as much influence over the mind of the King as she had over his heart. If unbounded devotion to the fair sex made Samuel Pepys a judge of female beauty, we can well believe that Miss Stewart was, as De Grammont says, one of the most beautiful women of the Court. The Secretary to the Admiralty styles her the most lovely creature he ever saw in his life, and, as I have said, his diary is full of references to her, for he is continually drawing comparisons between her and his ideal of feminine charm, his goddess, Lady Castlemaine; and these comparisons are, in spite of himself, as it were, for the most part in favour of the Duchess of Richmond, as she eventually became.

Pepys had many opportunities of seeing her, from the day when he first beheld "Little Stewart" as he calls her, at the play with Lady Castlemaine in 1662, to the time when she was recovering from the smallpox six years later. At one time he speaks of having met her coming out of the "Chayre Room" at Whitehall "in a most lovely form" with her hair "all about her ears, having her picture taken there. There was the King and twenty more standing by . . . and a lovely creature she, in the dress, seemed to be." And again, "but above all Mrs. Stewart in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose and excellent taille is now the greatest beauty I ever saw I think in my life, and if ever woman can, do exceed my La. Castlemaine, at least in this dresse, nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine." Later he foresees that Lady Castlemaine's "nose will be put out of joint for that she (F.S.) is more handsome than she." In May 1663 he meets her in the park and remarks "she is a fine woman, and they say now a common mistress to the King, as my Lady Castlemaine is." Then he hears of a plot of Lord Sandwich, the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham and others for the getting of her for the King, "but she proves a cunning slut, and is advised at Somerset House by the Queen mother and by her mother, and so all the plot is spoiled." From Mr. Pearce he learns "how loose the Court is and how the King is now become besotted upon Mrs. S., that



LXXXVI

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

*Sir P. Lely.*









he gets into corners and will be with her half an hour together, kissing her to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself and expects it as my Lady Castlemaine used to do"; and the same gossiping surgeon tells him that the King "do doat upon Mrs. Stewart only, and that to leaving all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queene; that he values not who sees him or stands by him while he dallies with her openly, and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentrys observe his going in and out, and that so commonly that the Duke or any of the nobles, when they would ask where the King is, they will ordinarily say 'is the King above or below?' meaning with Mrs. Stewart."

A year after, the diarist returns to his old allegiance to Lady Castlemaine, for though he allows Mrs. Stewart to be "very fine and pretty, she is far beneath my Lady C." He particularly admires a picture of her in a buff doublet like a soldier, by Huysmann—or "Hiseman a picture drawer, a Dutchman" as he calls him. He notes that the Duke of York is desperately in love with the beauty, and that the King visits her and Lady Castlemaine every morning before he eats his breakfast. It is amusing to see how the susceptible Samuel vacillates in his admiration of these rival beauties. I have quoted his opinion of them in 1665; the following year he finds that Lady C. is not so pretty as Lady Stewart, and then, by the end of the year, he veers again, and finds Mrs. Stewart, though a "woman of most excellent features," to be grown "a little too tall": and, once more, "into the Court, here I saw Mrs. S. methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her, so often as I have seen her, and I do begin to think do exceed my La. C. at least now."

The displeasure which her marriage with the Duke of Richmond gave her royal admirer was great. There is no doubt that Charles never forgave the Duke for marrying Frances Stewart, and he took an early opportunity of getting his Grace out of the kingdom by sending him as ambassador to Denmark, in which honourable exile he died not long after his marriage.

One of De Grammont's stories relates the fury of the King when he discovered the lovers together. Those who wish to learn the details may turn to the Memoirs, where they will find other particulars of the infantile character of this beautiful creature, as to whom Evelyn's vindication

(which Pepys gives at length) should always be borne in mind, for John Evelyn was cast in a graver mould than his friend the Secretary of the Admiralty, and was by no means over indulgent to the ladies of the Court, as readers of his diary must allow.

Upon the debatable question, Was she a virtuous woman? Pepys terms her "a subtle wench." Mrs. Jameson has summed up the case very impartially as follows: "Her character as a woman is neither elevated nor interesting, and the passion which the King long entertained for her, and the liberties in which she indulged him, either through weakness or a spirit of coquetry, exposed her at one period to very disgraceful imputations. On a review of her whole conduct, as far as it can now be known and judged from the information of contemporary writers, the testimonies in favour of her virtue appear to preponderate; yet it must be confessed we are left to choose between two alternatives, and it is hard to tell which is the worst; if *la belle Stewart* was not the most cold and artful coquette that ever perplexed the wits of man, she was certainly the most cunning piece of frailty that ever wore the form of woman."

She lived till 1702 and when she died left a legacy to her cats. Pope's lines "die and endow a college or a cat" refer to Frances Stewart. The miniature of her at Windsor which faces the one of Lady Castlemaine in this volume is, like the latter, ascribed to Samuel Cooper. It gives her reddish brown hair and dark grey eyes, and does not tally with the description of her little Roman nose and other features which I have quoted from Pepys. Talking of her portraits one may recall the well-known admiration that Rottier, the King's engraver, had for her; it is said he almost adored her. Her portrait as Britannia is upon our coins to this day, as all the world knows.

The easy-going monarch had, probably, more genuine affection for Eleanor Gwynne than for any other of his mistresses. We know, by his often quoted words, "Don't let poor Nelly starve," that he remembered her on his death-bed, and as late as 1682 she was receiving a pension of £1000 a year. She does not appear to have mixed herself up in politics at all, and, considering what the state of political morality was in those days, and the pernicious influence wielded by such creatures as the Duchess of Portsmouth and others, Nell Gwynne is entitled to much credit for this, at least. It has long been the fashion, if not to whitewash her altogether, to condone her faults and to represent her as a wonder



LXXXVII.

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

*P. Mignard.*









of generosity. She is, for example, constantly said to have founded Chelsea Hospital, although I believe it is to Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster to the Forces, that we owe this institution. Bishop Burnet thus speaks of her: "The first player, Davies, did not keep her hold long, but Guin, the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a Court, continued to the end of the King's life in great favour, and was maintained at great expense. The Duke of Buckingham told me that when she was first brought to the King she asked only £500 a year, and the King refused it. But when he told me this about four years after, he said she had got of the King above £60,000. She acted all persons in so lively a manner, and was such a constant diversion to the King, that even a new mistress could not drive her away. But, after all, he never treated her with the decencies of a mistress, but rather with the lewdness of a prostitute, as she had indeed been to a great many."

In spite of the Bishop's plain-spoken comments on the treatment of Nell Gwynne, it is certain she was held by the people generally in a different estimation to that which they entertained of her rivals, the rapacious and profligate Duchess of Cleveland and the designing Duchess of Portsmouth. One source of her popularity may have been the fact that "Madam Ellen," as she was called in her own day, never disguised her real character, nor her feelings—witness Mr. Pepys, who, on the occasion of a visit to the theatre, remarks that "to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was strange."

The well-known story of her reply to the crowd who mistook her coach for that of the Catholic "favourite" is an evidence of this; and Madame de Sevigné says that Mademoiselle de Kerouaille was extremely discountenanced and embarrassed by the plain speech of the "indiscreet, confident, wild young actress" who talks of her rival thus: "This Duchess," says she, "pretends to be a person of quality; she says she is related to the best families in France; whenever any person of distinction dies she puts herself in mourning."

The career of Nell Gwynne is one which is only possible in such times as the Restoration, and it is in itself an epitome, as it were, of the corruption of the period. She was of Welsh parentage, and employed at a tavern whilst a mere child "to fill strong waters for the gentlemen," says Pepys. Her sweet voice and sprightly address attracted notice, and she came before the public in the humble capacity of an orange girl in



the pit at the Royal Theatre. Here I may notice the quaint and extremely interesting illustration of her as an orange girl which I owe to the kindness of Mr. Dormer. It is a clay figure a few inches high,



and is said to have been found, with another, on the site of one of the old theatres in which Nell was wont to play. It is surmised to have been given away with tobacco. When only fifteen she appeared on the stage and performed the parts of Desdemona and Ophelia, and acquired celebrity by the recitation of epilogues written for her by John Dryden. She is said to have been trained by Lacy, the comedian, who was her first lover. He was soon supplanted by Hart, renowned as the most accomplished actor and handsomest man of his day, with whom Lady Castlemaine was "mightily in love."

Samuel Pepys describes her playing the part of Coelia in 1666, in the following characteristic passage: "Knipp took us all in (to the King's House) and brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Coelia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is"; and again, "Knipp took us into the tireing-rooms, and to the women's shift where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready and is very pretty, prettier than I thought."

In 1667 (she would then be only seventeen) she attracted the notice of the witty Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset. He took her from the stage, and allowed her £100 a year. Very soon afterwards she became the mistress of Charles. Here her history may be said to end, except that after the King's death she continued to live in Pall Mall and at Sandford Manor House, Sandy End, Fulham, on a small pension, until her own decease in 1687. She was thus but thirty-seven when she died. She was totally uneducated, and could not write. Her initials were the high-water mark of her accomplishments in this respect. I have seen a receipt bearing her signature on which spots have been carefully traced, to guide her pen where the characters had to be made upon the document.

According to Mrs. Jameson, who fixes her death at 1691, she spent her last years in the strictest decorum and devotion, and devoted her small allowance to acts of benevolence.

Most of us are familiar with the features of Nell Gwynne from Lely's





LXXXVIII.

ELEANOR GWYNNE

*Sir P. Lely.*







pictures, of which there is a good example in the National Portrait Gallery. I have chosen also a portrait of her from an old print representing her with her two sons. The "petiteness" of her person is a feature that is exceedingly well shown in this engraving, as are her laughing eyes, and the mouth turned up at the corners. It is an excessively rare print, and but three copies are known. It was engraved by Henry Gascar, who was a painter, born in Paris, it is supposed, in 1639, dying in Rome in 1701. He was brought to England by the Duchess of Portsmouth, and, under her patronage, became so fashionable as to be a rival to Lely himself. The especial interest of the plate consists in the fact that his works are among the earliest specimens of mezzotint art in this country. Such is their rarity that of one of them (which, by the way, represents Lord James Beauclerc, the second son of Nell Gwynne and of Charles) but one copy is known.

To return to the Restoration, Evelyn relates in his diary (Oct. 1660), "Scot, Scroope, Cook and Jones suffered for reward of their iniquities at Charing Cross, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural Prince, and in the presence of the King his sonn whom they also sought to kill. I saw not their execution, but met their quarters mangled and cut and reeking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle."



The comment passed by this refined pious gentleman (as he certainly was, judged by the standard of the time in which he lived) upon this spectacle is, "Oh the miraculous providence of God!" In a contemporary Dutch print is shown the horrid business, the details of which are too ghastly to be dwelt upon. In connection with the regicides, and the fate which befell them, I have reproduced a view of Whitehall, or rather it should be said St. James' Park looking towards Whitehall, as it must have appeared about the time we are talking of. Herein there are interesting features connected with topography which might be pointed out. Such, for example, are the steps leading from the park through galleries in Whitehall over the famous Holbein Gate. Other houses and galleries then stood on the eastern side of the gatehouse, and communicated with the Banqueting House. This shows quite clearly the way in which it was possible to take Charles I.



into Whitehall, on the morning of his execution when he came from St. James' Palace, where he had slept, and to bring him out upon the scaffold without passing through the crowd, or crossing the open street at all. Speaking of this view of the park, attention might be called to the figure in the foreground as being probably that of Charles II. taking exercise. It will be noticed that all the male figures near him are standing bareheaded.

One of the objects which must have been familiar when these views were drawn, were the poles, with heads on them, over the north end of Westminster Hall. They are supposed to be those of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw, as appears from a quarto pamphlet narrative relating to "the real embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell, now exhibiting in Mead Court in Old Bond St., 1799." After the Restoration in January 1661, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, his son-in-law Henry Ireton, who had been Lord Deputy of Ireland, and John Bradshaw, who, as president of the pretended High Court of Justice, had pronounced sentence of death on King Charles I., were, by a vote of the House of Commons passed Dec. 8th, 1660, taken out of their graves by John Lewis, a mason, as appears by his receipt as follows :

" May, the 4th day, 1661, rec, then in full of the worshipfull Sargeant Norfolke fifteen shillings for taking up the corpes of Cromwell and Ireton and Brasaw rec by me."

" JOHN LEWIS."

The coffins containing the bodies of Cromwell and Ireton were taken up on Saturday, January 26, 1661, and on the Monday night following were drawn in two carts from Westminster Abbey to the Red Lion Inn in Holborn, where they remained all night; Bradshaw was not taken up until the morning following; and on the anniversary of Charles' death, January 30, 1661, all the three coffins were conveyed on sledges to Tyburn, and the bodies were taken out and hanged at the three several angles of the gallows until sunset. They were then beheaded, the trunks thrown into a deep pit under the gallows, and the heads set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall. The anonymous author of this tract, being an eye-witness of the state of the bodies, mentions that Cromwell's was



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ELEANOR GWYNNE AND HER SONS.

*H. Gascar.*









in green cere-cloth, very fresh embalmed. In the same pamphlet it is said that the tradition respecting the head of Oliver Cromwell was that on a stormy night in the latter end of the reign of Charles or James II. it was blown off from the top of Westminster Hall, and that it was taken up and soon after presented to one of the Russell family.

Much has been written about Oliver Cromwell's dishonoured remains, and, whatever may have become of them, it is a striking instance of the mutability of human affairs that any doubt should exist as to the disposal of the body of the man who, but a few months before, held the helm of state in England, and, with it, one of the foremost positions in Europe; for such was the vigorous force of his character that he made this country feared and respected abroad as it never had been before. How strong is the contrast between the great Protector and the King who succeeded him, and sold his sovereign control over the destinies of his realm for French gold! The secret of the nation's toleration is to be found in the easy temper and charm of manner which, joined to considerable natural abilities, fascinated all those who came in contact with the King. Yet it must be owned that the House of Stuart would have small claim upon our loyalty, and none upon our respect, if he were its only representative. Charles was a cynical voluptuary, and never pretended to be anything better, for after he came to the throne his principal endeavour seems to have been to avoid any chance of being forced to "set out upon his travels again."

Few Englishmen can read without shame and humiliation of the menacing advance of the Dutch fleet up the Thames in 1667—"a most audacious enterprise," as John Evelyn calls it. To save the money which Parliament had voted, and to apply it to his own pleasures, the King had neglected to pay the seamen or to fit out the fleet; the consequence was, the treasury was empty, the streets full of starving sailors, the ships unmanned, only a few second and third rates being in commission; even the forts were without ammunition. The Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, seized the opportunity, burst the boom which protected the Medway, and destroyed the fortifications at Sheerness. The *Royal Charles*, "a first-rate," was captured and three other ships were burnt. "The thunder of the Dutch guns," says Mr. Green, "woke England to a bitter sense of its degradation." Evelyn was so alarmed as to send away his goods and plate, "fearing the enemy might venture up the Thames even to London,

which they might have done with ease and fired all the vessels in the river too;" whilst Pepys says, men reflected upon Oliver "and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbouring princes fear him." The Dutch admiral had some eighty vessels and many fire-ships with him, and these lay triumphantly within the very mouth of the Thames, "a dreadful spectacle as ever Englishmen saw."

Partial as Samuel Pepys was to both James and Charles, he cannot help speaking of "the horrid effeminacy of the King," and avows "that he hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom."

Like his father, Charles II. was constantly in want of money, though it must be owned he spent his revenues in a very different fashion. Nevertheless the results were equally inconvenient to their households, and Pepys is scandalised to find "there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread"; and this indictment may be contrasted with the statement he makes elsewhere that "the King has spent four millions of money since he come in."

In "Archæologia" there are some details given of Royal Household expenditure from the time of Charles II. to George II., by which it would seem that, contrary to what one might expect, the establishment of Charles was the least expensive of them all. It cost exactly half that of William and Mary, and was considerably less than half that of George II.

As these particulars may be of interest, I quote them from 1663 to 1732.

Charles II., 1st Oct., 1663, Sept. '64	£47,000
Duke of York	10,000
James II., 1687	76,000
„ Stables	14,000
William & Mary, Oct, '92-'93	114,000
William alone, '98-'99	90,000
Anne, 2 years, average	83,000
George I., 1715-16	75,000
„ '23-'24	86,000
„ II., '30-'31	118,000
„ „ '31-'32	124,000



XC.

*a*) DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

*b* LA BELLE STUART.

*Both by S. Cooper.*











It would thus appear that there was not very much spent upon the household of Charles however much was squandered elsewhere. We know how the remainder went; it was lavished upon the mistresses of whom we have already spoken, and on others besides. His consort, of whom mention, tardy though it be, must now be made, could not be accused of extravagance, indeed the opposite is laid to her charge. Concert-giving would appear to be her one mild form of indulgence. A year after the Restoration Charles married Catherine, daughter of John, Duke of Braganza, surnamed the Fortunate; she was reputed a great heiress, half a million in money being her dowry, besides Tangier, free trade in Brazil, and, last but not least, that foundation-stone of our Indian Empire, the island of Bombay. When she was only seven, and the Prince of Wales fourteen, a match between them was discussed by Don John and Charles I., but it came to nothing. Charles and the Infanta, however, were destined to become man and wife, and were married seventeen years later.

Bishop Burnet asserts that a Jew was the agent through which overtures were made to the Duke of Albemarle (George Monck), but it is more probable that Louis XIV. and Henrietta Maria were mainly instrumental in bringing about this union. It was felt that Charles ought to marry; but when it was argued that he should choose a Protestant for a consort, he asked where should he find one? and when several German princesses were named, his reply was, "Odds fish, they are all dull and foggy; I cannot like any one of them for a wife."

The £500,000 was doubtless a potent attraction, for Charles was even then in want of money. After various vicissitudes, owing, according to Clarendon, to misrepresentations made by the Spanish Ambassador—such as that the Portuguese princess was deformed, had bad health, and that it was well known she would never have children—and other opposition, the marriage was arranged. Charles seems to have had a penchant for dark-eyed beauties, and for six whole weeks he appears to have been very well satisfied with his bride. Writing to his Lord Chancellor he thus speaks of her: "Her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and nothing in her face that can in the least degree disgust. On the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as I ever saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born."

Charles' estimate of her character is fully confirmed by Maynard, who writes of her, "she is as sweet a disposition princess as ever was born; a lady of excellent parts, but bred hugely retired, she hath hardly been ten times out of the palace in her life." Colonel Legge avers that Charles said, when he first saw her, "they have brought me a bat instead of a woman," but this may be dismissed as malicious gossip. Letters and memoirs of the time abound in amusing stories of the derision excited by the appearance of the Portuguese princess, and of her suite, with their *garde enfantas*, or farthingales. Evelyn remarks of the ladies that their "complexions were olivader (by which he means dark olive); sufficiently unagreeable, her Majesty has the same habit, her foretop long and turned aside very strangely, she was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped; languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out."

Other accounts concur in representing these Portuguese Ladies of Honour as uncommonly ill-favoured in appearance. The portrait which is shown of Catherine is in the Royal collection at Windsor, and has been thus described: "Though the head is well drawn, and recalls the child-like simplicity which was so fearfully abused, it lacks modelling about the neck, and seems to have failed to satisfy the artist. Its date must evidently be between 1662, the year in which poor Catherine landed on these shores, and 1672, the date of Cooper's death. Judging from the youthful appearance, we should say that it was done soon after her marriage, which took place when she was twenty-four years of age. This miniature, together with that of James II., must have been among the seven or eight mentioned by Walpole as being in Queen Caroline's closet at Kensington."

There can be no doubt that this little dumpy Portuguese lady, with all her amiability, and all her good sense, was completely outshone by the imperious beauty of Lady Castlemaine and other favourites of Charles. In this category I may mention Miss Mary Davis, an actress of the Duke's Theatre, by whom the King had a daughter, who was the mother of the unhappy Earl of Derwentwater, beheaded on Tower Hill in 1716, that is, after the suppression of the first Jacobite rising.

There is a beautiful picture of this "Moll Davis" in the National Portrait Gallery, included in the illustrations of this volume. Like Nell



XCI

MARY DAVIS.

*Sir P. Lely.*









Gwynne, whose portrait hangs beside hers, she was a popular dancer; her hair is of a beautiful golden brown, her eyes dark blue-grey, her nose straight and good, the face voluptuous, but somewhat insipid, as Lely's nymphs commonly appear. These are the ladies of whom Horace Walpole said "they are far too magnificent and wanton to be taken for anything but maids of honour." Of another of Charles' favourites—Lucy Walter—engraved portraits would appear to be rare, but there are several paintings of her in the Duke of Buccleuch's collection at Dalkeith. Miss Walter was the mother of Monmouth, which is very nearly all that can be said in support of her claim upon our notice in this book. Evelyn mentions going to St. Germain's "to kiss his Majesty's hand; in my Lord Wilmot's coach went Mrs. Barlow . . . a broune, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature."

Mrs. Barlow is, of course, another name for this lady, of whom further particulars may be found in Evelyn's diary by those who wish to know more of her. Charles appears to have ceased his connection with her upon his return to the Continent after Worcester, and she is reported to have died in Paris "miserably, without anything to bury her."

Whilst talking of Lely's portraits, I may direct attention to the fine example of this painter which I give from the famous *Hampton Court Beauties*, namely Elizabeth Hamilton, of whom there is also a charming picture in the National Portrait Gallery representing her with dark brown hair, dark grey eyes, pouting rosy lips, a very tender "naïve" expression, and a graceful turn of the head.

In Mr. Cust's catalogue of the last-named collection, he describes the picture at Hampton Court as one of Sir Peter's most perfect works. It will be remembered that this famous beauty married the Comte de Grammont.

The Count had made serious love to the lady, but no sooner was he recalled from exile than he appeared to forget his promises, or at any rate was at no pains to fulfil them. He had got as far as Dover on his return to France, but here the brothers Anthony and George Hamilton, who hastened after him, overtook him. "Chevalier de Grammont," cried they, "Chevalier de Grammont, n'avez vous rien oublié à Londres?"

"Pardonnez-moi, messieurs, j'ai oublié d'épouser votre sœur," was his reply, whereupon the oblivious Count straightway retraced his steps and married the lady. Elizabeth Countess de Grammont was not much to the

taste of the French ladies when she became "dame du Palais." Madame de Maintenon found her "plus agréable qu'aimable," and Madame de Cayhes terms her "souvent anglaise insupportable, quelquefois flatteuse, dénigrante, hautaine, et rampante."

I show several portraits of Charles, and all of interest. As a rule there is a close similarity between them, at any rate those representing him after he came to man's estate. They have all that dash of "gipsy black" that Carlyle talks about and discovers in "the Royal Martyr: and the Royal Pretender." Very different, however, to the saturnine expression with which we are familiar, is the fine picture of him as a boy owned by the Duke of Portland, now at Welbeck; and the Duke of Buccleuch's miniature representing him as a youth in armour. A third portrait, by Petitot presumably, shows him as he was before the Restoration. It is now the property of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and came from Strawberry Hill. The portrait by Cooper belonging to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is one of the noblest works of this great miniature painter. It depicts the King in his prime, and is worthy of being ranked with the Monck and the Monmouth at Windsor; it is elaborately finished throughout, and from the fact of Louise de Quérouaille being the ancestress of the Richmond and Gordon family, it is obvious that its pedigree is undoubted, though indeed the work is of such supreme excellence that its authenticity speaks for itself. I give one other and a later portrait of Charles, also attributed to Cooper. One surmises that this may have been painted not long before his death, for he was but fifty-four when he died. Probably he aged prematurely, and Pepys has recorded the surprise with which he observed that the King was very grey soon after the Restoration, he being then but thirty years of age. The miniature belongs to Lord Aldenham. Its breadth, vigour, and veracity leave but little doubt as to its authorship, although it bears neither date nor signature. It came from the famous Hamilton Palace collection.

The mention of the Duchess of Portsmouth as the first probable possessor of the magnificent Cooper at Goodwood, reminds us of the prominent part that Louise de Quérouaille played in Charles' life, and, as a consequence, in the affairs of this kingdom. That her interference was resented, is clearly shown in the letter of which I give a portion in facsimile, on the following page relating to the Duke of York's (James II.) distrust of her. It is dated 1680, and was addressed and written during



XCIV  
ANNE HYDE.  
*Sir P. Lely.*









Dec: 14:

I received on Monday yours of the 8, and do absolutely agree with you that the D<sup>r</sup> of Portsmouth is never to be trusted, after what she has done, but do not think that if there should be any <sup>thing</sup> to do with France, that of necessity it must fall into her hands, for not only me, but all others, do now know her so well, as not to care to trust, or make use of her, so as if that were the only reason, to hinder a negotiation with them, I think that ought not to hinder it, I am very glad to find his Ma<sup>y</sup> continues still to be so ill pleased with L<sup>d</sup> Sunderland and L<sup>d</sup> Essex I think he is much in the right, and I

Yours

his retirement in Scotland, at the time of the Exclusion Bill, to his brother-in-law, Laurence Hyde. On his death-bed Charles is said to have recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth over and over again to his brother. He said he had always loved her, and he loved her now to the last, and besought the Duke in as melting words as he could fetch out, to be very kind to her and to her son.

Louise Renée de Penencourt de Quérrouaille came of a noble but impoverished family in Brittany. When nineteen years of age she was appointed Maid of Honour to the Duchess of Orleans in 1669. Within four years she was made Duchess of Portsmouth. This bad eminence she had attained by becoming *maitresse titrée* of Charles II. Her son by the King was made Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and Earl of March. On the death of Charles she returned to France, where Louis XIV. created her Duchesse d'Aubigny, and she died at Paris in 1734, aged eighty-seven. It is said that the last years of her life were spent in penitence, as they certainly were in retirement. Such is a brief outline of the career of this woman. The power over her Royal lover was not owing to any superiority of wit or intellect, nor was it through violence and caprice such as the Duchess of Cleveland used; she was artful and inflexible, at the same time she was imperious and wilful. "The King was presently taken with her; she studied to please and observe him so that he passed away the rest of his life in a great fondness for her. He kept her at a vast charge. And she by many fits of sickness, some believed real, and others thought only pretended, gained of him everything she desired. She stuck firm to the French interest, and was its chief support. The King divided himself between her and Mistress Gwynne, and had no other avowed Mistress, but he was so entirely possessed by the D<sup>ss</sup> of P. and so engaged by her in the French interest, that this threw him into great difficulties and exposed him to much contempt and distrust."

The sober John Evelyn records (September 1666), "I was casually shewed the Duchesse of Portsmouth's splendid appartement at Whitehall, luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory beyond the Queenes; such massy pieces of plate, whole tables and stands of incredible value."

It has been remarked that in spite of the shameless profligacy of Charles II.'s life, of the dissolute character of his court, of the humiliations the nation suffered at the hands of the Dutch, and of the shameful betrayal



xcv.

(a)

LA BELLE STUART, MEDAL.

(b)

JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, MEDAL.

(c)

CHARLES II., MEDAL.

(d)

BETROTHAL OF MARY AND PRINCE OF ORANGE,  
MEDAL.







of its interests to the French, in spite of all this, the King never lost his popularity. But there is evidence that some of the odium thus incurred fell upon people by whom he was surrounded. Thus in the letter from the Duke of York, to which I have already referred, James says plainly "the Duchess of Portsmouth is never to be trusted," and the letter does but reflect the unpopularity with which this creature of Louis was regarded.

The illustration given of Louise de Quérouaille is from an exceedingly fine picture of her by P. Mignard. It was painted in Paris in 1682, she being then thirty-five years of age.

On February 4, 1685, Charles was seized with an apoplectic fit, and two days afterwards he passed away. In the Stuart papers preserved at Windsor a circumstantial account is given, in the handwriting of James II., of Charles refusing the sacrament at the hands of the Bishop of Bath and Wells; and of Father Huddleston being brought up the back stairs and administering it to the King, who received him "with great joy and satisfaction." The Duke describes how the King "made his confession to him (the priest), was reconciled, received the blessed sacrament, had the extreme unction, and certainly never anybody did performe all with greater resignation, Christianity, and courage than his Ma: did." Thus Charles died a Roman Catholic.

According to Burnet the King had secreted 90,000 guineas, but this sum of money did not procure his remains much respect, and the Bishop gives some ghastly details of the indecent neglect with which Charles' body was treated. "His funeral was very mean. He did not lie in state, no mournings were given, and the expense of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral will rise to."

In estimating his character we may agree with Halifax and allow him to have possessed an excellent memory, strong powers of observation, and great quickness of apprehension. He was a lover of the drama, of art, and of architecture, but still more of physical science. His personal courage greatly exceeded his moral courage, and the man who fought bravely at Worcester would take refuge in the house of a mistress, rather than face a petitioner from whom he was unable to escape by fast walking. His innate selfishness gave him a perfect hatred of taking trouble.

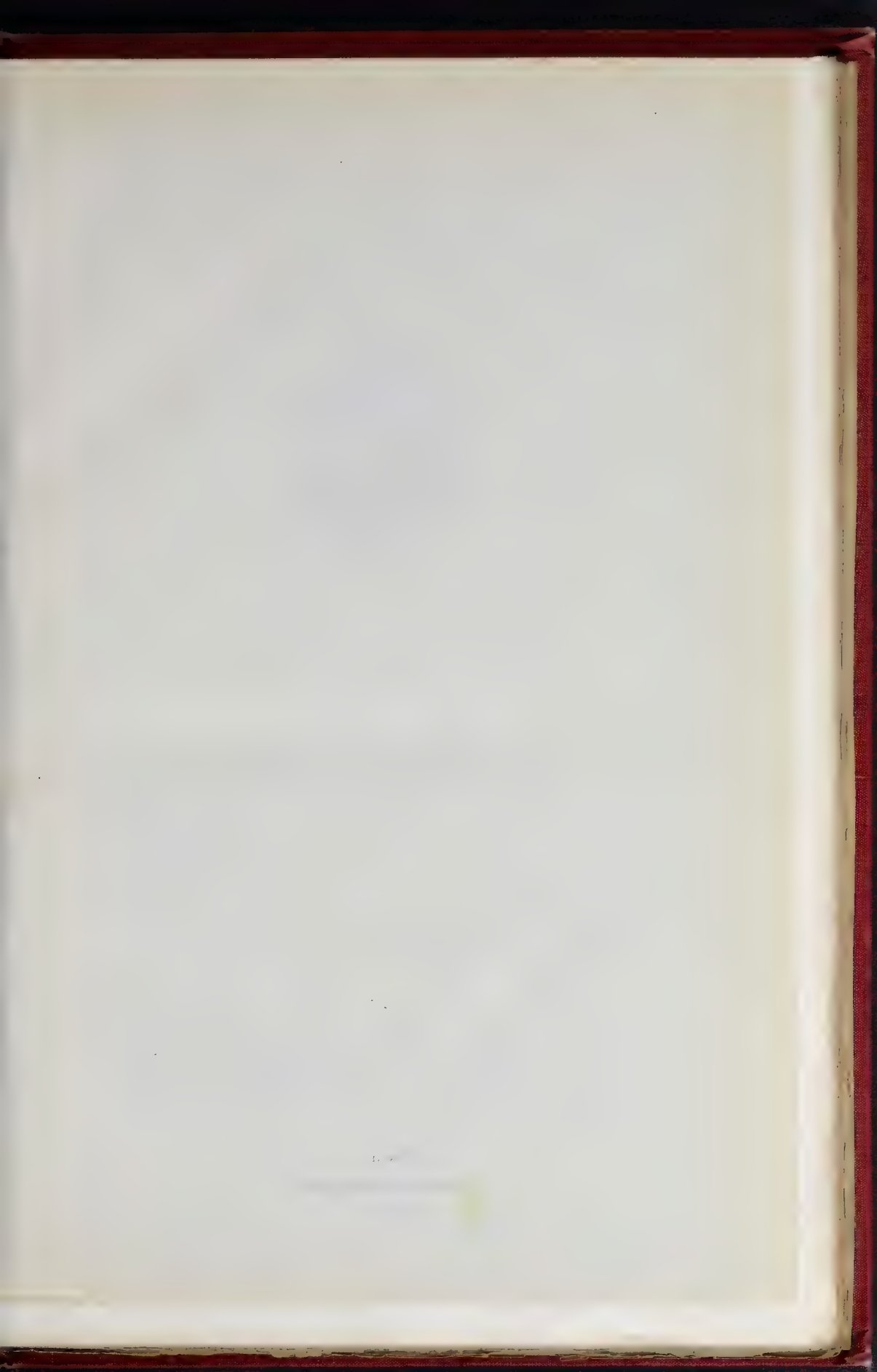
Buckingham said of him that "the King (Charles) could see things if he would—the Duke (James) would see things if he could."



Perhaps no better portrait of the man exists than that drawn by Evelyn, who knew him well, and describes him as being "of a vigorous, robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a prince of many virtues, and many greate imperfections; debonnaire, easy of accesse, not bloudy nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice greate, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skilfull in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory and knew of many empirical medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expense. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable; this made some buffoons and vitious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abus'd. He tooke delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bedchamber, where he often suffer'd the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking."

"He would doubtlesse have been an excellent Prince had he been less addicted to women, who made him uneasy, and allways in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signaly serv'd both him and his father. He frequently and easily changed favourites, to his greate prejudice."





THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHARLES II.  
BY  
JAMES CLAPHAM

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHARLES II.  
BY  
JAMES CLAPHAM



XCH.

CHARLES II., MIDDLE-AGED



XCIII.

JAMES II

*Petitot*







### CHAPTER XIII

#### JAMES II

**T**HE predilections of the Stuarts towards the Roman Catholic creed led to their forming foreign ties. First they allied themselves with Spain, and afterwards they fell under the influence of France, connections that, as in the case of the Guises on the Continent, led to their ruin, for the feeling of national unity in England was so strong that any violation of it, even if only apparent, was severely punished.

Such is a learned German critic's view of one of the principal causes which led to the downfall of the Stuarts.

The truth of these remarks is strikingly illustrated in the case of James II., whose Romanist tendencies cost him his crown, and made him an exile within four years from the date of his accession. The letter I quoted in the preceding chapter, and give in full overleaf, shows that he was determined not to change his religion, a resolve which led to disastrous

consequences. No less significant is his antagonistic attitude to Parliament. It clearly proves, at any rate, that he had not learnt the truth of Pym's remark that he who sets out to break Parliaments, in the end gets broken himself. The letter is addressed, as I mentioned before, to his wife's brother:

"I receued on Monday yours of the 8, and do absolutly agree with you that the Duchess of Portsmouth is neuer to be trusted after what she has done, but do not thinke that, if there should be anything to do with France, that of necessity it must fall into hir hands, for not only we, but all others, do now know hir so well as not to care to trust or make use of hir, so as if that were the only reason to hinder a negotiation with them, I thinke that aught not to hinder it. I am very glad to find his Majesty continus still to be so ill pleased with Lord Sunderland and Lord Essex. I thinke he is much in the right, and I know not why there should be any tyme lost in puting them both out of their places; and their is a third you haue not named, I meane Mr. Godolphin, I thinke should keep them company. I see his Majesty has taken the paper sent him ouer by Mr. Sidney as he aught to do, and am glad he has sent a reprimand to him about it; and methinks it would be requesit to remoue him from that employment and to haue somebody there his Majesty could trust, which he cannot do him, besides that it must be very prejuditial to his Majestys affairs to haue such a one as he there, who is so related and has such dependance on his nephew, I meane Lord Sunderland. I am very glad to heare his Majesty intends to bring in to the Counsell Lord Chesterfield and Lord Alisbury. I wish also he would thinke of bring(ing) in Lord Peterborow and Lord Crauen, for he might very well make roome for them all and do him self no harme; and realy for my sake Lord Peterborow should be countenanced.

"As to the Secretarys place, I am of your mind. I aught not to mention any think of it of my self; but to tell you my mind in it, if you could be spared from the Tresory, I thinke no body could be fitter for it (till it were fitt to haue a Lord Tresorer) than your self, but I do not know how you could be spared there. Therefore why should not Lord Clarendon be secretary, he being as well qualifyd for it as any body and serus the King boldly as well as honestly, and none can except against him? And why should not Mr. Finch be brought in to the Tresory in Godolphins place and then Sir John Chickly into the Admiralty, which might facilitat G. Legges



XCVI.  
MARY OF MODENA  
*Sir P. Lely.*









being Master of the Ordinance? For I believe Sir Christopher Musgrau would be well content to be Lieutenant of it, as Legge is now, and a compensation might be found to satisfy Sir William Hickman. It is what you have said to me in your letter has put all these thoughts of these remours into my head, and not only his Majesty but no body els shall know what I have now proposed to you as to them till you thinke it proper, and I cannot thinke of any fitter men then these I have named to you.

“ But what will all these projects signify, if his Majesty lets this Parliament sitt any longer? If he does, it will not be in his power not so much as to preserve him self, much lesse any of his seruants; and in my mind they have already done more than he ought to beare, and I feare his delay may be as fatal to him as it was to the King his Father. What can he more expect they should do? They have already done enough to justify him both to God and man if he breake them; and lett what will happen upon it, he will have done but what is fitt for him to do and will be commended by all the world. But should he lett them continu together any longer, his ruine is inevitable, and the world would blame him, for nothing but his laying downe his crowne at their feett will satisfy them. And pray lett us not mind Flanders so much as to hazard the certain ruine of the monarchy. Lett his Majesty first secure him self at home, and then, and not till then, can he thinke of preserving others; and I hope that consideration will not hinder him from parting with this parliament. When that is once done, one may have tyme to thinke, but not before, and that will encourage honest men and nothinge els; for who dars speake so long as they sitt? I do not at all wonder at the Spanish and Dutch Embassadors presing so hard as they do, his Majesty complying in euery thing with his Parliament. The first would be glad to see a republike settled in England; the other do not care how little authority there is left to a king, so there be but one that has the empty name of a king. This is now so visible that it cannot be denyd and I hope will hinder them from being able to prevaile with his Majesty to defer any longer the sauing of him self. And pray do but consider in what a condition his Majesty should be in, if they should engage him in a war, for then he would be the absolut slaue of his Parliament, and they would apoint such officers, both for sea and land, and so settle all things as it would be actually impossible euer for his Majesty to recouer his power, and a Commonwealth would infalibly be brought in. And besides this, do but consider what the Dutch have done here to fore and see whether

they can be relyd on, and whether it is not likly, if once they had engaged us in a war, that they may leaue us in the lurch, as they haue done already to both French and Spaniard, as all the world knows. And then in what condition should we be?

"I am almost tyred with writing and yett must say one word concerning the unfortunat Lord Stafford, who by what has past has had, I cannot help thinking, very hard measur. I am sure the Kings enemys haue gained a great point by his being condemned, and, besides the other aduantages, have brought a hard thing upon his Majesty, for I know there would be clamors should he not be executed. On the other hand, I thinke it a terrible thing to signe a warrant for the puting a man to death upon the testimony of such perjurd villans as those that deposed against him, and I hope his Majesty will haue considred the trouble it was euer after to the King his father the hauing signd the warrant for the executing of the Lord Strafford. And if be not to late, why should not you put him in mind of it, it being a terrible thing the shedding the bloud of an innocent man, as I am most confident Lord Stafford is as to the horrid crime he has been condemned for and to any thing of a plot? And pray do not wonder if I can neuer be brought to what you and other of my freinds do so presse me in concerning my religion, since I could not do it without deseruing a seuerer and more terrible sentence from the Great Juge of all the world; which is all I shall say now upon that affaire."

*James*

The early days of this narrow-minded and infatuated Prince need not be dwelt upon at length. He shared his brother's wanderings on the Continent, living at the Hague and at Brussels, at Paris and at St. Germain until the time was ripe for the Restoration, and probably learned no good in those places. John Evelyn, going to St. Germain in September 1649, the year of Charles' execution, to visit the Queen-mother Henrietta, tells us he kissed the Duke of York's hand in the tennis court. In 1652, James joined the army of Marshal Turenne at Chartres, and took part in a campaign against the Fronde. His other military services, in which he displayed conspicuous bravery, are too many to be recounted here. In May 1660, before



xcvii.

(a) MARY OF MODENA.

(b) JAMES II

*S. Cooper.*











Charles II. left the Hague to mount the throne of England, he appointed his brother Lord High Admiral. The Spanish Government had offered James a similar post the year before.

One result of James' filling this office in England was that he was brought into close contact with Samuel Pepys, who, when Secretary of the Admiralty, as he rose to be, had constant intercourse with the Duke upon official business.

It is certain that James held Pepys in much esteem, in proof of which the fact may be recalled, that the King was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait, and intended it as a present to the worthy Secretary, "when the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to him. The King commanded the painter to proceed and finish the portrait so that his good friend might not be disappointed." . . . From the pages of Pepys' Diary, that copious source of information relating to the period, it is possible to throw many sidelights upon James when Duke of York, upon his character and upon his pursuits.

The first glimpse we get of him therein is when the English fleet was lying off Scheveningen, preparatory to escorting Charles, his brothers, the Queen of Bohemia, and others of the Stuart family who were about to return to this country "to enjoy their own again." The Prince of Orange, described as being then "a pretty boy," was of their company. It was naturally a time of excitement, of an endless firing of guns, and of great rejoicing on the part of the Royal exiles and their followers. Samuel Pepys was there in his capacity of secretary to his patron the Earl of Sandwich (so often alluded to in the Diary as "my Lord"). We glean that the Duke of York offers to learn the seaman's trade from this nobleman and "makes his offer in such familiar words as if Jack Cole and I had writ them." On May 23 the two Dukes came on board the ship whereon Mr. Pepys found it so difficult to stand. The Duke of York was in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. The latter Prince was fated to fall a victim to smallpox a few months afterwards, dying on September 13 following, "by the great negligence of the doctors," so it was said. "They seem to be very fine gentlemen," says the diarist, who, as a tailor's son, had ever an appreciative eye for fine clothes. We soon hear of the reputation of James as a libertine, for Lord Sandwich tells Pepys of the Duke of York's intrigue with the Lord Chancellor's daughter "and that for certain he did promise her marriage

and signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet, and that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not . . . but my Lord doth make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad."

Again, on October 24, the Duke of York is reported "sorry for his amour with my Lord Chancellor's daughter, who is now brought to bed of a boy"; two days later, "there is great talk as if the Duke of York do now own the marriage." The matter hung fire somewhat, but in December, "it is expected that the Duke will marry the Lord Chancellor's daughter at last."

It may seem as if Pepys was always harping on the daughter of my Lord Chancellor, but when it is borne in mind that Charles was without legitimate offspring, and that James consequently stood next to the throne, it will be seen that the birth of a heir was a very important matter indeed. At the end of the year the diarist learns from Lady Sandwich that the Princess Royal "hath married herself to young Jermyn, which is worse than the Duke of York marrying the Chancellor's daughter, which is now publicly owned," and which he adds "do not please many." He also relates that "my Lord Chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and Duchesse and her woman, my Lord Ossory and a doctor to make oath before most of the judges of the kingdom concerning all the circumstances of their marriage . . . that they were not fully married, but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate." On January 1 he sees the Duke of York "bring his lady to-day to wait upon the Queen, the first time that ever she did since that business; and the Queen is said to receive her now with much respect and love."

As early as February 1660-61 he remarks that he would be "gladder to hear that the King Charles should have been married to the niece of the Prince de Ligne and has two sons by her, than that the Duke of York and his family should come to the crowne, he being a professed friend to the Catholiques." Then on May 6, 1661, he notes, "I hear that the Duke of York's son is this day dead, which I believe will please everybody; and I hear that the Duke and his lady themselves are not much troubled at it."

It may here be observed that the worthy chronicler is not always consistent in his remarks about the marriage of James with Anne Hyde;





xcviii.

DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

*S. Cooper.*



THE  
HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF  
NEW-YORK  
FROM  
THE  
FIRST  
SETTLEMENT  
TO  
THE  
PRESENT  
TIME  
BY  
JOHN  
BURNETT  
OF  
NEW-YORK  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. II  
NEW-YORK  
PRINTED BY  
J. B. BURNETT  
1847





thus in one place he says, "the marriage of the Duke of York and the Chancellor's daughter hath undone the nation"; yet, in the very same year, he says the King and the Duke of York and whole court is "mighty joyful" at the Duchess giving birth to a son, which will, he adds, "settle men's minds mightily."

The behaviour of James in marrying Anne Hyde is a matter which should certainly be remembered in his favour. It meant renunciation of fortune and of Royal alliance; it excited the displeasure of the lower and middle classes of England who have, it has been said, "a peculiar dislike to see persons raised much above their original station." Nor were the sneers of the courtiers and of the profligates of whom the court was full easy to bear. But James' respect for his word, and reluctance to bring shame upon his old friend Lord Clarendon, prevailed.

James would appear to be the reverse of fastidious in the matter of female beauty, as was shown by his choice of mistresses and by the homely charms of his first wife; but if Anne Hyde's features were undeniably plain, we are told that she had extraordinary grace and dignity of carriage, so much so as to appear to have been native born to her Royal state. The portrait of her at Hampton Court is amongst the best pictures there, and is a very fine example of the painter. Lely painted, as everybody knows, many of the distinguished Englishwomen of his day, but probably few more successfully than this daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. The example reproduced is the property of Earl Spencer.

At one time rumour did not spare the Duchess, for she is reputed to have fallen in love with her Master of the Horse—Harry Sydney—at the same time her husband was desperately enamoured of "Mrs." Stewart; and we hear of James being *la belle Stewart's* "valentine," and of his giving her a jewel worth £800. This is the lady with whom Charles was so deeply infatuated, whose portrait has been given, and of whom we have already spoken at length. Well may Pepys write "factions are high between the King and the Duke of York, and all the Court are in an uproar with their loose amours."

Besides "Mrs." Stewart, we hear in 1662 of the Duke being smitten with my Lady Chesterfield, who, according to De Grammont, was "une des plus agréables femmes qu'on pût voir : elle avait la plus jolie taille du monde, quoiqu'elle ne fut pas fort grande. Elle était blonde, et elle en avait l'éclat et la blancheur, avec tout ce les brunes ont de vif et de piquant."



Elle avait de grands yeux bleus, et des regards extrêmement séduisants. Ses manières étaient engageantes, son esprit amusant et vif; mais son cœur, toujours ouvert aux tendres engagements, n'était point scrupuleux sur la constance ni délicat sur la sincérité."

This poor lady, whose portrait by Lely hardly seems to justify the eulogium of De Grammont, died three years after the time we are now speaking of, when but twenty-five years of age. Later, Pepys is scandalised by Lady Denham, of whom he says "the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, going at noonday with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland Yard. She declaring she will not be his mistress as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy stairs, but will be owned publicly: and so she is." The Duke takes Lady Denham aside and talks to her in the sight of all the world and all alone. "Good Mr. Evelyn cries out about it, and calls it bickering (*sic*), for the Duke of York talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again." Elsewhere Colvill tells him the Duke of York is becoming "a slave to this Lady Denham, and wholly minds her."

Lady Denham came to an untimely end, dying in January 1667, from poison given to her in a cup of chocolate, it was said. Pepys is doubtful on the point. He reports her dead in November 1666, thus: "Creed tells me of my Lady Denham, whom everybody says is poisoned, and she hath said it to the Duke of York; but is upon the mending hand, though the town says she is dead this morning." In January of the following year he records that "my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened. . . . The Duke of York is troubled for her, but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again."

De Grammont is explicit, and says "no one doubted that she was poisoned by her husband; the people in his neighbourhood intended to stone him when he came out, but he remained within to weep for the loss of his wife until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he caused more burnt wine to be distributed to the people than had been drunk at any other burial in England."

Returning to James, in summing up his character Lord Macaulay says, "his understanding was singularly slow and narrow, and his temper obstinate, harsh, and unforgiving"; he adds, "though a libertine, he was diligent, methodical, and fond of authority and business." Probably the

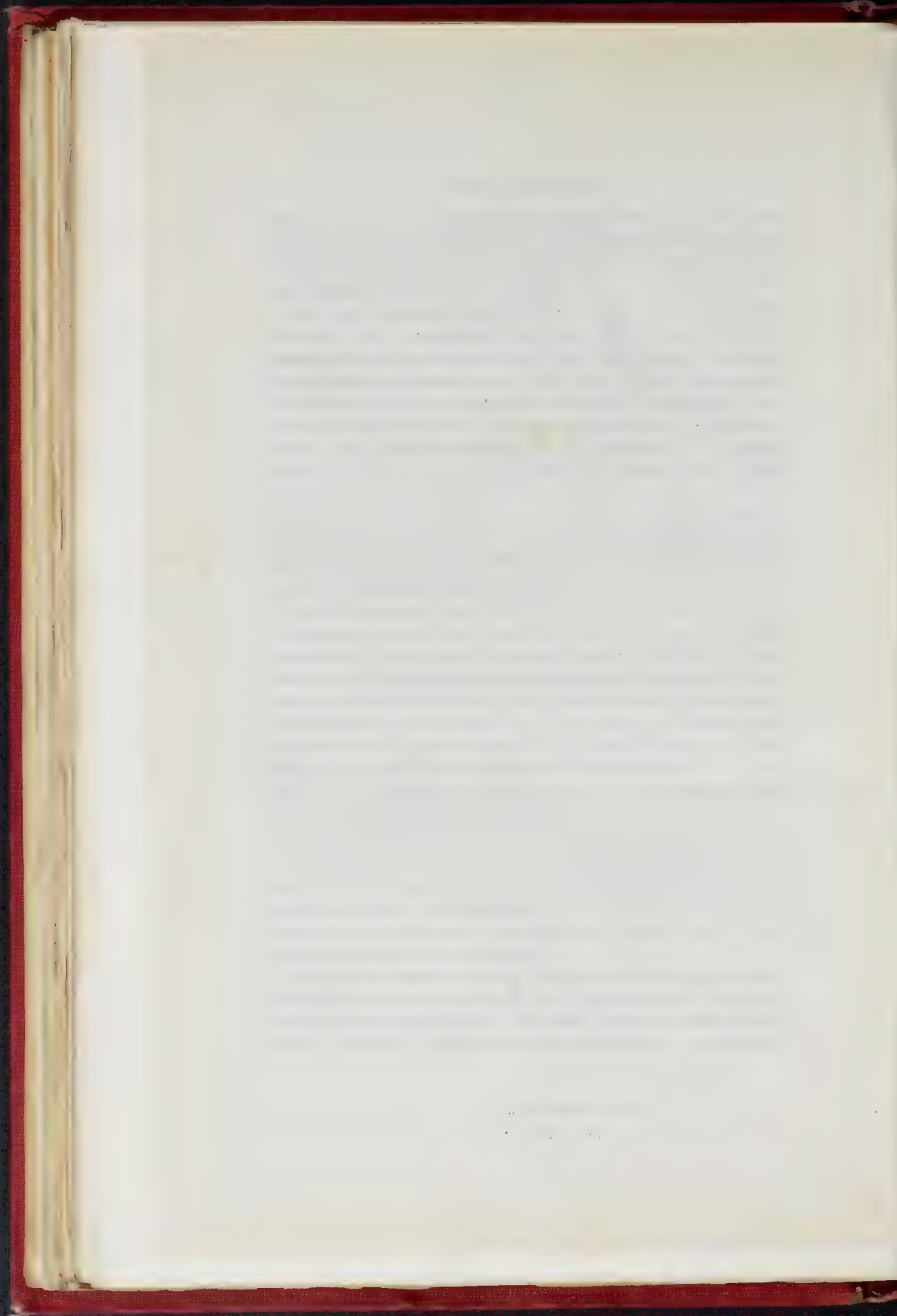




XCIX.

DUKE OF MONMOUTH

*Mary Beale.*







Secretary to the Admiralty, who knew him well, would not thoroughly endorse Macaulay's opinion, as witness the following entries in his Diary : "To Whitehall ; there the Duke of York, who is gone over to all his pleasures again, and leaves off all care of business, what with his woman, Lady Denham, and his hunting three times a week." Again : "To Whitehall ; where, though it blows hard and rains hard, yet the Duke of York is gone a-hunting. We therefore lost our labour." Both Charles and James would seem to have inherited their grandfather's fondness for the chase, the Duke of York being constantly away hunting. But the Royal brothers had other weaknesses, as witness this scene : "The King and Duke of York were all drunk after hunting, at Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne. All fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin, and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, the Duke of York the King, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were, and so passed the day."

After making due allowance for gossip, it is evident that James shared to the full the dissolute and extravagant mode of living of the times, the inevitable result of which was that he got into debt. We find Pepys speaking of the Duke "spending £60,000 a year when he hath not £40,000." On the other hand De Grammont testifies that James showed great economy in the management of his affairs.

Perhaps an explanation may be found in the share which the Duchess had in the expenditure, as to which Pepys records that she was not only "the proudest woman in the world but the most expensiveful." Clearly there was neither plain living nor high thinking in the Duke's *ménage*, and Pepys, who was not fastidiously select in his own company, tells us he dined at the Tower with the Duke and Duchess, and this is his comment : "But Lord to hear the silly talk was there, 'twould make one mad ; the Duke have almost none but silly fools about him." Presumably, however, the Duchess was no fool, for the shrewd observer whom I have been quoting expressly says : "in all things, save his amours, the Duke is led by the nose by his wife." But enough about the weaker and least attractive side of James' nature, for, after all, his immoralities were not his chief characteristic. The curious may search the pages of the Diary for themselves ; where they will find many traits of character and personal details, such, for instance, of his (the Duke of York) having the smallpox ; of his being "a very plain man in his night habit ;" and of his fondness for skating. In the pages of De Grammont he



appears in a more dignified, if not in a more attractive light. This vivacious writer, after contrasting the character of Charles with that of his brother James, says of the latter: "A courage proof against anything was attributed to him, an inviolable attachment to his word, economy in business, hauteur, application, pride, each in their turn; he was a scrupulous observer of the rules of duty, and of the laws of justice, he passed for a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy."

One quality the Duke had by common consent, namely, undaunted personal courage, and to this De Grammont bears witness. The stubborn fights with the Dutch put it to the test, and made him acquainted with the realities of naval warfare. Thus in the bloody engagement of June 1665, when twenty-four Dutch ships were taken or sunk, "The Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle were killed on board the Duke's ship, *The Royal Charles*, with one shot, their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face, and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke as some say."

There is also no doubt that James had a genuine desire to reform the navy, and in matters relating to Admiralty administration he reposed great confidence in Mr. Secretary Pepys, who, by the way, as one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, was present at his coronation. [I give later on an interesting form of the procession at this ceremony.]

Dulness, obstinacy, and cruelty are the faults of head and heart laid to the charge of James, and it seems hard to clear his memory of these aspersions. Moreover, these grave defects were incurable. This last Stuart of the male line who sat upon the English throne seems to have inherited to the fullest extent the ruinous intractableness of his race. It would be easy to find examples of this; indeed it may be said that his history teems with them.

James must have had many warnings of how distasteful his Roman Catholic proclivities were to all classes of the community, for Evelyn tells us of people being displeased with the Duke for altering his religion and marrying an Italian lady, and of their burning the Pope in effigy; and if this conduct was repugnant to them, as we know it was, when he was but yet Duke of York, how much more so must it have been when he came to the throne: indeed it proved fatal, as is shown by the course of events.

As early as 1673 the Duke did not receive the Communion with the

(a)

THE SEVEN BISHOPS TAKEN TO THE TOWER.

(b)

THE SEVEN BISHOPS, MEDAL.

(c)

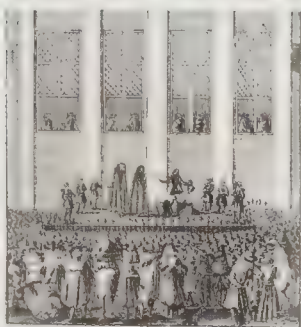
EXECUTION OF MONMOUTH.

(d)

THE SEVEN BISHOPS TAKEN FROM THE TOWER.

BIRTH OF JAMES III., MEDAL.









King on Easter Day "to the amazement of everybody," and "it gave exceeding griefe and scandal to the whole nation that the heyre of it, and the sonn of a Martyr for the Protestant religion should apostatize."

By the spring of 1676 the Duke had openly professed his change of religion, as Evelyn testifies by the entry in his Diary on March 30 of that year, wherein he says: "this was the first time the Duke appeared no more in Chapell, to the infinite griefe and threatened ruine of this poore Nation."

On February 6, 1685, James succeeded, and, says the same writer, went immediately to Council passionately declaring his sorrow, and his determination to maintain the government, both in Church and State, as by law established.

Other times, other manners. Mr. Evelyn records that after witnessing the proclamation of James he returned "to Whitehall, where we all went and kissed the King and Queene's hands. He had been on the bed, but was now risen and was in his undresse. The Queene was in bed in her apartment, but put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted, as I believe she was."

Evelyn pays this tribute to James: "the new King affected neither profaneness nor buffoonery," and he adds, "the King begins his reign with great expectations, and much reformation."

The expectations of the author of "Sylvia" himself ran high, for when he was with the King at Portsmouth, he observed "infinite industry, sedulity, gravity, and greate understanding and experience of affaires."

By the end of 1685, James made unexpected demands which were displeasing to the Commons, and by October 1688 the King had "brought people to so desperate a passe that they seem'd passionately to long for and desire the landing of that Prince whom they look'd on to be their deliverer from Popish tyranny, praying incessantly for an East wind which was said to be the only hindrance of his expedition, with a numerous army ready to make a descent." But before we come to the day on which William of Orange landed at Torbay, we may take a glance at one or two of the most important events of James' short reign, of which that known as the Monmouth Rebellion is the most striking.

The broadside "The Rose of Delight," which I reprint, is set to the tune of "No, no, 'tis in vain to sigh and complain," and is evidence of the hold the cause of "King Monmouth" had upon the popular imagination.

There is another curious sheet known to collectors—a very scurrilous and rather indecent one—ridiculing Monmouth, who is termed “the little King of Lyme.”

For many West-countrymen—like the writer of these pages—the story of Sedgemoor, the scene of the last battle fought on English soil, has a reality exceeding perhaps any other episode of our history. On the borders of Dorset and Hants stands the tree under which, crouching amidst the fern and bramble, the Royal fugitive was captured. Jeffreys' lodgings are still shown in Dorchester—one of the towns marked out for the wreaking of special vengeance—and the chair traditionally used by the Judge is still preserved in the Town Hall. The writer has heard from country folk tales of their forefathers hiding in the woods for weeks after Sedgemoor, and of food being taken to them by stealth, and how they went in fear of their lives. For one with such vivid impressions of the “bloody Assize” as these, it is not difficult to see with the mind's eye the ominous, sinister smile on the face of Jeffreys as he listens to the “Assize sermon” in which the preacher pleaded for mercy. One easily pictures the court hung with red cloth, and crowded with the wretched, trembling objects of the fury of the judge. The prisoners were sent from Salisbury and Winchester, three hundred of them were condemned and, according to Toulmin, eighty of them were executed. The whole story of the rash and fruitless enterprise has been fully and picturesquely told by Lord Macaulay, who, according to a recent writer on the Monmouth episode, got most of his materials from the works and from the library of a schoolmaster of Lyme Regis named George Roberts. A few remarks about the unhappy leader of the Somersetshire and Dorsetshire peasants, who followed him from Lyme and Taunton and the Mendips, may here be made. Monmouth, as we have seen, was the son of Lucy Walter, a Welsh girl of great beauty, but of weak understanding and dissolute manners. Evelyn has described her career and her relations with Colonel Sydney and speaks of her as “the daughter of some very mean creature—a beautiful strumpet, who died miserably.” Lord Chancellor Clarendon calls her “a private Welsh woman of no good fame, but handsome.” Evelyn's remark that “she was the daughter of some very mean creature” seems hardly correct, her family being that of Walter, of Roch Castle and Trefan in Pembrokeshire. Her sole title to a niche in history is the fact that she was the mother of Monmouth.

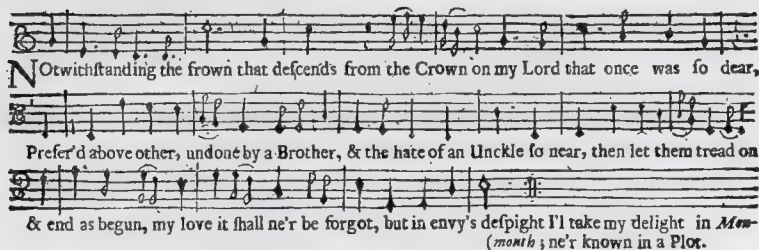
Algernon Sydney, when an officer in the Protector's army, met her in

# The ROSE of Delight,

Or, An excellent new Song in the praise of his GRACE

## James D. of Monmouth:

*My Female Wishes may, they never end,  
For I Great Monmouth still will be thy friend,*  
*While I retain my poor immortal souk,  
I'll Joy with thee, and wanting thee condon't.*  
*Tune of, No, no 'tis in vain to sigh and complain,*



Of great places at Court,  
Turn'd him out, as a sport,  
Pretending that he soar'd too high,  
Or fearing he might  
At last claim a Right  
And become a great Beam in their Eye;  
'Cause the *Mobile* ran  
And admired each man,  
Yea, Welcom'd him with a glad Heart,  
But who can do less  
For whom God doth ble'ss,  
Since *Monmouth* we know thy desert.

These monsters of *Rome*  
They first hatch'd his Doom,  
Because that he stood in their way,  
And stop'd their Carriage,  
When their Plots did appear,  
To make our Religion their Prey:  
Now each Famous Lord,  
As much is abhor'd  
And term'd as great monsters as he  
By that *Tory* Crew,  
Who hath nothing to do  
But scandal brave *Monmouth's* degree.

May they *Shimei* like  
In Cursing delight,  
Till the Fall on their own Heads rebound,  
And he like the Palm  
Suppre't, firmer stand,  
And the more shall be blest with Renown,

For who can he be  
That's so happy as he,  
That smilingly so can forgive,  
The dangers of late,  
Suppos'd from the State,  
Brave *Monmouth* be happy, and live.

For the Heavens may grow clear,  
And great *Charles* may appear  
With the smiles of a King as before,  
As he promis'd to me,  
He ever would be,  
And he my great *Monmouth* restore  
To his Places of state,  
That he may be great,  
And his Enemies unmask'd may be,  
Who endeavour'd to bring  
Him in frowns with the King:  
Brave *Monmouth* I love *Charles* and thee.

May thy Royal Father  
Sway the *Scepter* for ever,  
And flourishing Govern this Land,  
May the *Turk* and the *Athiest*,  
*Presbyterian* and *Papist*  
Turn one, and in Unity stand,  
Then shall be firm Peace,  
And our Jar's they shall cease,  
In Church, Government when we agree,  
And in the mean time,  
may the Crown keep the line;  
Brave *Monmouth* we happier shall be.

Printed for J. Conyers at the black raven in Duck-lane



London in 1648, and "trafficked with her for fifty broad pieces." Afterwards, says Mr. Fea, "she fell into the hands of his brother, Colonel Robert Sydney, when she attracted the attention of the young exiled King." It speaks ill for the habits of Charles that, when only nineteen years of age, he should admit the parentage of her son James, afterwards Duke of Monmouth, who was born at Rotterdam in 1649, and was acknowledged by Charles on his return from England in the previous autumn.

Fine feathers are said to make fine birds, and Lord Lytton owns a painting of her in which, clad in ermine with a huge plume of ostrich feathers on her head, she makes a brave show.

In it she appears a vastly different creature from the one portrayed in the semi-nude picture in the Marquis of Bute's collection which has been engraved. At Dalkeith Palace she is shown in several oil paintings of merit, and appears the handsome creature she doubtless was.

The last scene in Monmouth's life has been described by Evelyn, who records that on July 15, 1685, "Monmouth was this day brought to London and examined before the King to whom he made greate submission . . . (he) died without any apparent feare, he would not make use of a cap or other circumstance, but lying downe bid the fellow do his office better than to the late Lord Russell, and gave him gold: but the wretch made five chopps before he had his head off; which so incensed the people that had he not been guarded and got away, they would have torn him to pieces. The Duke made no speech on the scaffold . . . Thus ended this quondam Duke, darling of his father and the ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit, an excellent souldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, debauched by lusts, seduc'd by crafty knaves who would have set him up only to make a property . . . he failed and perished."

"He was a lovely person, had a virtuous and excellent lady that brought him great riches, and a second dukedom in Scotland. He was Master of the Horse, General of the King his father's army, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, Knight of the Garter, Chancellor of Cambridge, in a word, had accumulation without end. See what ambition and want of principles brought him to."

The portraits here shown of this handsome and unfortunate young man, still known in the west of England as "King Monmouth," are of

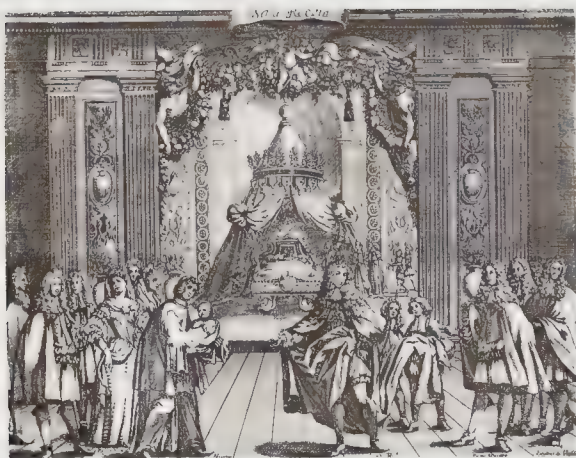


CI

- (a) DUKE OF BERWICK.
- b BIRTH OF CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.









exceptional quality. That of him by Samuel Cooper is a most beautiful work, and one of the very finest of the many fine miniatures in the Windsor Library. It represents him as a boy when he was the "darling of the ladies," and when he was known as James Crofts. Pepys notes that he is always "with my Lady Castlemaine, and is a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old."

I may next refer to a beautiful miniature belonging to Viscount Churchill. Technically speaking this is especially noteworthy as being by that rare painter Nathaniel Dixon. It is signed N.D., the letters connected. The Duke of Buccleuch possesses some eleven miniatures by Nathaniel Dixon which were shown at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of 1879, but, outside his Grace's collection, this is the first example by the painter I have met with. Its style may be described as a mixture of Cooper and Lely, that is to say it strikes one at first as like a Lely of the highest quality; more closely examined, it recalls the handling of Samuel Cooper; but it possesses sufficient merits of its own to stamp the painter as a first-rate artist. It presents a likeness to his father, Charles II., but more handsome, weaker in character, and less saturnine. The hair is especially finely painted, and the armour and lace cravat which he wears scarcely less so. Judging from the apparent age of the original, it could not have been done long before the fatal day of Sedgemoor. The hair appears to be his own, of a beautiful wavy brown. His dark blue eyes have somewhat of the sleepy character it was the fashion of painters of the period to give their lady sitters. His full under-lip lends a sensuous character to the face.

The Duke of Bedford's interesting picture of Monmouth, here given, is the work of Mary Beale. It is an oil painting, a bust, life size. His eyes have a haughty expression, his flowing hair is dark brown, and he wears a brown mantle with yellow shoulder straps. It is described in the Woburn catalogue as "a richly coloured picture," and is certainly a favourable example of the powers of the artist, a lady generally known as a miniature painter but not reckoned as one in the first rank.

Amongst other information on the subject of portraits of Monmouth, of his mother, of his fair-haired and somewhat insipid-looking wife, and of his mistress Lady Henrietta Wentworth, Mr. Fea mentions, in his interesting "King Monmouth," that "at Hatfield, on the staircase, is a weird picture of the Duke peering over the shoulder of one of the Marquis



of Salisbury's ancestors. Many years ago a curious shade was noticed upon the lighter side of the painting, and, upon its being cleaned, Monmouth's head became visible. It is pretty evident that, at the time, the portrait of King Monmouth was not a desirable appendage to a collection of ancestral portraits." According to the same writer, a painted head at Cambridge suffered a worse fate, for, "notwithstanding the efforts of the town beadle's wife—who is said to have had an affection for the original—the picture suffered martyrdom on a bonfire." One more portrait, and this of pathetic interest, may be noted. It is the head of the unfortunate Duke after decapitation, and, *teste* Mr. Fea, was discovered some years ago in a farmhouse at Sevenoaks. It now belongs to Sir Seymour Haden.

Besides the portraits reproduced in these volumes there are many others; for example, at Dalkeith, I remember half a dozen, one representing him as a boy of seven years of age: another as St. John with the Lamb, others in armour and in peer's robes. The most striking of them all is the large equestrian group by Wyck, which is said to have been his unhappy Duchess' favourite portrait of him. Certainly it represents Monmouth as a very handsome young man, but his face is somewhat pallid and dissipated looking, with dark eyebrows. He wears a large hat with drooping black feathers. The horse trappings are resplendent with gold; they and the saddle were presented to him when he was made Master of the Horse. The Duke of Buccleuch also owns the suit Monmouth wore at his execution, with other personal relics, and especially I noticed two or more superb cabinets, wedding presents from Charles II., who had been presented with them by the "Grand Monarque."

The richness of the Dalkeith collection is accounted for by the fact of the marriage of Monmouth with Lady Anne Scott, daughter of Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch, as mentioned before.

The Duke of Beaufort has a handkerchief given by Monmouth to the then Marquis of Worcester; at Bath, and also in the Museum at Taunton Castle there are relics connected with the rising in the West, whilst in the Tower armoury may be seen some of the scythe weapons used by his followers at Sedgemoor. The despair of the unhappy Monmouth is to be read in every line of the following letter which was written from Ringwood, after his capture, to the Queen, she being, as he says, the only one left whom he thinks would have compassion on him.



Madam

from Ringwood the 9<sup>th</sup>  
of July 1755,

Being in this unfortunate  
Condition and having now left but your  
M<sup>ty</sup> that I think may have some compa-  
=sion of me and that for the last King, take  
makes me take this boldness to beg of you to  
intercede for me, I would not deprive your M<sup>ty</sup>  
to do it, if I hear not from the bottom of my  
heart convinced how I have bin deceived  
in to it, and how angry God Almighty is w<sup>th</sup>  
me for it but I hope Madam your inter-  
=cession will give me life to repent of it and  
to shew the King how ready and truly I will  
serve him here after. and I hope Madam  
your M<sup>ty</sup> will be convinced that the life  
you save shall ever be devoted to your  
service, for I have bin and ever shall be  
your M<sup>ty</sup> most Dutifull and obedient  
servant. M<sup>th</sup> M<sup>th</sup>

Reference may here be made to the medals which form a tail-piece to this chapter, Nos. 1 and 2 belong to Mr. Broadley, and are good examples of historical illustration. Nor is the third less interesting: it records the downfall of James, and the inscription "*non ictu humano sed flatu divino*" is an epigrammatic way of expressing the overthrow of fortune typified by the falling column. The original by I. Smeltzing is in the British Museum.

Jeffreys must be considered amongst the friends of the Stuarts, since Charles II. made him Chief Justice of England after the Rye House Plot, and James II. sent him upon what seemed to be the congenial errand of punishing the West of England for the Monmouth rising. Burnet styles him "this vicious drunkard raised to the ermine." Evelyn terms him "most ignorant but most daring . . . cruel and a slave to the Court"; and Lord Campbell has gone so far as to say that Jeffreys was chosen to be the remorseless murderer of Algernon Sydney. In a recent work an attempt has been made to whitewash George Jeffreys, and Mr. Irving has pointed out with regard to the "Bloody Assizes" (as the trial and ruthless punishment of the adherents of Monmouth have ever since been called) that the question should be not "how many did Jeffreys put to death, but the degree in which the Chief Justice, by his fierce and brutal demeanour, aggravated the horrors of an unpleasant situation." An unpleasant situation forsooth! It was so indeed for Lady Lisle and the hundreds of others who suffered, who were hung in West country towns, or sold as slaves in Barbados. He prays us to remember that the gaols were crammed with prisoners from Monmouth's army, and that clemency was not in those days "the accepted spirit in which to greet the vanquished adherents of a great rising." Elsewhere, however (and this is a passage which especially links the Judge with our subject), he admits that James II. and Jeffreys were a most unfortunate combination to be entrusted with the suppression of a rebellion. They reacted fatally on one another. The cold implacability of the one was supplemented by the "great and fiery passion" of the other: "the still resentment of the King was augmented by the loud and mocking virulence of the judge. Those who escaped the fiery darts of Jeffreys were shattered against the marble of James' heart."

Jeffreys was rather above the average height, with marked but by no means disagreeable features, a fair complexion, piercing eyes, bushy eyebrows and a commanding forehead. He was a man of considerable talents



CII.

JOHN GRAHAM, VISCOUNT DUNDEE.









and some social gifts, and is reported to have been a great judge of music; but neither his judicial brutality nor his political profligacy admits of palliation. Devoid of principle, drunken and extravagant, a master of scurrilous invective, he could be pleasant and agreeable enough when he liked. He died when but forty-one, having been Chief Justice of the King's Bench at thirty-five and Lord Chancellor at thirty-seven. There is a rather rudely executed old print extant, showing his capture at Wapping, which reflects the popular hatred that Macaulay has depicted in such terrible colours.

Returning to James II., a few words may be said describing his portraits. They are by two of the greatest artists-in-little who ever worked in this country—Petitot and Samuel Cooper. The difference between these works is remarkable. The Petitot was one of the most treasured possessions of Horace Walpole, and now belongs to the Baroness Burdett Coutts, as do several others of the finest pieces from the famous collection at Strawberry Hill. In colour and minute finish this miniature is of very high quality, but in point of likeness, and especially in that essential of portraiture, the indication of character, it seems to entirely miss its mark. Contrast it, for instance, with the superb Cooper from Windsor. Here in the space of a thumbnail we have the whole character of the man set forth. We can read his nature in his face and are prepared, as it were, for the misfortunes which overtook him. Here is a man with many of the faults of Charles II., and without the engaging qualities of his brother which blinded his subjects to his perfidy as a king, and his dissoluteness as an individual. When we look upon the features of James II., as here rendered, we can realise the cruelty of disposition which made all the abject entreaties of the unfortunate Monmouth unavailing. The cold glance of those eyes does but reflect the icy heart.

According to Macaulay there is a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. The name is John Graham of Claverhouse.

He was, according to the Whig historian, "rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart," characteristics which the almost feminine beauty of his face in the fine picture included in this work would seem to belie. The original was shown at the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery; it is by an unknown artist, and represents him in armour.

It belongs to Miss Leslie-Melville. The face is that of a strikingly handsome young man. There is a small drawing of him in Indian ink in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. It is somewhat remarkable that the man who raised the Highland clans for James, and whose death at Killcrankie is so dramatically described in the pages of Macaulay, saved the life of William of Orange at Seneff.

Relative to portraits of James II. and his consorts, that of Anne Hyde at Hampton Court, to which reference has been already made, does not represent her the homely featured woman one might expect to find. Although her dignity is evident, she has not the air of being happy, nor can she be called beautiful; but Mary Beatrice Eleanor d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena, and the second wife of James, was undoubtedly a handsome creature, even at the age of fourteen, when she became Duchess of York. Her marriage with him was much against her inclination, for James was more than old enough to be her father, and "it was not," we read, "without floods of tears that she yielded herself to her mother's commands which she had never before ventured to dispute." Lord Peterborough, who was the Duke's envoy, thus describes his future mistress and the unwilling object of his mission to Italy: "She was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last degree of fairness, her hair black as jet, so were her eye-brows and her eyes, but the latter so full of light and sweetness as that they did dazzle and charm too . . . her face was of the most graceful oval." Her finely chiselled features may be seen in the miniature by an unknown artist which I give from the Windsor Library, as well as in the beautiful picture by Sir Peter Lely, which Earl Spencer owns, representing her with her hand on a spaniel. She ascended the throne when she was twenty-six years old, and was a most devoted and tender wife to James through all the vicissitudes of his fortunes.

The coronation medal shows her graceful figure. The legend, "*O dea certe*" bears testimony to the King's admiration for her, despite his liaison with the impudent Catherine Sedley. *A propos* medals, I have mentioned as particularly noteworthy the striking piece designed by R. Arondeaux, a French medallist much employed by William III. This shows on the reverse Monmouth and Argyll beheaded; their bodies lie at the feet of Justice, their heads are on blocks inscribed with their names. In the distance may be seen troops destroyed by lightning, and the Tower of London with heads stuck on spears. On the obverse is the bust of James

CV.

*a.*

WILLIAM III. AS A BOY.

*b.*

WILLIAM III. AS A YOUTH.

*c.*

WILLIAM, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.







GUILDFORD NASSOWICUS PRINCEPS  
AURICULUS CC.





resting on the four sceptres of England, Ireland, Scotland, and France on a pedestal.

Among the many romantic episodes with which the history of the Stuarts is crowded, few can excite more sympathy than the flight of Mary Beatrice with the infant Prince of Wales in her arms. The birth of this child has been the subject of much misrepresentation, and the importance of the event is well indicated by the curious print and by the medal which I reproduce from the British Museum. The story of the escape has been told by St. Victor, who was one of the principal actors in the drama. It was Sunday, December 9, a day of tumult, of burning Roman Catholic chapels and houses. The Queen desired to remain and share the fate of James, but he declared that prudence dictated she should precede him in a flight to France for the sake of their child, and he promised to follow her in four-and-twenty hours. Retiring to bed at ten o'clock as usual, the Queen was ready to join her foreign protectors and guides. Followed by two nurses with the infant Prince just six months old, accompanied by Lauzun and St. Victor, who had the keys, Mary crossed the great gallery in silence, stole down the back stairs and quitted Whitehall for ever. They drove to the horse-ferry at Westminster, the night being wet and stormy and "so dark, when we got into the boat, we could not see each other though we were closely seated."

"The boat was very small," says the narrator, who owns to feeling an extreme terror at the peril to which he saw personages of their importance exposed by the violence of the wind, and the heavy incessant rain. The coach and six which should have been waiting by Lambeth Church was not to be seen, and so there was nothing for it but to withdraw under the walls of the church and there seek shelter from the bitter wind and cold.

The missing coach was found at an inn close by, and, dressed as an Italian washerwoman, the Queen of England made her way unmolested to Gravesend, whence she set sail for France, and here we must leave the unfortunate fugitive.

By disbanding the troops James threw away his last chances of the throne; his irresolute conduct shows that he had not nerve to meet the crisis in his fate, and skulking out of bed at three in the morning he made his way to Sheerness, taking with him the Great Seal "as if childishly credulous in its magical properties."

According to the writer of the memoir of James II. in the "Dictionary of National Biography" this King "never had the sympathy of his people. He was never popular, and with his brother Charles he had frequent coolnesses." As to his conduct when he came to the throne, the same authority considers that James "seemed possessed with a desire to be moderate and to support the Church of England. At the Coronation (though of course he had been an avowed Romanist for years) he submitted to be crowned by the Primate," and, as will be seen by the accompanying "form of the proceeding," was "assisted by the Bishops of Durham and Bath under the canopy," which was borne by sixteen barons of the Cinque Ports, of whom Samuel Pepys was one.

James had eight children by Anne Hyde, and seven by his second wife, Mary of Modena; but besides these he had five acknowledged bastards, of whom James, Duke of Berwick, is best known, and the one for whom his father always showed the greatest affection. I give his portrait. Had he been legitimate, he might have changed the fortunes of his family. He was the son of Arabella Churchill and, consequently, nephew of the great Duke of Marlborough, whom he is said to have resembled in features, whilst his handsome face had also many of the characteristics of his grandfather, Charles I.

The subjoined letter from James to his natural daughter, Henrietta FitzJames, shows him in an amiable light. It is written from Windsor, April 23, 1682, and runs thus :

"I have received the Letter you wrote lately to me, and am very glad to find by one I had at the same time from my cousin the Princess Louise, that you behave yourself so well, and that she gives you so good a character. I hope you will do nothing to give her reason to alter her opinion of you, and that you will do nothing to make me less kind to you than I am, and you shall upon all occasions find me as kind to you as you can desire.

"JAMES."

"For Mrs. Henrietta FitzJames,  
at Maubaisson."

Of all James' numerous children but few survived, indeed the mortality amongst the juvenile Stuarts is amazing. As we shall see later on, Anne, the daughter of James, lost eighteen or nineteen children in infancy.



# The Form of the Proceeding to the CORONATION of Their MAJESTIES,

The 23 of this instant April, 1685. [To be punctually observed by all Persons therein concerned.]

**D**RUMS, Four a-Breast, to be followed by the Drum-Major.  
Trumpets, Four a-Breast, to be followed by the Sergeant-Trumpeter,  
The Six Clerks in *Chantry*, Four and Two, the youngest First.  
Chaplains, having Dignities, Four a-Breast.  
Aldermen of *LONDON*, four a-Breast, the youngest First.  
Masters in *Chantry*, Four a-Breast.

The King's Sergeants at Law, Four a-Breast.  
The King's Solicitor, The King's Attorney.  
The King's Two Ancient Sergeants,  
Esquires of the Body, Four a-Breast.  
Masters of Request, Four a-Breast.  
Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber, Four a-Breast.  
Barons of the *Exchequer*, and Justices of both Benches, in their Order, Four a-Breast.  
The Lord Chief Baron, The Lord Chief Justice of the *Common-Place*,  
The Master of the *Rolls*, The Lord Chief Justice of the *Kings-Bench*.

**The Sergeant Porter, The Sergeant of the Vestry.**  
**The Children of the Chapel, Four a-Breast.**  
**The Choir of *Wretminster*, Four a-Breast.**  
**The Gentlemen of the Chappell, Four a-Breast,**  
**Prebends of *Wretminster*, Four a-Breast,**  
**The Master of the Jewel-Houle.**  
**Knights Privy-Councillers, Four a-Breast,**

Two Purfivants of Arms,  
**Brondesfes**, Four a-Breadf, the youngef, Firft.  
 Barons, Four a-Breadf, the youngef, Firft.  
 Bilhops, in their Order Four a-Breadf.  
 Two Purfivants of Arms,  
**Vice-Countefes**, Four a-Breadf, the youngef Firft,  
 Vicountes, Four a-Breadf, the youngef Firft.  
 Two Herald's of Arms,  
 Countefes, Four a-Breadf, the youngef Firft,  
 Earls, Four a-Breadf, the youngef Firft,  
 Two Herald's of Arms,  
 Marchionefes,  
 Marquiefes.

**Two** **Heralds of Arms.**  
**Duchesses, Four a-Breast,** the youngest **First.**  
**Dukes,**

Printed by *Thomas Newcomb* in the *Scov*; And Re-printed at *Edinbun*

**The Two Provincial King of Arms:**  
The Lord Privy-Seal.  
The Lord Treasurer.  
The Lord Keeper.  
The Lord Arch-Bishop of **YORK.**  
The Lord Arch-Bishop of **CANTERBURY.**  
Two Persons representing the Dukes of *Aquitain* and *Normandy.*

Sergeants at Arms  
The Queens Vice-Chamberlain.  
Two Gentlemen-Ushers.  
The Queens Lord-Chamberlain.  
The Queens Ivory Rod.  
The Queens Scepter.  
The Queens Crown.

**The QUEEN:**  
Affixed on either side by a BISHOP, under a Canopy, born by Sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports.  
Her Majesties Train borne by 3 Duchesses, affilited by Four Earls Daughters.  
Two Ladies of the Bed Chamber.  
Two Waiters.

**St. Edward's Staff.**  
The Third Sword.  
The Lord Mayor of London,  
carrying the City Mace.

**The Lord Great Chamberlain.**  
The Earl-Marshal of England,  
The Earl of Warwick.

**The Lord High Constable.**  
The Lord High Admiral,  
The Lord High Treasurer.

**St. Edward's Scepter.**  
The Second Sword.  
Garter, Principal King  
of Arms,

**Grimlambe-Hill of  
the Black Rod.**

**The KING,**  
Affiliated by the Bishops of *DURHAM* and *BATH* under the Canopy, born by  
SIXTEEN BARONS of the Cinque-Ports.  
His Majesties Train, born by Four Earls, Elderly Sons,  
affiliated by the Master of the Robes;

Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, အရှေ့တပ်မှူး  
 The Captain of the Holle-Guards in waiting, အရှေ့တပ်မှူး  
 A Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, အရှေ့တပ်မှူး  
 Two Grooms of the Bed-Chamber, အရှေ့တပ်မှူး  
 The Yeomen of the Guard, Four a-Breast, အရှေ့တပ်မှူး

*I do appoint this Preceding to be Printed the 14th. of April, 1685.*

Heir of Andrew Anderson, Printer to His most Sacred Majesty, 1685.



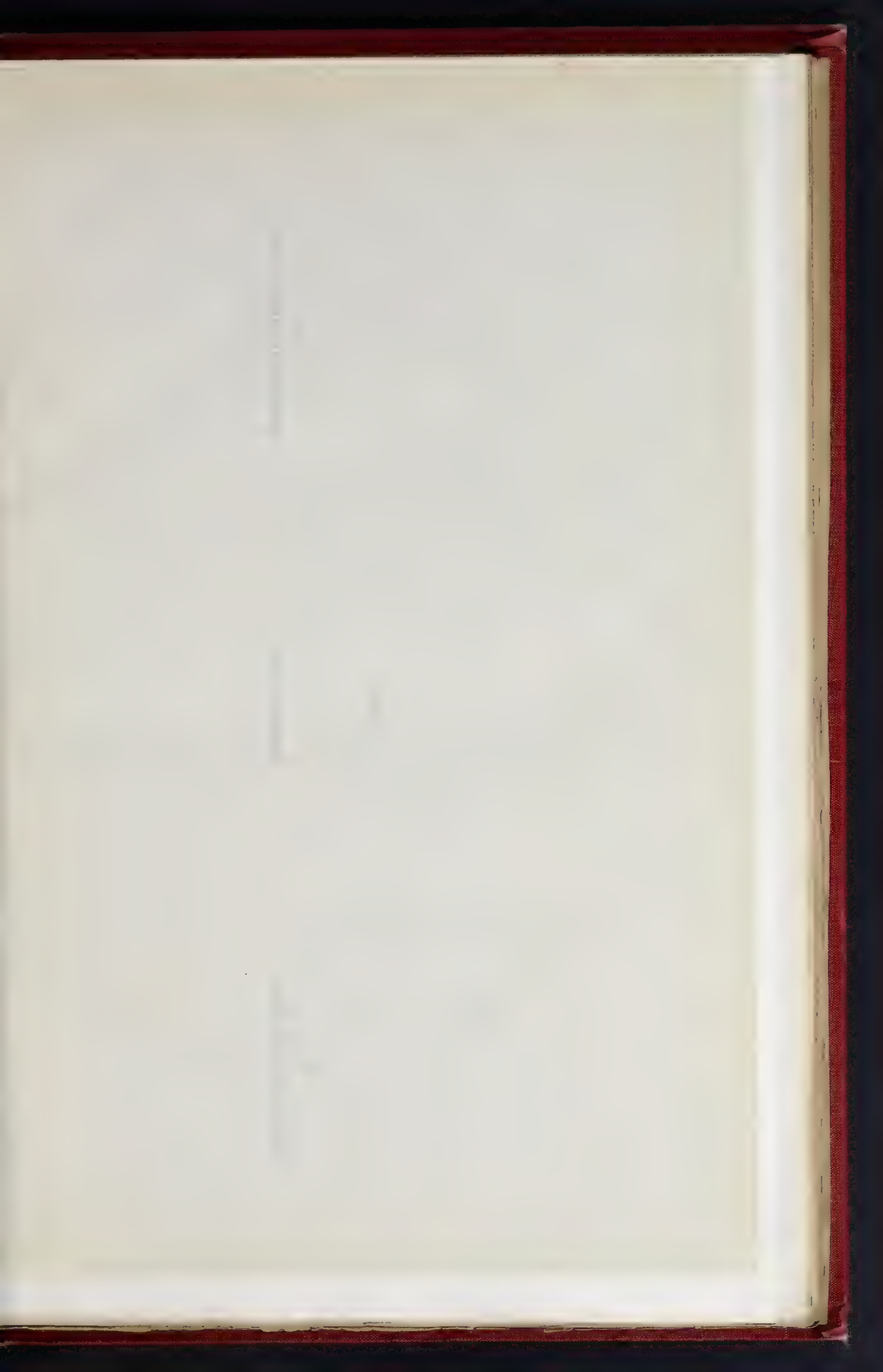
The campaign in Ireland is, I suppose, that part of James' career which is best known, or at any rate that which has left the deepest mark in popular memories. As long as the Irish race remains, the recollection of the Battle of the Boyne seems likely to survive, for so much else has grown up around it, taking root in the rank soil of religious and political partisanship. As, however, military and sectarian topics are foreign to the scope of this book, I do not propose to dwell upon the doings of James in Ireland.

The final attempt to recover the crown of his ancestors, made by this ill-starred monarch with French assistance, culminated in the destruction of Tourville's fleet in 1692. At this great naval battle of La Hogue, we are told James could not conceal his admiration of the exploits of the British sailors. After this last and crushing blow to his hopes, he retired to St. Germain, where he spent the remaining years of his life in austere devotions. He died ten years afterwards.

The fate of the remains of King James II. is a remarkable story. It is reported to have been his own wish to be buried in the Parish Church of St. Germain, but his body was taken to the English Benedictine Church of St. Edmund, and there it remained until the French Revolution, when the coffin was broken up for the sake of the lead, and its contents carried away. It is said to have been thrown into the "fosse commune."

REQUIESCAT.





CHH

*a*

FLIGHT OF JAMES II., MEDAL.

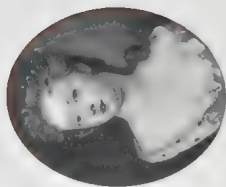
*b*

MONMOUTH, MEDAL.

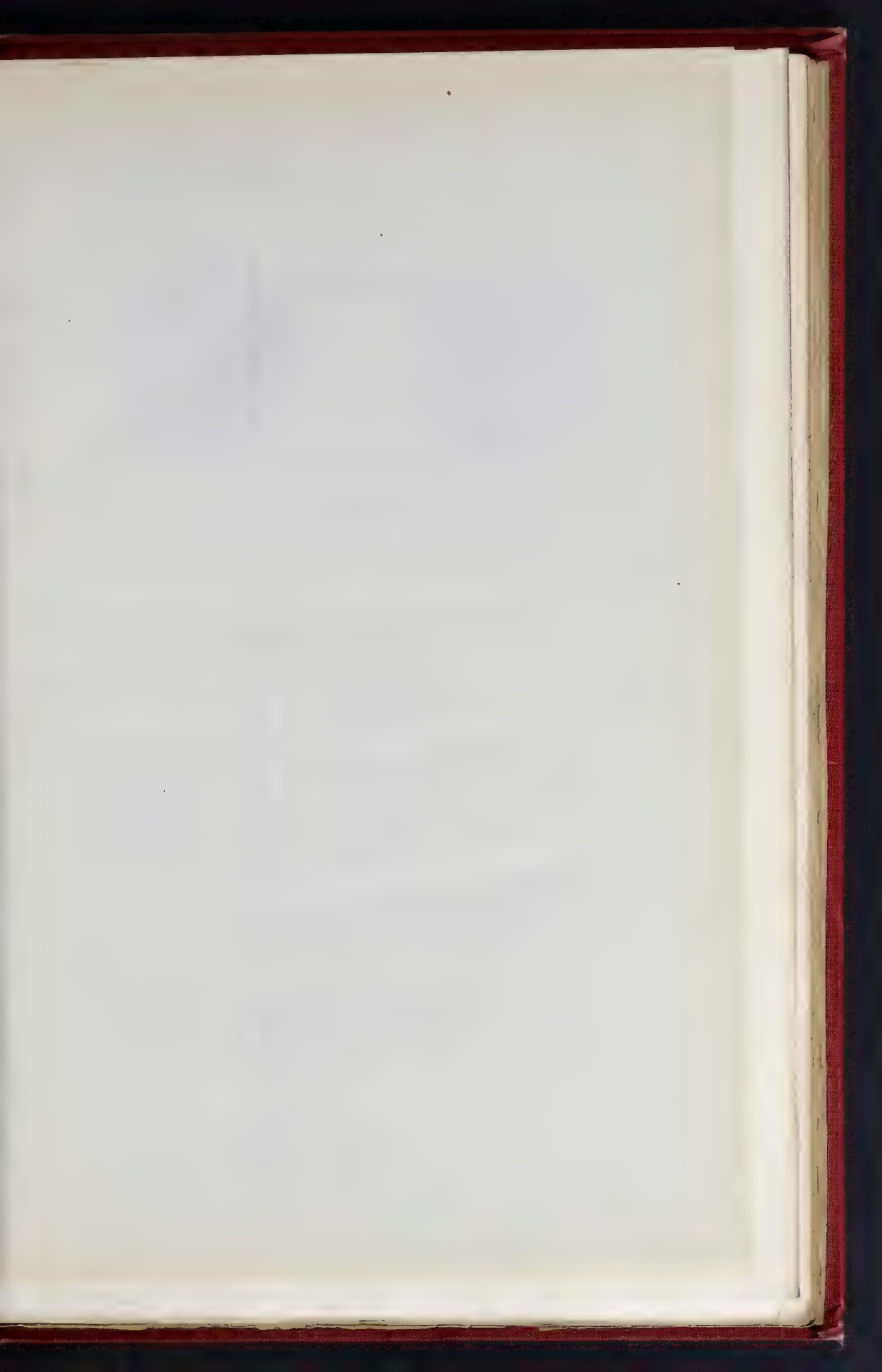
(*c*)

MONMOUTH AND ARGYLL, MEDAL.









(a)  
JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBORO'

(b)  
SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBORO'

(c)  
GEORGE, PRINCE OF DENMARK.



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CIV.

(a WILLIAM III. AND MARY, MEDAL

b QUEEN ANNE, MEDAL.





## CHAPTER XIV

WILLIAM AND MARY—ANNE



It has not been the lot of many mortals to have a father in command of one army, and a husband at the head of another and opposing army. This, however, was the case with Mary when James II. landed in Ireland and fought the Battle of the Boyne. In judging of the character and of the actions of this Queen, it is only fair to remember the difficulties of her position, in which filial duty must have been at variance with conjugal affection. Of her popularity in this country there is no question. Her readiness to smile, her easy amiability and winning manners are admitted on all hands.

"She was excellently qualified to be the head of the Court. English by birth, and English also in her tastes and feelings. Her face was handsome, her port majestic, her temper sweet and lively, her manners affable and graceful. Her understanding, though very imperfectly cultivated, was quick.



"There was no want of feminine wit and shrewdness in her conversation: and her letters were so well expressed that they deserve to be well spelt . . . The stainless purity of her private life, and the strict attention she paid to her religious duties, were the more respected because she was singularly free from censoriousness, and discouraged scandal as much as vice . . . her charities were munificent and judicious."

She was in truth an estimable, courteous, and lovable woman "genuinely modest in a shameless age." There was a Court saying that the Queen talked as much as the King thought and as the Princess (Anne) ate! Her eyesight was weak, but she was a great Bible reader. In youth her figure was slight, and she was an elegant dancer. Miss Strickland says of her, "Mary was in person a Stuart; she was tall, slender, and graceful, with a clear complexion, almond-shaped dark eyes, dark hair, and an elegant outline of features." The one great passion of her life was devotion to her husband, which was to her a very anchorage of the soul. She was, by the course of events over which she had but little control, cut off from parental affection. She was brotherless, and, after her quarrel with Anne, without a sister: above all she was childless, and thus her affections were set upon William with the whole force of her nature. Although, not long before her death, she took him to task for his conjugal infidelities, there is no doubt she possessed his entire confidence and affection. His mother had died of smallpox, and when he saw his wife sinking under a malignant attack of the same complaint, he remained day and night near her bedside, and, as the end drew near, his sorrow was piteous to behold; the tears ran unchecked down that face usually so stern and frigid. "There is no hope," he cried to Burnet; "I was the happiest man on earth; and I am the most miserable. She had no fault; none: you knew her well: but you could not know, nobody but myself could know her goodness."

Thus Mary was stricken in her prime, and in the midst of her greatness; and her partner was left solitary on a throne to which she alone had given him a right. "Never was so universal a mourning," says John Evelyn (March 5, 1695), "all the Parliament had cloaks given them, and 400 poore women; all the streets hung, and the middle of the streete boarded and covered with black cloth. There were all the nobility, mayor, aldermen, judges, &c., at her funeral."

Evelyn, who was a Tory of the Tories, allows some prejudices against



(VII.)

EFFIGY OF WILLIAM III.









Mary to escape him, as, for instance, when he condemns her behaviour on her arrival at Whitehall, and is offended by her "laughing and folly," and by her rising early and going about from room to room, &c.; but he cannot deny her the testimony of his respect, and after describing her funeral, he sums up her character in three words: she was, he says, an admirable woman.

It has been observed that there was not much natural affection in the Stuart family. To this rule Charles I. may be excepted, but against the rest of them it seems to be a more or less true indictment. At any rate the conduct of Mary and Anne gives ground for the assertion. They seemed to have had no common bond, they superseded their father upon the throne, their mother probably they hardly knew.

The quarrel between the sisters is not a pleasant topic. There seems to have been no generosity on the part of William and Mary towards Anne, who had made sacrifices for the sake of the security of their throne. The Royal pair squabbled over her lodgings in Whitehall; they refused Richmond to her; they begrudged the £30,000 a year she was allowed; and when Parliament, through the exertions of Lady Marlborough, gave her £50,000, this was a cause of offence, and things were brought to a climax when the dismissal of Lady Marlborough was demanded by the Queen. This demand was even carried by Mary into the chamber of the Princess after her confinement at Syon House, where she took refuge. But lying on her bed "as white as the sheets," Anne refused with stammering accents, saying it was unreasonable to ask it of her. Whereupon the angry Queen left the room without another word, and they never met again.

Macaulay, in his elaborate description of William's character and person, speaks of his slender and feeble frame, of his lofty and ample forehead, the nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and care. His mental gifts and force of will are subjects of the enthusiastic praise of the great Whig historian; but in England "Dutch William" was never popular. This was largely due, no doubt, to his inability to speak the language, but above all to his taciturn nature and cold manner. This frigid exterior belied the nature of the man as revealed in his letters to his faithful servant and lifelong friend Bentinck, ancestor of the present Ducal house of Portland.

The same writer has graphically described how abiding and real was William's fondness for his native land. This, no doubt, was one of the causes of his want of popularity in England. English people, Macaulay says, were provoked at William being so happy at the prospect of any visit to Holland. They hoped that "when no call of duty required him to cross the seas, he would generally, during the summer and autumn, reside in his fair palaces and parks on the banks of the Thames, or travel from country seat to country seat, and from cathedral town to cathedral town, making himself acquainted with every shire of his realm, and giving his hand to be kissed by multitudes of squires, clergymen, and aldermen, who were not likely ever to see him unless he came amongst them." But "he was sick of the noble residences which had descended to him from ancient princes . . . sick of Windsor, of Richmond, and Hampton. . . . Whilst he was forced to be with us he was weary of us, pining for his home. . . . he turned his back on his English subjects, he hastened to his seat in Guelders, where during some months he might be free from the annoyance of seeing English faces and hearing English words."

Bishop Burnet's character of William is not a flattering one. He says: "He had been much neglected in his education. . . . He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times except on the day of battle. . . . He hated business of all sorts; yet he hated talking and all sports, except hunting, still more. . . . He was without passions. . . . In his deportment towards all about him he seemed to make but little distinction between the good and the bad—those who served him well and those who served him ill."

Here I may recall Coleridge's remark that William "was a greater and much honester man than any of his ministers. I believe every one of them, except Shrewsbury, has now been detected in correspondence with James."

If it be disputed that William was great of soul, it is, at any rate indisputable that he was diminutive in person. The curious in such matters will find proof of this at Westminster. Not the least interesting of the memorials of the dead in which the Abbey is so rich, are the effigies which were formerly placed on the hearse when the body lay in state, and are now in the dim and dusty recesses of the Islip Chapel. These wax figures were doubtless modelled more or less truly to life, especially as regards their stature, and as to their costumes, they are clad in the robes



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EFFIGY OF MARY II











actually worn by the originals. Amongst the best preserved of them are William and Mary. So marked is the contrast between the two figures that the King is actually placed standing upon a cushion in order that the disparity in height may not appear too marked. Moreover, when the coronation took place, a chair had to be provided for each sovereign, and it will be found that the one in which Queen Mary was seated is considerably lower than the earlier one containing the famous coronation stone; the object being, as in the case of the cushion before mentioned, to minimise the difference in the stature of the Royal pair. "But mentally also Mary was of a markedly different nature to William. She had the winning ways and genial grace of her family, and won the hearts of the wider common circle in an easy enthusiasm. She was herself on the surface easily pleased, excited by novelty, and delighted to come back as mistress to the high places which in her youth had embodied all ideas of splendour and greatness to her mind. Both friends and foes have remarked upon her pleasure in taking possession of Whitehall, her eager rush, on the morning after her arrival, to examine everything, and delighted appropriation of the apartments which her father and his family had so recently left."

Although Mary lived but thirty-two years, Mrs. Jameson mentions one hundred and fifty distinct engravings of her. At Welbeck is preserved an interesting relic, a ring, which she herself thus describes, "given me by the Prince three days after we were married, which, being the first thing he gave me, I have ever had a particular esteem for it, for when I was to be crowned I had it made big enough for ye finger for ye occasion, but by mistake it was put on ye King's finger and I had to put on (his)." This account is in Mary's handwriting. The ring is a narrow gold hoop set with a ruby and a diamond. Macaulay concludes his History by a passage in which he relates that when the remains of William III. were laid out, a small piece of black silk ribbon was found next to his skin. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary.

The portraits of William given in this book show him as a boy and as a youth. In one he wears a hat with feathers—this is after G. Honthorst. His features in later life, his broken nose, dark eyes, and black eyebrows, his brown skin, and his huge wig are all familiar, and numerous paintings of him exist in our public galleries. Mrs. Morrison's fine picture of him at Fonthill makes him really handsome.

## ANNE

"I saw Queen Anne tearing down the Park slopes (Windsor) after her staghounds, and driving her one-horse chaise—a hot, red-faced woman, not in the least resembling that statue of her which turns its stone back upon St. Paul's."

*The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*

It is customary to call the reign of Anne one of the most illustrious in our history, but we never hear the greatness and the glory ascribed to the commonplace, imperfectly educated woman who sat upon the throne of England in the Augustan age. If Anne may be said to shine at all, it is by a light reflected from the remarkable men who in politics, literature, and war have shed lustre upon her annals. A modern writer has drawn a comparison between "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" and those of the last Stuart who reigned in England, and has pointed out that in one respect the position of the two sovereigns was similar. In each case they stood in the fierce light which beats upon the throne when "the country was trembling between two dynasties, scarcely yet recovered from the convulsion of great political changes, and feeling that nothing but the life of the sovereign stood between it and unknown rulers and dangers to come."

"The deluge in both cases was ready to be let loose after the termination of the life of the central personage in the state. And in both cases it was upon the pivot of one and the same family that all national fortunes turned. The new and unfamiliar race succeeded the elder Queen. . . . the most prominent member of which race had just been executed on an English scaffold for State necessities of England; a race which had succeeded but indifferently in its native home, and was altogether uncertain as to its adaptability for the greater throne—was in the days of Anne brought to a melancholy conclusion." Not to pursue this contrast further, and leaving the "melancholy conclusion" of the Stuarts to the proper place in this work, an antithesis at least as striking may be found in the characters of the various members of the family with whom we have been dealing, and in that of the younger daughter of James II. and Anne Hyde. Neither in mind nor in person did she resemble the gifted, handsome race from which



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FUNERAL OF MARY II.









she was sprung on her father's side (for the Duchess of York was plain, although she had great natural dignity: "the proudest woman in the world" Pepys terms her) nor does Queen Anne seem to have had a spark of the natural fascination which most of the Stuarts evidently had over those with whom they were brought in contact. No two women could be more unlike than Mary of Scotland and the mild Queen who found a fitting husband in the stolid, phlegmatic George of Denmark, with his homely virtues. To Anne was given neither the melancholy dignity of Charles I. nor the *bonhomie* of his son, the second Charles. Sarah Jennings terms her "a little card-playing automaton."

It is but just, however, to admit in the words of the writer already quoted that "Anne was one of the sovereigns who may without too great a strain of hyperbole be allowed to have been beloved in her day. She did nothing to repel the popular devotion: she was the best of wives, the most sadly disappointed of childless mothers. She made pecuniary sacrifices to the weal of her kingdom such as no king or queen of England had made before. And she was a Stuart, Protestant and safe, combining all the rights of the family with those of orthodoxy and constitutionalism without even so much offence as lay in a foreign accent. There was, indeed, nothing foreign about her, a circumstance in her favour which she shared with the other great English Queens-regnant who had preceded her. All these points made her popular, even, it might be permissible to say, "beloved." The placid-faced, middle-aged lady whose features are so familiar to us on the canvases of Kneller, and the enamels of Zincke, had, when a child, plump, rosy-faced, fresh beauty of her own, with the prettiest hands, and a very sweet melodious voice, so that according to Lord Dartmouth it was a pleasure to hear her. Here is a picture of her as drawn by the authoress of "the Queens of England."

"Anne had the round face and full form of her mother and the Lord Chancellor Clarendon. In her youth she was a pretty, rosy Hebe. Her hair a dark chestnut brown, her complexion sanguine and ruddy; her face round and comely; her features strong and regular . . . her bones were very small, her hands and arms most beautiful. She had a good ear for music." Her simple, narrow-minded nature is reflected in her face, as shown in the picture of her with her son by Michael Dahl, belonging to Earl Spencer and given in this book. It is not difficult to draw a picture of her in the stiff brocade and quaint costume of the

period of her youth, with high-heeled shoes and "head-dresses mounting up to the skies,"—so well shown in the portrait of James III. and his sister by Largillière;—now journeying to Richmond in the lumbering coach such as the Court ladies of the time were wont to use, and now taking the air upon the Thames in the huge gilded barge of the period. We hear of her visiting her Royal grandmother the unfortunate Henrietta Maria in France, and from Brussels she writes when a girl of fifteen, describing a ball whereat she is surprised to find a gentleman dancing as well if not better than the Duke of Monmouth; and here, by the way, she notes "that the streets of this great fine town," as she calls it, "are not so clean as in Holland, yet they are not as dirty as ours. They are very well paved and very easy, they onely have od smells." In 1683 she married the Prince of Denmark, of whom Evelyn observes in his Diary "he has the Danish countenance, blonde, of few words, spoke French but ill, seems somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant." A valiant trencherman he was, fond, like his consort, of eating and drinking. They were married at Whitehall, and here her uncle Charles gave them the "Cockpit" to live in. This place was built as a play-house and stood adjoining the Treasury, not far from the Holbein gate.

As all the world knows, the Whitehall of those days wore a very different aspect to its present appearance. The fire of 1697 swept away a congerie which had clustered round the Royal residence and which had made it, in the words of Mary of Modena, "one of the largest and most uncomfortable houses in the world." There do not seem to have been any very remarkable buildings, and in contemporary prints the Banqueting House which Inigo Jones designed, and through the window of which Charles passed to execution, was the most striking edifice of the whole, as the reader may see for himself by turning to the illustration after Hollar. As for the scenes which went on within the walls of Whitehall after the Restoration are they not written in the pages of Pepys and of Evelyn?

But if "Mrs. Morley" and her husband were, as seems to have been the case, dulness personified, there was one about them whose nature was cast in a different mould indeed. "Mrs. Freeman" was born to rule and practically held the helm of state for years. How she treated the smaller fry with whom she was brought in contact may be gathered from a delightfully characteristic passage from her own pen. "Painters, poets, and builders," she exclaims, "have very high flights, but they must be kept down." The





CX

DUCHESS OF MARLBORO'.

*Sir G. Kneller.*









Duchess of Marlborough was without doubt not merely a remarkable woman, but the most remarkable of her time in England. She was, as Pope satirises her as being, "by turns all woman-kind;" in respect of the influence she wielded over Anne and over her husband, she was a truly great character, and it needs far more space to do justice to her commanding qualities than can here be spared. For this reason, and because the great "Atossa" was not a Stuart, we must not enter into details of her life and disposition which are, to be sure, sufficiently well known. But there is a story about her, which Lady Mary Wortley Montague relates, so full of personal interest that it must be recalled to the reader's memory. It is *apropos* her beautiful hair. "The best thing I had," she says herself, "was the colour of my hair." In a fit of spleen she cut off her tresses and laid them in an ante-chamber through which she knew her lord must pass.

As he showed no sign of displeasure, she concluded her husband had not seen the hair and hurried to the room to secure it. No trace of it could be seen. After the Duke's death she found the ringlets carefully preserved in a cabinet wherein he kept whatever he held most precious.

"At this point of the story," says Lady Mary, "the Duchess regularly fell a-crying." As to the place her husband really held in her affections, her well-known reply to the Duke of Somerset, who wished to marry her, though she was then sixty-two, is sufficient evidence. When this proud old man proposed for her widowed hand, she made answer that had she been but half her age, and if he were the Emperor of the world, she would not permit him to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough.

The portrait of Sarah Jennings on the same page as her husband represents her in the plenitude of her charms; it is from an enamel. The other given is from the fine painting in the National Portrait Gallery by Sir Godfrey Kneller. It shows the imperious, mutinous character of the woman. Without doubt she and her husband were a handsome pair, and Macaulay, though he likes not the Duke, cannot deny the victor of Blenheim's physical beauty. He says: "John Churchill was a fine youth, early distinguished as a man of fashion and of pleasure. His stature was commanding, his face handsome, his address singularly winning, yet of such dignity that the most impertinent fops never ventured to take any liberty with him; his temper, even in the most vexatious and irritating circumstances, always under perfect command. His education had been

so much neglected that he could not spell the most common words of his own language : but his acute and vigorous understanding amply supplied the place of book-learning.

"He was not talkative, but when he was forced to speak in public, his natural eloquence moved the envy of practised rhetoricians. His courage was singularly cool and imperturbable. During many years of anxiety and peril, he never, in any emergency, lost even for a moment the perfect use of his admirable judgment. His serene intrepidity distinguished him among thousands of brave soldiers, and his professional skill commanded the respect of veteran officers.

"Unhappily his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind. Some propensities, which in youth are singularly ungraceful, began very early to show themselves in him. He was thrifty in his very vices, and levied ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers. He was, during a short time, the object of the violent but fickle fondness of the Duchess of Cleveland. On one occasion he was caught with her by the King, and was forced to leap out of the window. She rewarded this hazardous feat of gallantry with a present of £5000. With this sum the prudent young hero bought an annuity of £500 a year, well secured on landed property." I subjoin Mr. Green's estimate of this great man, whose life he finds full of baseness and treason.

"He retained to the last the indolent grace of his youth. His natural dignity was never ruffled by an outbreak of temper. Amidst the storm of battle men saw him without fear of danger, or in the least hurry, giving his orders with all the calmness imaginable. In the cabinet he was as cool as on the battlefield.

" 'I think it better to be envied than pitied,' he says. His passion for his wife was the one sentiment which tinged the colourless light in which his understanding moved. In all else he was without love or hate, he knew neither doubt nor regret.

"In private life he was a humane and compassionate man ; but if his position required it, he could betray Englishmen to death in his negotiations with St. Germain, or lead his army to a butchery such as that of Malplaquet. Of honour, or the finer sentiments of mankind, he knew nothing, and he turned without a shock from guiding Europe, and winning great victories, to heap up a matchless fortune by speculation or greed. He is, perhaps, the only instance of a man of real greatness who loved





CXL.

QUEEN ANNE AND WILLIAM,  
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

*M Dahl.*







money for money's sake. But let us take our leave of him in the noble tribute of Bolingbroke: 'he was so very great a man I forgot he had that vice.'" The portrait I have given of Marlborough in this book is painted by the fashionable miniature painter of his day, Bernard Lens, and belongs to Lord Churchill. It is a superlatively fine miniature and, I think, the most brilliant work of the artist with which I am acquainted. The great Duke is in a red velvet coat, crossed by the blue sash of the Garter, and wears a large lace cravat and a light periwig of the period. He has reached middle life and has a double chin. His eyes are greyish, his features regular and well modelled.

There is a personage who comes upon the stage during the reign of Anne of whom some great historians take no notice whatsoever, yet others find in his brief life and premature death much of pathetic interest; "a more heart-rending episode," says one sympathetic writer, "is not in history than the lying-in-state of the little body of the Duke of Gloucester in Westminster Hall. So many hopes went to the grave with him, so many more arose and came to life again when his little life was over." For something like twenty years did Anne bear children in quick succession, so that the pangs and cares of maternity must have formed no small part of her life history. Yet none of her many babies survived save one, born a year after Mary and William came to the throne.

The little Duke of Gloucester, though sickly at first, lived to be ten years of age. He was, as he looks in Dahl's picture of him and his mother, a quaint, precocious child, but lovable, "perverse and delightful, not always easy to manage, constantly asking the most awkward questions, full of ambition and energy and spirit and foolishness." He had a little regiment of boys of his own age whom he delighted to drill, and when he went to Windsor (which William, preferring Hampton Court, had assigned to Anne) four boys were fetched from Eton to be his playmates. When but seven we see him installed a Knight of the Garter, and addressing his uncle with such protestations of loyalty as these: "I, your Majesty's most faithful subject, had rather lose my life in your Majesty's cause than in any man's else; and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France."

Bishop Burnet, who was his tutor, has left a pleasant picture of the boy when he was nine, and Marlborough was recalled from disgrace to be made Governor of the young Prince. "Teach him," said William to the Duke "to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments."



But illness seized the poor child amidst the rejoicings of his tenth birthday, and in a few days the promising career was closed for ever. His mother, Burnet says, "attended on him during his sickness with great tenderness but with a grave composure that amazed all who saw it: she bore his death with a resignation and piety that were indeed very singular." At St. Germain, we may well believe, the removal of the obstacle in the way of succession was viewed with very different feelings.

This question of the succession must have been an agitating one to Anne. She clung to the power she was unfitted to wield, and did not like the idea of a successor at all. She told Marlborough that she could not endure a visit from the Elector, no not for a week. Then at times her brother's name, the Chevalier St. George, would come to her mind, and she would feel she had wronged him. Faction raged around her closing years, and she died worn out before her time, for she was but fifty.

The passage quoted at the head of this chapter Thackeray no doubt borrowed from Swift, who says "Anne drove like a Jehu," and has left us some glimpses of Court life at Windsor in his day. "The Queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and drove in her chaise about forty miles, and it was five before she went to dinner." Again: "there was a drawing-room to-day, but so few company that the Queen sent for us into her chamber where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready and went out."



CXII.

(a) PRINCESS LOUISA MARIA

(b) CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.





## CHAPTER XV

### THE CHEVALIER ST. GEORGE



IN the 10th of June 1688, was born "the most unfortunate of Princes, destined to seventy-seven years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick." The circumstances attending his birth, and the suspicions excited thereby, have been alluded to in a previous chapter and we have seen the heir to the English throne taken, a child in arms, across the Thames in the dead of a tempestuous winter's night, and then across the Channel to find a shelter in a foreign land.

In looking upon the careers of the last three Stuarts who wielded any

real influence upon the history of their time, that is to say upon James II., the Old Chevalier and Prince Charles Edward, the son of James II. suffers by force of contrast, and is perforce relegated to a second place in our interest, if not in our sympathies. It was not his lot to mount the throne of his ancestors, only to quit it after a brief pursuit of that mistaken policy into which bigotry and blindness led his father; nor was it his fate to be an object of passionate political loyalty and the hero of the marvellous, well-nigh incredible, adventures which make the earlier years of his son, Prince Charles Edward, read like a chapter of romance.

It has been said of the Old Chevalier that he remained obscure because he had no distinctive character. Probably full justice has not been done to him. This is clearly the opinion of Mr. Andrew Lang, who says of the melancholy James III., "he had a keen sense of honour, undeniable dignity and Christian stoicism."

If the son of James and Mary of Modena had not force of character to adequately fulfil the expectations of his parents and adherents, it cannot be said that the failures of his career were due to want of pains taken with his rearing. When he was eight years of age a list of elaborate rules was drawn up by his mother "for the family of our dearest son the Prince of Wales." It is too long to give in full, but I quote some of the minute directions by which the studies and mode of life of the young Prince were to be regulated. I take them from the Stuart Papers at Windsor, a calendar of which has recently been presented to Parliament. "They bring out in clear relief the daily life of James III.," and one cannot but feel sorry for a boy so watched day and night, so "cabined, cribbed, confined," as he must have been. Ceremony and regulations dog his footsteps everywhere and perpetually. "None are to be permitted to whisper in the Prince his ear or talk with him in *privat*" (rule 8); "as to the grooms of the Prince his bed-chamber, their business is to dress and undress him, to lye by him in their turns: and to follow him from place to place," and so on. These regulations are a curious and interesting illustration of the management of children two centuries ago.

RULES for the family of our dearest son, the PRINCE OF WALES.

1696, July 19. St. Germain.—"Whereas it is Our Will and pleasure to constitute and appoint our Right Trusty and Right Well-beloved Cosen James, Earle of Perth to be Governor to Our dearest son, the Prince of Wales, Wee have thought fitt to prescribe the following Rules to guide him in the discharge of his duty.





CXIV.

CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE AND SISTER.

*N. Largillière.*







1. In the first place the Governor, or in his absence one of the Undergovernors must constantly attend upon the person of Our said dearest son at all times and in all places, that he may be still under the eye of one of them, except when he is at his Book or Catechisme with his Preceptor, or Underpreceptor.

3. Wee will that the Governor ly at night in the Prince his Chamber and when he shall be hindered by any just occasion from so doing the Undergovernor in waiting must supply his Room.

8. None are to be permitted to whisper in the Prince his ear or talk with him in privat, out of the hearing of the Governor, or in his absence, of the Undergovernor in waiting.

9. None must be permitted to make the Prince any present without first shewing it to the Governor, or in his absence, to the Undergovernor in waiting, and asking one of their leaves to give it.

10. None must presume to give the Prince anything to eat nor any flowers, perfumes, or sweet waters etc. without the Governor's leave and approbation, or the leave and approbation of the Undergovernor in his absence.

11. No books, written papers, or any thing of that nature must ever be given to the Prince without shewing them first to the Governor or preceptor, and asking their approbation, and no songs must be taught the Prince but such as the Governor shall first approve.

12. No children must be permitted to come into the Prince his lodgings, upon the account of playing with him, but when they are sent for, by the Governor, or in his absence by the Undergovernor in waiting, and not above two or three at a time.

14. None must be permitted to whisper or to run into corners with the Prince, wher the Governor &c. may not hear and see what they do and say; and he shall receive directions from Us, what children are fitt to play with our son or to go in coach with him.

15. As to the Grooms of the Prince his Bedchamber, Our Will is that they also serve by weeks, and that one of them be allways in whole waiting, and the other in halfe waiting.

16. Their business is to dress him, and undress him, to lye by him in their turns, to wait at his meals, and to follow him from place to place.

21. No servant, page or footman must ever open any door for the Prince to go out of his lodgings, but when the Governor &c. gives orders for it.

22. As to the distribution of time to be observed for the Prince, his hour of rising in the morning may be about seven and a halfe. The time between that and nine may be allotted for his dressing, his morning prayers, his waiting upon Us and the Queen, and eating his breakfast.

23. At nine of the clock he may hear Mass, which done, his studys may begin, and be continued as long as his Preceptor shall judge proper for his improvement. When his book is done, ther will be time enough between that and dinner, which will be about twelve and a halfe, for his dancing, writing, or any other exercise that costs but halfe an hour.

24. After dinner ther must be allowed an hour or somewhat more for play, and about two houres more in the afternoon must be allotted for his studys, either before



he goes abroad or afterwards, or part before and part after, according as it shall be found convenient considering the season of the year.

25. The proper times of his receiving company will be at his Levé, and at his dinner, and in the evening after his studys are done, and at supper. But orders must be given not to let in all sorts of people without distinction, and care must be taken that thos who are admitted may not talk with the Prince too familiarly without observing that distance which ought to be kept.

26. What times are allotted upon worke days for his book, must be employed upon Sundays and holy days by the Preceptor in Catechisme, reading of good books, Christian doctrine, and the like.

27. The mony appointed for the particular use of our son must be received by the Governor, who is to dispose and order the laying it out, according to his discretion.

When James II. and VII. lay dying at St. Germain's in 1701 the French King went thither, attended by a splendid retinue, and thus addressed the dying exile: "I come to tell your Majesty that whenever it shall please God to take you from us, I will be to your son what I have been to you, and will acknowledge him as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland"; and so at Versailles James III. and VIII., or the Chevalier St. George—or call him what you will—was received as his father had been before him, sat at the right hand of "the great Monarch" and wore the imperial purple robe of mourning. But with this, and such like empty pomp and pageant, it all ended. The insolence of Louis had, however, the effect of exciting public indignation in this country to such a pitch that the Jacobites who dared to make some demonstrations in London were driven from the streets with yells and showers of stones; thus the result of the recognition was rather prejudicial than otherwise to James and his cause.

It would seem that soon after James II. died at St. Germain's, a prey to melancholy and disappointed hopes, his son must have engaged in schemes to recover the throne of England, and we find him when he was but fifteen years old writing to Lord Lovat in 1703 in the tone of a reigning monarch.

These expectations and many more such as are foreshadowed in this letter came to naught. Years went by and nothing was done, till in 1708 Louis provided a fleet for the invasion of Scotland, which sailed for the Firth of Forth; but when Admiral Byng and the English fleet came in sight, the invaders took to flight.

The general gloom and obscurity of the Chevalier's life was broken by



CXV.

CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE AS A BOY.









My Lord, I am well Informed and very  
 sensible of the services performed to the Crown by  
 your ancestors, and now your own so freely hazard-  
 ing your life, in coming hither upon so important  
 an occasion, besides what you had undertaken in  
 Scotland in concurrence with the late Marshal &  
 Lord Drummond, has moved me to let you know my  
 resolution of creating you an Earl, and that in profe-  
 sence to all I shall create in the Kingdom of Scot-  
 land, for I here promise that you shall be the first, &  
 that I will take your person, and family into my care  
 and recompence your past, and future services, so as  
 that you shall become an argument to encourage  
 others to serve me zealously. And if you should come  
 to fail, what I promise to you shall be made good  
 to your brother, and to the heirs male of your family  
 provided they prove themselves loyal and faithful  
 to me as you are. What I now promise is by the  
 concurrence, and consent of the Queen my dearest  
 Mother James R  
 St Germaine May the 9<sup>th</sup>  
 1708



HOLOGRAPH LETTER OF JAMES III.

the rising of 1715, and was no doubt a momentous event in his career. It cannot be said that James distinguished himself in this affair. Green terms him "a sluggish and incapable leader." Disguised as a servant he left Bar le Duc, and reached the coast near St. Malo. Thence, finding it impossible to obtain a passage, he journeyed, disguised as a sailor, through Normandy to Dunkirk, whence he sailed to Peterhead, passing through Aberdeen still in disguise. By this time the indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir had been fought, and the Highlanders under Mar were beginning to melt away. When Argyle advanced northwards James deserted his army and took ship back to France. Thus ignominiously ended the incident of 1715.

When James arrived at the age of thirty, it was thought desirable that he should marry, and, accordingly in 1718, he sued by proxy for the hand of a Russian Princess, but without success. An agent of his, one Wogan, discovered in Silesia, Prince James Sobieski, who had three daughters, their grandfather being the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland. Cassimira, "bristling with etiquette," Charlotte, "beyond all measure gay, free, and familiar," and Maria Clementina, "sweet, amiable, of an even temper and gay only in season." She, the youngest and the fairest, was destined to be the bride of the Old Chevalier. Political difficulties arose before the marriage was consummated, and being threatened with a breach of the Quadruple Alliance, the Emperor arrested Clementina in September 1718, at Innsbruck, on her way to Italy. Wogan then set out from Bologna on the romantic enterprise of rescuing the Queen that was to be. He found his way to her in the Tyrol and, after some time had passed, he formed a plan at Strasburg with three countrymen (Wogan was an Irishman) which was as ingenious as it was daring. A maid of the wife of one of these was persuaded to personate Clementina, who, disguised as the servant Jeanneton, made her escape from the hotel one stormy night, whilst the maid, under a plea of illness, remained in bed representing the Princess. After a number of adventures and some hardships, in which the fugitive grand-daughter of the King of Poland displayed the utmost gaiety of heart, the party reached Bologna. On May 9, James and Clementina were married by proxy, but it was not until September, when he returned from Spain, that the wedding was celebrated at Rome.

The Earl of Rosebery owns an original picture of this marriage by Carlo Maratti. The painting was presented by the Old Chevalier to the Bishop of Montefiasconi who performed the ceremony in 1719: afterwards it hung



CXVI.  
JACOBITE MEDALS.









in the palace of Cardinal York. In 1845 it was bought by the eighth Earl of Northesk and brought to Scotland. On the obverse of a medal by Otto Hamerani which I give, we see Clementina driving in a chariot into the Eternal City, with the motto "fortunam cavsam qve seqvor," and in the exergue the still more appropriate words "deceptis cvstodibvs."

It is a melancholy reflection that after all these romantic escapades James and Clementina were not a happy couple.

'Tis a delicate thing in such cases to rightly apportion blame. As is so often the case, there were faults on both sides no doubt, and the circumstances of their lot must often have been trying in the extreme.

A king without a court; a monarch without subjects; exiles both; she, young, lighthearted, perhaps frivolous; he, grave, laborious, indifferent to society and to the pleasures dear to the heart of a young and pretty woman; these are some of the conditions of their lot, and who can wonder if sometimes the incompatibility of temperament made itself felt. Moreover James was poor, for he made great efforts to provide for his impoverished adherents, and even a large pension from the Pope went to aid his exiled friends. On the other hand, he had an Anglican chapel in Rome for his Protestant adherents; "it was always his attitude to be thoroughly tolerant; to his own creed he must cling, but never would he do other than protect the religion of his subjects." He was immersed in business, absorbing if futile, and mainly conducted his own immense correspondence. His fault was a desire to be always, and always to be acknowledged to be in the right — *d'avoir toujours raison!*

He is commonly credited with fair abilities, but stigmatised as licentious, faithless, and indeed thoroughly selfish. A contrast is drawn between him and his son, and not in the father's favour. "No man," says Lord Stanhope, "could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James, but on the other hand his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. His son Charles was no penman, but his quick intelligence and his contempt of danger are recorded on unquestionable testimony. Another quality of Charles' mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy."

Physically James was sufficiently presentable. As a boy he must have been good-looking. He was of good height, straight, and well made, and, if the picture of him in a breastplate which is given in this work be any criterion, he might, but for a certain vacuity of expression when he grew

to be a man, have been esteemed handsome. In 1714 he is described as "always cheerful but seldom merry, thoughtful but not dejected." An English traveller in Rome in 1721 mentions the Chevalier's air of greatness, and a smile that changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance. The poet Gray, writing in 1740, is less flattering. "He is a thin ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance a good deal resembling King James II., and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays. The first he does not often, the latter continually." This account of his appearance is belied by the fine profile portrait of him which I give painted by T. Blanchet. He was at any rate genuinely devout.

As to the charge of licentiousness against James, to which reference has been made, and to which Thackeray gives credence in *Esmond*, by representing him as a libertine, it is probably greatly exaggerated if not untrue, although we are told that James kept a mistress at Bar le Duc, when a young man, but in 1716, says Mr. Lang, "he was railed at for his continence and 'cruelty' to the Caledonian beauties, and, after his death when there was some talk of a bastard of his, those who had known him best in Rome averred that the story must be false." That the relations between him and Clementina were unhappy we know, indeed so estranged were they that in 1725, some six months after Henry, Duke of York, was born, Clementina retired to a convent, and James complained of "the public insult" of her retreat. The quarrel went on for some years; in 1734, however, they were reconciled, but Clementina's health was failing, she had lived for some time an ascetic life, the austerity of which was attended with fatal results, and in January of the following year she passed away. She was but thirty-three. Poor Clementina! James, it will be remembered, lived to the age of seventy-eight and died at Rome, January 1, 1766, having survived his wife by more than thirty years.

I may add a few lines about portraits of the persons whose characters we have just been discussing. They are numerous, and in the case of the Old Chevalier extend from infancy to advanced age. Thus Stonyhurst College possesses several of him: one as a child, wearing a cap, white dress, and lace apron, he sits on a cushion and holds a parrot on his extended right hand. When he was seven years old he was painted with his sister Louisa Maria Theresa in a charming picture by N. de Largillière. It is dated 1695 and is now the property of the nation, having been

(a)

PRINCE HENRY, CARDINAL OF YORK.

(b)

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, IN HIGHLAND DRESS.

(c)

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

(d)

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, MEDAL . OVERSE .

(e)

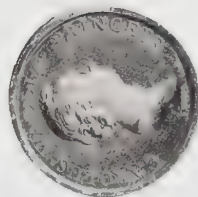
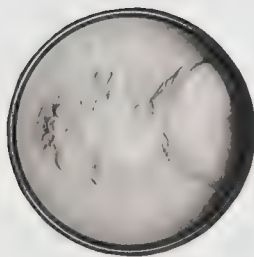
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, MEDALLION.

(f)

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, MEDAL (REVERSE).









CXIII.

- (a) PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, MEDAL.
- (b) PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, MEDAL (REVERSE).
- (c) PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, PEN AND INK  
DRAWING.



bequeathed to it by the fourth Earl of Orford. The Princess is here a delightfully quaint prim little figure, of three years old, in a pearly grey dress. In Mr. Philip Howard's picture we see her a little older; and the Duke of Fife owns a picture of her, also as a child, painted by P. de Mignard. Except her brother the Chevalier, she was the only child of James and Mary of Modena, who survived. She was intended for a nun but died when twenty years of age. There are two nicely painted pictures in oils of James and Maria Clementina in the Bodleian. They are on copper, by Belle, cabinet size and carefully finished. The long face and brown eyes of the Chevalier have the family look strongly pronounced. He is in armour and wears the Garter. Clementina is young and attractive.

Colonel H. Walpole possesses an eminently pleasing picture of Maria Clementina by Largillière, which seems to be the original of several miniatures of her that I am acquainted with, indeed it closely resembles one in Colonel Walpole's own attractive series of Stuart portraits. If the annals of the make-believe court of James III. and his unhappy wife be meagre and unexciting, not to say melancholy, the story of their son in the outset of his career, at any rate, is romantic in the extreme, and in the following chapter I shall deal with the chequered fortunes of "bonnie Prince Charlie."







## CHAPTER XVI

### THE YOUNG CHEVALIER

Where hae ye been a' the day,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?  
Saw ye him that's far away,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?  
On his head a bonnet blue,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;  
Tartan plaid and Highland trews,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.—JACOBITE SONG.



**C**HARLES Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart was born in Rome on the last day of December 1720, and died in the same city on January 31, 1788. With the blood of Mary Stuart of Scotland, Charles I. of England, and John Sobieski of Poland in his veins the career of their descendant might reasonably be expected to be somewhat out of the common if heredity count for anything; nor were such





CXXI.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, AS BETTY BURKE.

expectations disappointed, but their fulfilment took a form disastrous to all concerned. It cannot be doubted that many of Charles Edward's misfortunes were due to his education. Jesuit priests, Protestant tutors, and Jacobite soldiers all had a hand in it, and the result was faulty and defective, as might have been foreseen. On the other hand his physical training was excellent, and we find him at the siege of Gaeta under the Duke of Liria when only fourteen years old. Blanchet's portrait of him as a youth in armour may represent him at about this time. He spoke French and Italian well at an early age, and he had a taste for music and fine arts, being indeed by no means deficient in ability. But, as was the case with his forefathers, he was brought up in extreme notions of the divine right of kings, and particularly of the Stuart house, which led to disaster and to downfall, just as it did with his ancestors. The Old Chevalier had alienated his adherents by his conduct to his wife; and as Charles Edward grew up the hopes of the Jacobites were centred on the Young Chevalier. In 1740 England was at variance with France. It was said that Scotland could raise 20,000 men, and the Jacobite leaders predicted that Charles Edward had only to make his appearance when all England would rise and embrace his cause. Louis was lavish in offers of assistance, and on the faith of these promises the young Prince resolved to head an expedition. "I go," he said to his father, "in search of three crowns, which I doubt not to have the honour and happiness of laying at your Majesty's feet, and if I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin." The departure from Rome was secretly made, but the English Government knew of it. Sir Henry Mann drew Charles' portrait as he passed through Florence and sent it to the Duke of Newcastle. This is it: "The young man is above the middle height, and very thin; he wears a light bag wig; his face is rather long, the complexion clear, but borders on paleness; the forehead very broad, the eyes fairly large, blue but without sparkle, the mouth large, with the lips slightly curled, and the chin more sharp than rounded." How true this description is may be seen by an examination of the engravings representing the brothers Charles Edward and Henry Cardinal York which belong to H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany and are reproduced in this volume.

The performances of the French monarch were not equal to his promises. Nevertheless he despatched Marshal Saxe with seven thousand men, who set sail from Dunkirk, but beat a retreat before the vigilance of

the English fleet, and, a storm springing up, returned with severe loss. Charles was told that at present, further help could not be expected, whereupon he vowed to cross to Scotland and raise his standard "if he took only a single footman with him." With the exception of the Duke of Perth, his adherents thought it a mad enterprise, but the young Prince ordered his jewels to be pawned, and without the knowledge of his father, or of the King of France, embarked on July 13, 1745, at Belle Isle, in the *Doutelle*, one of two ships lent to a private individual who, in his turn, lent them to Charles. Four days afterwards the *Doutelle* fell in with an English man-of-war, the *Lion*, which engaged the *Elizabeth*, as Charles' other ship was called. After a conflict which lasted some six hours, both ships were shattered, and the *Elizabeth* bore up for Brest with all the arms and ammunition on board.

August had begun ere Charles reached Scotland. He landed at an islet in the Hebrides belonging to Macdonald of Clanranald. When advised to return to France, his answer was, "I am come home, and I will not return to France, for I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me." And the feelings of loyalty and devotion thus evoked by the sight of the white cockade have been preserved in many a Jacobite song and ballad.

Carle, an' the King come,  
Carle, an' the King come,  
Thou shalt dance and I will sing,  
Carle, an' the King come.

Within the space of a month the Prince arrived before Edinburgh, and on the night of his entry into the capital of Scotland, Holyrood was the scene of a splendid ball, where Charles won all hearts by his vivacity, his charm of manner and his graceful dancing.

And Charlie, he's my darling,  
My darling, my darling;  
Charlie, he's my darling,  
The Young Chevalier.

His appearance at this time has been thus described: "The Young Chevalier is about five feet eleven inches high, very proportionably made; wears his own hair, has a full forehead, a small but lively eye, a round brown-complexioned face; nose and mouth pretty small; full under chin; not a long neck, under his jaw a pretty many pimples. He is always in a Highland habit, as are all about him. When I saw him, he had a short





CXVIII.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD AS A YOUTH.

*T. Blanchet.*







Highland plaid waistcoat ; breeches of the same ; a blue garter on, and a St. Andrew's cross, hanging by a green ribbon at his buttonhole, but no star. He had his boots on, as he always has ; he dines every day in public. All sorts of people are admitted to see him. He constantly practises all the arts of condescension and popularity—talks familiarly to the meanest Highlander and makes them fair promises."

I give another extract from Mr. Chambers' admirable book, to which I have already referred : " He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion ; he wore a light coloured peruke, the ringlets of which descended his back in graceful masses and over the front of which his own pale hair was neatly combed. His complexion was ruddy, and from its extreme delicacy, slightly marked with freckles. His visage was a perfect oval, and his brow had all the intellectual but melancholy loftiness so remarkable in the portraits of his ancestors. His neck, which was long, but not ungracefully so, had, according to the fashion of the time, no other covering or encumbrance than a slender stock buckled behind. His eyes were large and rolling, and of a light blue. The fair, but not ill-marked eyebrows which surmounted these features were beautifully arched. His nose was round and high, and his mouth small in proportion to the rest of his features. He was above five feet ten in stature, and his body was of that straight and round description which is said to indicate not only perfect symmetry but also the valuable requisite of agility."

This account of the Prince at the zenith of his fortunes, is paralleled by a passage quoted in Horace Walpole's letters, in which Mr. Æneas Macdonald relates :

"There entered the tent a tall youth of most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambric stock, fixed with a plain silver buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string having the end fixed to one of his coat buttons ; he had black stockings and brass buckles on his shoes. At his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat."

From "The Wanderer, or Surprising Escapes" published in Glasgow, 1752, we learn that the Prince was "as straight as a lance and as round as an egg, and would fight, run, or leap with any man in the Highlands." Indeed, according to Chambers, the Highlanders were amazed "to find themselves overmatched at running, wrestling, leaping, and even at their



favourite exercise of the broadsword by the slender stranger." But if slender, he was of a robust constitution, inured to exercise and so good a pedestrian as to out-tire his men: his walking powers which served him in such stead were acquired in the pursuit of game in Italy. He was also an excellent horseman. There is no doubt that physically Charles Stuart was richly endowed, in evidence of which one has only to read the story of his unparalleled endurance during his wanderings. As to his mental gifts opinions are probably more divided. Left to himself his boldness would have been mere rashness, whilst he had a secretiveness which led to his disappearance for months at a time, so that even his father and brother were unacquainted with his whereabouts.

Returning to the story of Prince Charlie's progress after his triumphant entry into Edinburgh, his adherents were thrown into a state of rapturous excitement by the astonishing victory of Preston Pans which followed within barely a month's time of the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan. The defeat of Sir John Cope's dragoons need not be described. Their behaviour is immortalised in the song known as "Johnnie Cope" written by a Haddingtonshire farmer:

Fie now, Johnnie, get up and rin,  
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;  
It is best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came  
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"  
"The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' in the morning."

On the eve of the battle of Preston Pans the Prince was content to dine upon some coarse broth, and the meat from which it was made, at a little inn of the village of Tranent. He, with the Duke of Perth and another officer, had only two wooden spoons and a butcher's knife between them, as the landlady had concealed her pewter service for fear of the Highlanders. This is but one instance of many which might be given of the Young Chevalier's indifference to ceremony, and his cheerful endurance of the trials and hardships of a campaign. When the troops were outside Edinburgh they were with difficulty prevailed upon to sleep otherwise than in the open air, and Charles, who came daily to review his hardy mountaineers, sometimes passed the night in the camp, lying down without taking off his clothes.

After Preston Pans things looked serious for the Hanoverian cause. Marshal Wade, considered the best officer that England then could boast of, declared Scotland was lost; and Horace Walpole did but give expression to the feeling of dismay which seized many minds when he wrote that he should have to leave Arlington Street for some wretched garret in Herrenhausen, and perhaps be reduced to give lessons to the young Princes at Copenhagen. Troops were recalled in haste from Flanders, and placed under the command of the Duke of Cumberland. The surrender of Carlisle was another triumph of the Stuart cause, and Derby was reached on December 4.

A certain Henry Bradken, a practiser of Physic in Lancaster, as he styles himself, has described his impressions of the Young Chevalier and his forces in a letter to Sir E. Fawkener which is preserved in the State Paper Office. He writes from Warrington, December 4, 1745. After premising that he "knew all their (the Jacobite) goings-on in 1715" he estimates the Scottish foot at 5000 "one-third of which are 60 years of age and upwards and under 17 . . . their horse I make 624, but scarce such as are fit to be called horse: they are so out of order and slender shaped. The common soldiers are a most despicable crew, being in general low in stature, and of a wan and meagre countenance, stepping along under their arms with difficulty, and what they are about seems more of force than inclination . . . there are several very old fellows who were at the battle of Sheriffmuir in the last rebellion, and have brought their sons and grandsons along with them . . . They tell their friends in Scotland that their army now consists of 24,000 men, and that neither dike, ditch, nor devil can turn them."

His portrait of Prince Charles is interesting, and differs in some respects from others. He says "their Chief is about 5 foot 11 inches high, pretty strong and well built, has a brown complexion, full cheeks and thickish lips that stand out a little. He looks more of the Polish man than of the Scottish breed, for he is nothing like the king they call his grandfather. He looks very much dejected, not a smile being seen in all his looks, for I walked a quarter of a mile with him on the road, and afterwards saw him in his lodgings amongst company."

But if the mien of the Young Chevalier was dejected on the advance upon Derby, what must have been his looks, and the bitterness of his heart, when the fatal retreat was urged upon him. It is only fair to

Charles to remember that this disastrous step was utterly repugnant to him. The night before it was determined upon he had discussed whether he should enter London "upon foot or on horseback: in Highland or English dress." After some hours of stormy debate the next morning, Lord George Murray, backed by the other officers, advocated a speedy retreat to Scotland.

To these counsels Charles replied, "Rather than go back I would wish to be twenty feet under ground." Nevertheless, though within one hundred and twenty-six miles of the capital, with no force between it and them, "with consternation at St. James', with the King meditating flight and the Royal family in tears and swooning," the invaders returned by the way they came.

Probably both the Prince and his advisers were to blame, if we are to believe Lord Elcho, who says (after a quarrel, it is true), "His Royal Highness could not bear to hear anybody differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody that did."

But whilst it was obvious to the Jacobite leaders that there was no popular support forthcoming as they advanced southwards, though "the people flocked to see his march as if to see a show," they did not know that London was plunged into a state of wild alarm by the news that the young Stuart Prince was at Derby. They knew nothing of the run upon the bank: of the shutting of the shops: of the suspension of business: and all the other evidences of panic: nor of the Guards marching to Finchley: (in what manner they went, Hogarth has shown us in the picture that so offended George II., and which may be seen at the Foundling).

We will not stop to inquire which was the better policy; the backward step was taken, the retreat was begun which, despite some successes here and there, never ceased till Prince Charles Edward found himself the following September in France again, after months of wanderings and hairbreadth escapes. Culloden of course was "the cruel day that quelled the fortunes of the hapless Stuarts" when the bodies of the Highlanders were left three and four deep upon the field.

As to Charles' behaviour on the fatal 16th of April we have the testimony of an eye-witness, Sir John Strange, the eminent engraver; he records in his very graphic account of the battle that he met the Prince "endeavouring to rally the soldiers, who, annoyed with the enemy's fire, were beginning to quit the field. . . . The scene of confusion was great,"



CXIX.

BATTLE OF CULLODEN.











he tells us, "nor can the imagination figure it. The men in general were betaking themselves precipitately to flight . . . horror and dismay were painted in every countenance, the scene was indeed tremendous. Never was so total a rout, a most thorough discomfiture of an army . . . the whole was over in about twenty-five minutes . . . of towards six thousand men of which the Prince's army at this period consisted, about one thousand were asleep in Culloden Park who knew nothing of the action till awaked by the noise of the cannon. The Prince had his cheeks bedewed with tears."

"Que les hommes privés qui se croyent malheureux, jettent les yeux sur ce prince."

The plate of the Battle of Culloden is, I think, contemporary, and is at any rate curious. It is inscribed as follows: "This View of the Glorious Victory obtained over the Rebels Shows his Majestie's army commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland drawn up in three lines, the front consisting of six battalions of foot, the second of five, the third was a body of reserve composed of four—part of the Highland army is here represented as furiously attempting with swords and targets to break in upon the left of the Duke's front line where their rashness met with its deserved chastisement from the fire of Barret's and Munro's intrepid regiments. The right wing of the rebels being covered by a stone wall Kerr and Cobham's dragoons under Hawley and Bland are described as passing though a breach which had been made for them in it to attack the rear of the rebels which put them into immediate confusion. Kingston's horse wheeled off at the scene by the right of ye King's forces and falling on the left of the rebels met our dragoons in their centre on which began the total rout of these disturbers of the public repose."

In the case of the Battle of Culloden I trust I shall be pardoned for departing from my rule of not dealing in these pages with political events, and "war's alarms" inasmuch as that disastrous day is virtually the last scene of the stirring Jacobite drama upon a public stage. A sequel there was in the following year, namely, the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino upon an August morning 1746. The wily chief of the Fraser clan, Simon, Lord Lovat, was beheaded in the April following. I reproduce an old print of the tragedy upon Tower Hill, and those who would learn more of the fate of the Rebel Lords and of their behaviour, should consult Walpole's letters, where they will find the story

fully and dramatically told. At the Tower of London are preserved and shown the coffin plates of these unfortunate noblemen, thus inscribed :

Willielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus 18 die Augusti 1746,  
Ætatis suæ 42.

Arthurus dominus de Balmerino, decollatus 18 die Augusti 1746,  
Ætatis suæ 58.

Simon dominus Fraser de Lovat, decollat Apr<sup>is</sup>. 9<sup>th</sup>. 1747. Ætat  
suæ 80.

Let us take leave of them, and with them of all Charles Edward's devoted followers in the pathetic lines of their countryman Robert Burns, who asks in his "Chevalier's Lament" :

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice  
A King and a father to place on the throne ?  
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys ;  
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.  
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched forlorn,  
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn.  
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,  
Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return ?

It may be safely said that no tale of adventure ever invented exceeds in breathless interest the wanderings of Charles Edward amidst the crags and wilds of the Hebrides, and history contains no more splendid instance of loyalty than was shown by the ignorant and rude clansmen and women of the western Highlands ; the spirit of their devotion is well expressed by the familiar lines :

I once had sons, I now hae nane ;  
I bred them toiling fairly,  
And I wad bear them a' again,  
And lose them a' for Charlie.

Eight days after Culloden the fugitive embarked for that remote cluster of islets called Long Island, with little other food than oatmeal and water, and, driven from place to place by contrary winds, he at length gained South Uist ; but his course being tracked or suspected, 2000 troops landed on the island and commenced an eager search, while the shores were surrounded by small ships of war. Incredible as it may seem, he remained undiscovered and at length became the object of a





CXX.

FLORA MACDONALD

*T. Hudson.*









noble self-devotion which, in the words of Dr. Johnson, will cause the name of the preserver of Prince Charles to be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. Boswell's description of his meeting with Flora Macdonald during his tour in the Hebrides is as follows :

"By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald. She is a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred." Her portrait by Allan Ramsay is in the Bodleian Library. It is marked by every indication of truth to the original. One feels this is undoubtedly the true Flora, the somewhat hard-featured face and the high colouring are characteristic of her race and consistent with her habits, and with a life spent, doubtless, much in the open air. The artist has not over-refined his subject, but gives us just what one would expect to see in a genuine portrait. Her dark bluish-grey eyes look steadfastly at the spectator, her hair, which curls naturally, is dark brown, and in it she wears a white rose. At her bosom is a bunch of red and white roses, and she carries a wreath of the same flowers in her left hand ; her gown is blue and close fitting, with white sleeves ; over her shoulders is a red and blue tartan plaid.

The portrait here given is by Hudson and said to be from life.

When one thinks of "Butcher" Cumberland, "that mushroom thing called Cumberland" whose burly figure may be seen in several pictures at the National Portrait Gallery, and of the sickening brutalities which followed the suppression of the Rebellion, it is satisfactory to know that Flora Macdonald escaped lightly. She was arrested, sent to London, and imprisoned for a short time in the Tower ; eventually she was released on parole, and pardoned in 1747. Ultimately she married Allan Macdonald, and died, after a long and eventful life in America, at Kingsburgh in the Highlands.

To return to the wanderer : "When escape seemed impossible, Flora Macdonald undertook to save him at all hazards to herself. She was the step-daughter, it may be remembered, of a captain in the militia which then occupied the island. From him she obtained a passport to proceed to Skye, for herself, a manservant, and a maid who was termed Betty Burke ; the part of Betty was to be played by the Chevalier. When the female dress was brought to him, he was found alone in a little hut upon the shore, roasting the heart of a sheep upon a wooden spit. Embark-

ing the same evening, they were by daybreak the next day far at sea in an open boat without any land in view."

"Soon, however, the dark mountains of Skye rose upon the horizon. Approaching that coast at Waternish they were received with a volley of musketry from the soldiers stationed there; but none of the balls took effect, and the rowers vigorously plying their oars bore the fugitives away from that scene of danger and enabled them to disembark at another point."

By means of Lady Margaret Macdonald, Charles was entrusted to the charge of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the kinsman and factor of her husband. As they went to his house, "Betty Burke," unused to woman's attire, held his petticoats up so high when they crossed the streams on the way as to excite the surprise and laughter of people on the road. The Prince's condition at this time is set forth in vivid colours in the "Culloden Papers," wherein Sir Alexander Macdonald says that "Charles accosted Kingsburgh with telling him that his life was now in his hands; which he might dispose of; that he was in the utmost distress, having had no meat or sleep for two days and two nights, sitting on a rock, beat upon by rains; and when they ceased, eat up by flies, conjured him to show compassion but for one night and he should be gone. This moving speech prevailed and the visible distress, for he was meagre, ill-coloured and overrun with the scab; so they went to Kingsburgh's house." The factor has described the Prince as being dressed in very ill-fitting woman's attire and coming to him brandishing a thick stick. O'Neill, who was his companion, tells us the dress was a flowered linen gown, and light coloured and quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet, made with a hood after the Irish fashion.

At the house Kingsburgh's daughter, seven years old, rushed into the room announcing that her papa had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen." The copy of a print representing Charles as Betty Burke, I owe to the kindness of Miss Warrender.

It was Sunday, it grew late, and the Prince having to proceed early on the morrow, his host urged him to retire to rest, and attempted to remove the china punch bowl from which they had been drinking. His guest, pressing for more drink, retained his hold of it, and in the struggle it was broken. The pieces were preserved, sent to London, and riveted together, and the bowl was in 1889 in the hands of Kingsburgh's great-great-grand-daughter, Miss Margaret MacAlister Williamson.



On July 24 Charles "joined the 'famous' Glenmoriston men at Coiraghoth in the Braes of Glenmoriston. Here the Prince was lodged in a cave, with the finest purling stream that could be found running by his bedside within the grotto, as comfortably as if he had been in a royal palace." There he remained till the 28th, when he removed to Coirmheadhain and resided in a grotto, no less romantic than the former, for four days.

Mr. Ross, formerly Provost of Inverness, who visited the first-named cave in 1888, sketched it, and furnished Mr. Blackie with the following account. It is, he says, "a cavern formed by the great masses of rock at the bottom of a talus from the hill above, in fact a cavity in a cairn of stones. The roof of the cavity is formed by a peculiarly shaped mass, very much resembling three quarters of an umbrella resting on a spur of rock. The floor of the cave takes a crescent form, the entrance being at the south-west, and coming round by the north to the north-east. About the centre was what appeared to be a hearth, and the south-east would have formed the bed. The bottom of the cavern was of gravel and a pure rivulet of water passed close under the east side of the cave."

In the Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward, compiled from the "Lyon in Mourning," supplemented by W. B. Blackie and published by the Scottish History Society in 1897, will be found a full description of a remarkable map of the Prince's wanderings made by Colonel Grante, a French officer in James' service. I am indebted to Colonel Anstruther Thomson for permission to reproduce it in small. The original is in nine large sheets.

It contains a summary of the campaign from July 14, 1745 (N.S.), to October 10 in the following year. I print it as being useful for reference.

#### DATES DES EVENEMENTS LES PLUS CONSIDERABLES.

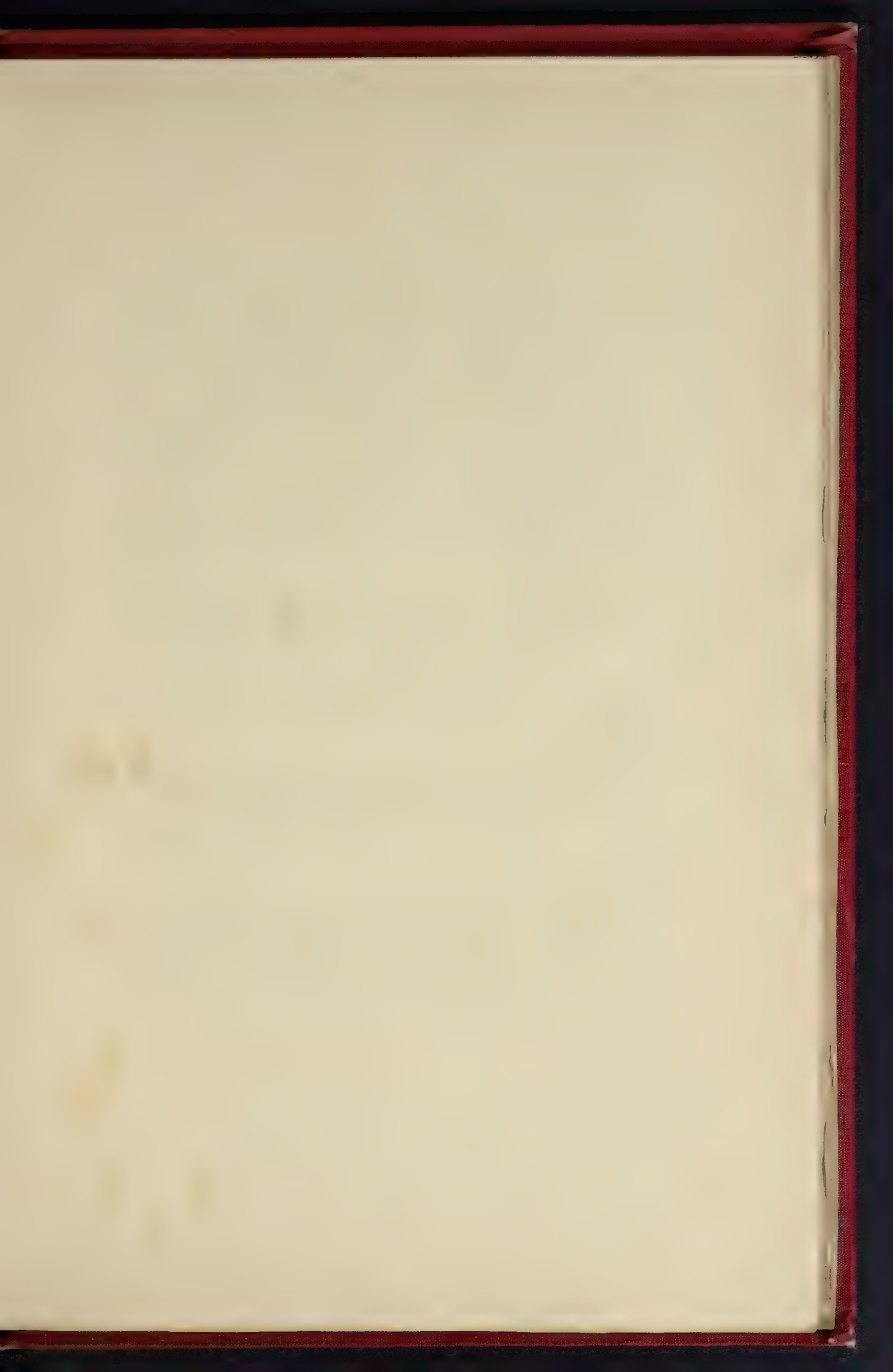
L' An. 1745. N. St.

- Juillet 14. Le Prince partit de S. Nazaire en Bretagne à bord d'une Fregate de 18. Canons, et fut joint en passant par Belleisle par le Vaisseau de guerre l' Elisabeth de 66. Canons, qui avoit l' ordre de luy servir d'escorte.  
 20. Il se donna un combat entre l' Elifabeth, et le Lion Vaisseau de Guerre Anglois de 58. Canons.  
 26. Le Prince mit pied à terre en Ecoise sur la Côte de Lochaber.  
 Aoust. 30. Il plante l' Etendart Royal.

- Septem. 14. Il arriva à la Ville de Dunkeld, ou il fit proclamer Roy son Pere.  
 15. Il arriva à la Ville de Perth.  
 24. Il passa la Riviere de Forth au gué de Freu.  
 28. Il prit possession d'Edimbourg, et y fit aussi proclamer Roy son Pere.
- Octob. 2. Le Samedi à la pointe du jour il gagna la Bataille de Preston, ou de Gladesmuir contre le General Cope.  
 6. Il revint à Edimbourg.
- Novem. 6 } Le Duc de Cumberland arriva dans la Tamise de Flandres, avec les  
 7 } troupes, tandis, que les Hollandois au nombre de 6000. débarquerent  
 8 9 } à Newcastle et à Barwick.  
 11. Le Prince partit d'Edimbourg pour l'Angleterre avec son armée.  
 17. Il passa la Riviere de Tweed à Kelso.  
 19. Il arriva à Longtown, ou il entra en Angleterre.  
 24. Il commença le Siège de la Ville de Carlisle.  
 26. La Ville se rendit.  
 28. Le General Wade vint de Newcastle camper à Hexham.  
 30. Le Roy fut proclamé à Carlisle.
- Decemb. 1. Le Prince partit de Carlisle pour Londres avec son Armée.  
 13. Après avoir passé par Lancaster, Preston, et Manchester, il arriva à Congleton à 12. milles du Duc, qui étoit campé à Stone.  
 15. Il arriva à Derby à 98. milles de Londres, et à 30. milles du Duc, qui s'étoit retiré à Coventry.  
 17. Il partit de Derby, et commença sa retraite par la même chemin vers Carlisle. Le General Wade vint le même jour à Doncaster.  
 29. Il se fit un Choc à Clifton entre l'arrière-garde du Prince et l'avant-garde du Duc.  
 30. Le Prince arriva à Carlisle.  
 31. Il arriva à Longtown, ou il repassa en Ecoise.

L'An. 1746.

- Janvier 2. Carlisle fut investie par l'Armée du Duc.  
 3. Quelques Troupes du parti du Prince desfirent les Mac-leods à Inverury.  
 6. Le Prince arriva à Glasgow avec son Armée.  
 11. La Ville de Carlisle se rendit à l'Ennemi.  
 16. Le Prince arriva à Bannocksburn, devant la Ville de Sterling.  
 17. Il somma la Ville, et le Chateau.  
 18. La tranchée fut ouverte devant la Ville.  
 20. Il prit possession de la Ville.  
 21. Le Royal Regiment Ecoissois, et les piquets Irlandois arriverent de Perth à Sterling.  
 22. On fit l'attaque de la batterie à Elphinston à 5. milles de Falkirk par l'Escadre de l'Amiral Bing.  
 23. La tranchée fut ouverte devant le Chateau de Sterling.  
 24. Les Ennemis sous le General Hawley, vinrent à camper à Falkirk.  
 28. Le Prince marcha à eux et gagna la bataille de Falkirk.









CXXII.

MAP OF THE WANDERINGS OF PRINCE  
CHARLES EDWARD.







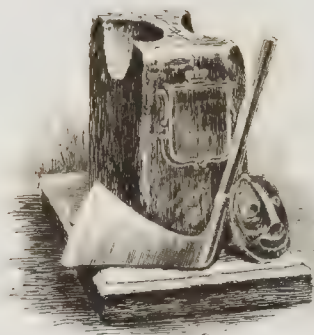


- Janvier 31. Il revint à Sterling voir la tranchée.  
 10. Le Duc de Cumberland vint de Londres à Edimbourg.  
 11. Le Duc fit marcher ses troupes d'Edimbourg à Linlithgo.  
 12. Le Prince commença sa retraite pour le Nord, et repassa la Rivière à Forth au gué de Freu.  
 19. Le Hefois au nombre de 6000. débarquerent à Leith proche Edimbourg.  
 21. Le Prince prit possession du Fort de Ruthven de Badenoch, qu'il fit demolir.  
 25. Les Hessois commencerent leur route vers le Nord par Linlithgo.
- Mars. 3. Le Prince vint devant la Ville d'Inverness, et en chassa le Lord Loudon et ses troupes, qui estoient de 2000 hommes.  
 6. La tranchée fut ouverte devant le Fort George.  
 8. Le Fort se rendit, et fut demoli quelque temps apres.  
 10. Le Prince vint prendre son quartier à Inverness.  
 13. On fit sauter le Fort de Kilwhimen.  
 14. La tranchée fut ouverte devant le Fort Auguste.  
 15. On fit fauter par des Bombes le magasin à poudre avec une maison.  
 17. Le fort se rendit, et fut ensuite demoli.  
 19. On s'empara de deux Vaisseaux au petit Ferry.  
 19. On fit le blocus du Chateau de Blaire.  
 20. Les Hefois arriverent à Dunkeld et à Weemb, et le General Campbell prit son quartier avec ses gens à Inverary.  
 27. On fit à Keith des prisonniers, qu'on envoya en France.  
 28. L'avant-garde du Duc campà à Strabogie.  
 29. Surprise des Campbels à Kannach proche Blair.  
 30. La tranchée fut ouverte devant le Fort Guillaume.  
 5. Prise du Vaisseau le Prince Charles dans la Baye de Tung.  
 13. On leva le Siege du Fort Guillaume, et le bloc du Chateau de Blair.  
 22. Toute l'Armée Ennemie s'assembla à Cullen.  
 23. Les Ennemis passerent la Rivière de Spey.  
 24. Il vinrent camper à Nairn.  
 27. Se donna la Bataille de Culloden.
- Septem. 30. Le Prince après avoir erré dans les Isles et les Montagnes, partit pour s'en retourner en France, de Boradel Village sur la côte de Lochaber, par ou il estoit entré d'abord en Ecoffe.
- Octob. 9. Il traversa la Flote Angloise devant Brest, sans en avoir ete decouvert.  
 20. Il arriva à Roscof, et de là à S. Pol de Leon en Bretagne.

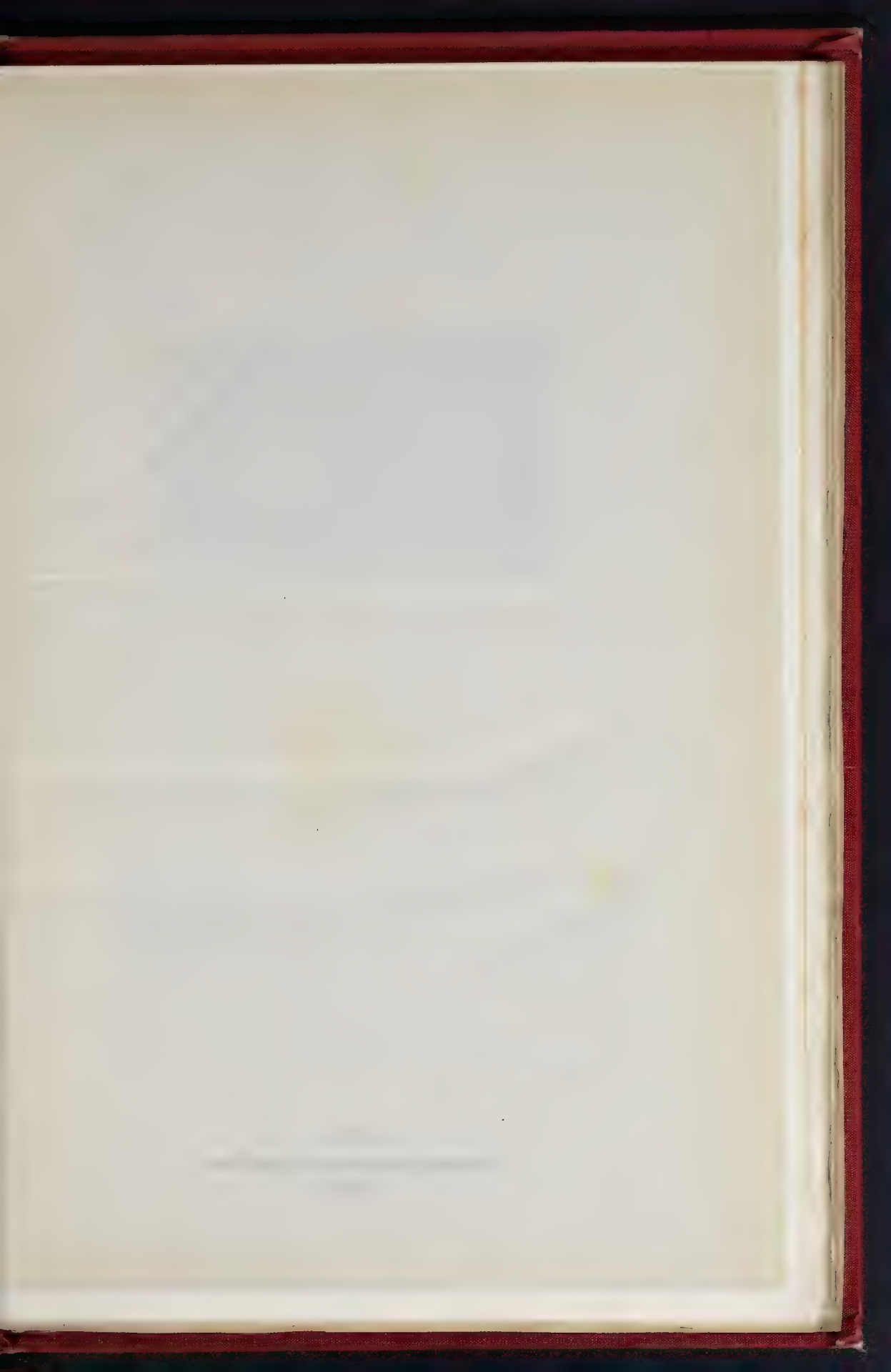
The story of the five months' weary wanderings cannot be told here in all its details, but those who wish to follow the Young Chevalier's footsteps may do so in the pages of Chambers' excellent history, and the actual course of them may be seen upon the map which is reproduced and has just been described.

In Appendix D. will be found a letter in the Prince's own handwriting after his escape, in which he thanks God he is "safe aboard ye vessell."

The second act of the tragedy of Charles Edward's life may be said to end on September 29, when the fugitive landed at the little port of Roscoff near Morlaix, *sans* everything save a ruined cause, bitter memories, and, it may be, hopes destined never to be realised.





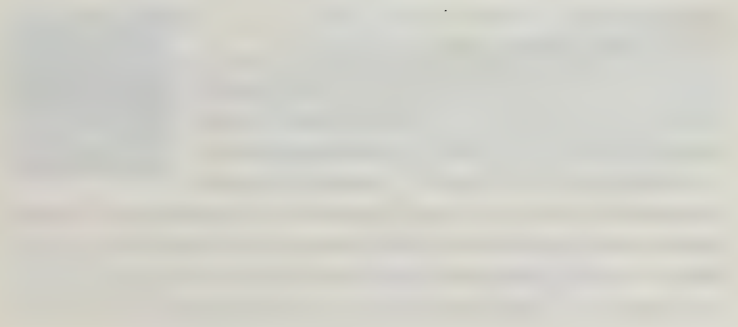




CXXIII.

HEADSMAN'S BLOCK AND AXE IN THE TOWER.

*C. Boucher.*



CXXIV.

TOMB OF THE STUARTS, IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.





## CHAPTER XVII

### THE END

Here's to the king, sir,  
Ye ken wha' I mean, sir.—JACOBITE SONG.



THE preceding chapter dealt with the youth of Charles Edward, showed the disastrous course of his Scottish campaign, and traced an outline of the wonderful escapes which followed it. The third act of his career is one upon which his friends would gladly drop the curtain of oblivion. When the Prince returned to France in the autumn of 1746, Louis, in spite of all that had happened, renewed his assurances of assistance, but now, the help must be conditional: Ireland must be ceded as the price of the French King's support. "Tout ou rien, point de partage," was Charles' reply. Time passed on



until in 1748 even promises failed, and, as the outcome of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the Young Chevalier was requested to quit France. He refused, and his refusal brought upon him the indignity of being expelled by force. He then removed to Avignon, but still the Hanoverian Government objected, whereupon he departed no one knows whither.

For the next few years his movements are shrouded in mystery. We hear of him being secretly in Paris with his mistress, Miss Walkinshaw. He was undoubtedly in London in 1750, when he is said to have declared himself a Protestant, in the belief that it would improve his chances of succeeding to the throne, and curry favour with his English supporters. According to a writer in "Notes and Queries" this espousal took place at St. Mary's le Strand. He is even said to have taken a turn in the Mall. Mrs. Hetherington and Lady Primrose were the ladies who entertained the Prince. Some say he was also here in 1752, and again in 1754; but all his efforts to rouse the Jacobites proved fruitless. And now the shadows deepen, and one would fain draw the veil, for the pity of it is that the descendant of a long line of kings, the object of so much loyalty and devotion, the "bonnie" Prince who had won the hearts of the Highlanders, had become a confirmed drunkard. Excuses can be found; the evil habit to which he abandoned himself was doubtless acquired in his wanderings, when exposed to many hardships, to wet and cold.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who has made a careful study of the Stuart papers at Windsor and other sources of information, says that the result of "a close inquiry" into his history yields melancholy results. This conclusion will probably excite no surprise, as the broad facts of the case were always known, further examination of them does but add confirmation. On the other hand, according to the same writer, "the personal character of James III. and of the Cardinal Duke of York have nothing to lose and much to gain by minute inspection."

Dr. William King, who was Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxon, and a Tory of the old school, has left us an unflattering picture of Charles Edward from which a few extracts may prove of interest.

"As to his person," he says, "he is tall and well made, but stoops a little, owing perhaps to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has an handsome face and good eyes . . . but in a polite company he would not pass for a genteel man."

"He hath a quick apprehension, and speaks French, Italian, and



CXXV.

CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE, ADVANCED IN YEARS.

*T. Blanchet.*









English, the last with a little of a foreign accent. As to the rest very little care seems to have been taken of his education . . . I found him unacquainted with the history and constitution of England . . . I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments . . . or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause. But the worst part of his character is his love of money . . . King Charles II. during his banishment would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his family. But I have known this gentleman (Prince Charles Edward) with 2000 louis d'ors in his strong box pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris who was not in affluent circumstances. As to his religion," continues the Doctor, "he is certainly free from all bigotry and superstition . . . with the Catholics he is a Catholic, with the Protestants he is a Protestant, and to convince the latter of his sincerity he often carried an English Common Prayer Book in his pocket, and sent to Gordon, a non-juring clergyman, to christen the first child he had by Mrs. W."

It is to the Prince's connection with this lady, says Doctor King (who uses a much harsher term), that the blasting of all his hopes and pretensions is to be attributed. She had, he avers, no elegance of manners, and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they exposed themselves very frequently, not only to their own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarrelled and sometimes fought.

As to this writer's knowledge of Charles, I should add that in September 1750 Lady Primrose sent for the Doctor and introduced him to the Prince, who remained five days in London, and had long conversations with him.

The Doctor fell into bad repute with the Jacobites, as he went to Court in 1761 with the Chancellor and other dignitaries of the University on the occasion of King George III.'s marriage.

By 1784 animosity must have quite died down, for we find Walpole writing to Sir Horace Mann: "If the Count (Charles Edward) himself has any feeling left, he must rejoice to hear that the descendants of many of his martyrs are to be restored to their forfeited estates in Scotland by an Act just passed."

But drunkenness is not all that was laid to the charge of Charles Edward. The woman who quitted her home to follow him and share his fortunes was treated with such brutality that even she left him in

1760. And here it may be noted that she was sister to the house-keeper of the Dowager Princess of Wales, and it is more than hinted that information about the movements of Charles Edward was always forthcoming when the English Government required it. In 1766 James III. died and Charles was King—but of what realm? The Young Chevalier was never the monarch “half grotesque, half pitiable, of a sham Court” as his father had been for thirty years, and, unlike James, he made no pretensions to regal state. He went to Rome, but Pope Benedict would not acknowledge him as King, and so, laying aside his Royal title, he henceforth termed himself the Count d'Albany.

Six years later he married Louisa, the young Princess of Stolberg. The Jacobite badge belonging to Mr. Andrew Lang, which I figure in my book on “British Miniature Painters and their Works,” contains a portrait reputed to be of her, it resembles that in the back of the jewel of the Order of St. Andrew, shown in the Scottish Regalia at Edinburgh Castle.

Judging from the miniature by Ozias Humphrey, which has been engraved, the Princess must have been handsome, and Dr. Moore, who saw her at Florence four years after her marriage, described her as a beautiful woman, much beloved by all who knew her. Pompeo Batoni, who was the fashionable painter at Rome at the end of the eighteenth century, painted her, and a picture by him is now in the National Portrait Gallery. It represents her as having soft fine grey and light brown hair, grey eyes and a pink complexion. By its side hangs another picture which represents the Count in advanced age; it is not dated, but was painted probably near the close of his life. His eyes which are rather full, are brown in colour, his under-lip is decidedly sensual, his face is flabby, and he has a double chin. He wears a Roman-red coat and the Order of the Garter.

A union in which there was a disparity of thirty-two years, coupled with the imperious fretful temper of Charles and the debauched habits he had contracted, could hardly be expected to yield happy results; nor did it. It is to be feared there is but little exaggeration in Walpole's account of the final rupture which is contained in a letter to Lady Ossory in 1781. He says: “The ancient sovereigns of this isle are come to a nonplus too. The Countess of Albany is retired into a convent. You know they live at Florence. Last St. Andrew's Day, who is the favourite saint there too (*sic*), the Count got beastly drunk . . . the Countess complaining, he tore

28 JULY, 1746.

Thanks to God I am arriving  
safe at our beloved, which  
is a very pleasant one, with  
has an 8th regiment as well  
bet as good as first as  
36. Guns and 12 second 32.  
I have spoken to Lord  
and his demands are as  
that being not yet arrived  
towards and what he is  
when I come to the other  
ven to his Brother for  
a magnificent and I have  
I think by that proportion  
will be sufficient to give  
them a thousand good a  
me and for labels of the  
up to the end of the year  
as well as a party and the  
have not been too expensive  
more particular. I think  
I should have a hundred  
pound. I wish you would

28<sup>th</sup> 1746  
 ends for your self to know  
 point, all this is for you  
 and call upon to more as the  
 are to think of what more  
 and be necessary to be given  
 I forgot to speak to you of  
 things which you have  
 hidden. There is a box of  
 which I spoke to of which  
 to breakfast full of things  
 and delicately which I have a  
 wish for and would wish you  
 things are, should be taken  
 of them, as also several  
 other respects which are  
 so much to be desired, and that  
 makes me put a value as  
 on them, I have nothing  
 more particular to add  
 at present and so shall end  
 assuring you of my constant  
 friendship Charles. P. R.  
 P. S. I begd you apart to not  
 of your friend I am your  
 friend





her hair, and endeavoured to strangle her. Her screams alarmed the family, and saved her. She privately acquainted the Great Duke, and by his authority and connivance she contrived to take shelter in a convent, declaring she will never return to her husband again, who has in vain reclaimed her from the Great Duke."

In the diplomatic correspondence of Sir Horace Mann, the English Envoy at Florence and friend of Horace Walpole, will be found other particulars of this lady, as to whom one thing is certain, namely, that after her separation from Charles she lived with the poet Alfieri in Paris and in Florence, nor, except for brief intervals, did she ever thereafter leave him. His death in the latter city in 1803 alone divided them.

The Countess of Albany was not only in London in 1791, but actually went to Court, as we may learn from Hannah More's *Memoirs*, wherein the latter relates, "the thing most amusing to me was to see among the ladies the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife of the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne which she might once have expected to have mounted . . . and it happened (the visit to the House of Lords to hear the King make his speech) on the 10th of June, the Pretender's birthday." Nor did the gossip-loving owner of Strawberry Hill overlook this piquant episode. He writes to Miss Berri, "She (the Countess) is to be introduced by her great-grandfather's niece, the young Countess of Aylesbury. That curiosity should bring her here I do not quite wonder, still less that she abhorred her husband, but methinks it is not very well bred to his family, nor very sensible; but a new way of passing eldest. . . . I have had an exact account of the interview of the two Queens from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well dressed and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general topics: the Queen in the same way, but less. . . . The Queen looked at her earnestly. . . . Another odd accident at the Opera at the Pantheon, Madame d'Albany was carried into the King's box and sat there."

The Miss Walkinshaw to whom reference has been made was the daughter of John Walkinshaw, Baron of Barrowfield. Charles made her acquaintance at Bannockburn during the siege of Stirling. By the courtesy of Mrs. Wedderburn Ogilvy I am able to show a portrait of her from a miniature. She was a tall dark girl, somewhere about



the Prince's own age when he crossed her path. After a few days she consented to share his fortunes "whatever the issue of his enterprise might be." We have seen that Charles' behaviour drove her from him, but, as the end of his days drew near, he, absolutely lonely, doubtless unhappy, sent for his daughter, who had been living with her mother in a convent near Paris on a moderate pension from Cardinal York, legitimated her, and made her a Duchess, his heiress, and the companion of his life. Her arrival at Florence "occasioned some little bustle in the town. A French lady who for thirty years has been totally neglected, but in a sudden transformed into a Duchess excited the curiosity of both sexes. . . . She is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well made, but that the features of her face resemble too much those of her father to be handsome. She is gay, lively, and very affable, and has the behaviour of a well-bred Frenchwoman." Her portrait by Gavin Hamilton, the property of the Dowager Countess of Seafeld, is here given.


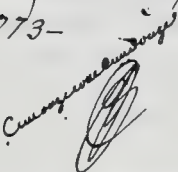
She was termed the Lady Charlotte FitzStuart, was regarded by her father with much affection, and was a favourite in Florentine society. In Sir Horace Mann's correspondence various projects for her marriage are discussed. Walpole tells Lady Ossory that the new Duchess will inherit jewels and effects to the amount at least of £100,000. This is somewhat at variance with the picture he draws in another letter of Charles Edward's poverty, which he describes as such that "when the King of Sweden was last at Florence he found the Count of Albany in a wretched condition, destitute even of an exchequer to pay his household." Elsewhere he says, "What a wretched conclusion of a wretched family! surely no Royal race was ever so drawn to the dregs."

It is perhaps not surprising that Henry Benedict Maria Clemens Stuart, commonly known as Cardinal York, plays so unimportant a part in the story of the Stuarts. In the first place, whilst his father and his elder brother were alive, his nearness to the throne to which they laid claim was not such as to make him of supreme importance. Then his character and career were so colourless by the side of his brother's that he was quite overshadowed. Above all it was his entry into the priesthood of the Romish Church which divorced him from the aims and hopes of the Jacobites, and placed him outside practical politics altogether. And this step, momentous as regards his own fortune, at any rate, was taken at a comparatively early age. There is a long letter extant from the Old

Saigner vous donc Madame la comtesse  
et conserver vous, pour édifier, et charmer le monde.

De regrette que M<sup>lle</sup> Wright ne sache parler  
que l'Anglais, et que je n'entende cette langue  
que dans les livres. De ne puis guère joindre  
de la Société, mais je tâche de lui en proposer  
qui lui convienne. Porter les personnes qui me  
servent adieu par vous, ont droit à mes égards  
et je me ferai toujours une gloire de vous  
témoigner combien je vous estime, et je vous  
vénère. De vous prie d'en être persuadée  
aussi que des sentiments d'admiration avec  
lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être Madame  
la comtesse votre très humble et très dévoué  
serviteur Louise de Stolberg Comtesse  
d'Albany

FAC-SIMILE OF PORTION OF A LETTER FROM LOUISE OF STOLBERG

  
Vous tiendrez à la disposition de M<sup>le</sup> le Marquis  
Jérôme Bellin la somme de vingt mille livres  
Tournois, que vous placerez à mon compte que vous  
tenez avec Joseph Cantini et Jérôme B. Ancier.  
1773-  
 Henry Cardinal.

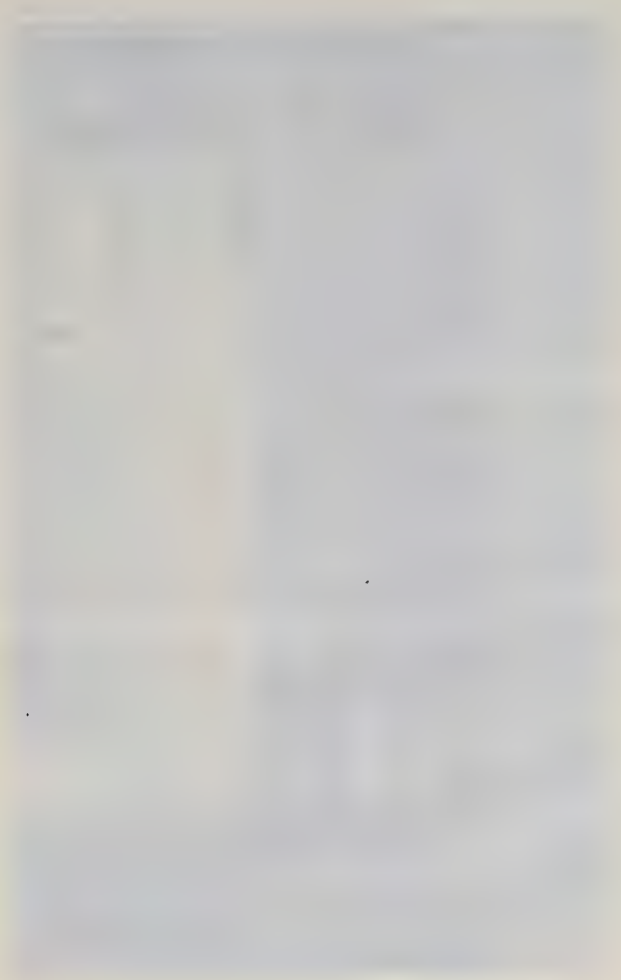
FAC-SIMILE OF THE WRITING OF CARDINAL YORK

Chevalier to Charles Edward dated from Albany, June 1747, in which he acquaints "his dearest Carluccio" (as he terms his elder son in his correspondence) that his (Charles') brother the Duke will be made a Cardinal "the first day of next month." He goes on to vindicate his son Henry's determination, and says, "I am fully convinced of the sincerity of his vocation." Although he doubts whether the step will meet with Charles' approval, he adds, "I should have thought I had greatly failed in both paternal care and affection had I not endeavoured by all means to secure to him, as much as in me lay, that tranquillity and happiness which I was sensible it was impossible for him to enjoy in any other state."

This letter throws light on the attitude of the Young Chevalier to his father and to his brother, which, if true, places Charles in a very unamiable light; thus James says, "Your silence towards your brother, and what you writ to me about him since he left Paris, would do you little honour if they were known; and are mortifications your brother did not deserve, but which cannot alter his sentiments towards you." As for himself he goes on, "I have acted for this long while towards you more like a son than a father . . . you remain master."

But there does not seem to have been anything masterful about Henry, either in disposition or in appearance. There are numerous portraits of him, three or four being in the National Portrait Gallery; judging by them he was extremely like his brother in face, as long as they were both young. His hair and eyes are a warm brown, his features refined and his face wears a kindly expression. That he was a truly amiable man there can be no doubt; it is apparent in every line of the face in the portrait which belongs to the Duke of Hamilton, in which he stands with an open book in both hands, a crown and a mitre on a cushion by his side; and the subjoined letter addressed to the Old Chevalier and dated Clichy, October 17, 1746, shows his affectionate disposition towards his brother, and is much to his credit.

"The very morning," he says, "after I writ you my last, I had the happiness of meeting with my dearest brother. He did not know me at first sight, but I am sure I knew him very well, for he is not in the least altered since I saw him, except grown somewhat broader and fatter, which is incomprehensible after all the fatigues he has endured. Your Majesty may conceive better than I can express in writing the tenderness of our



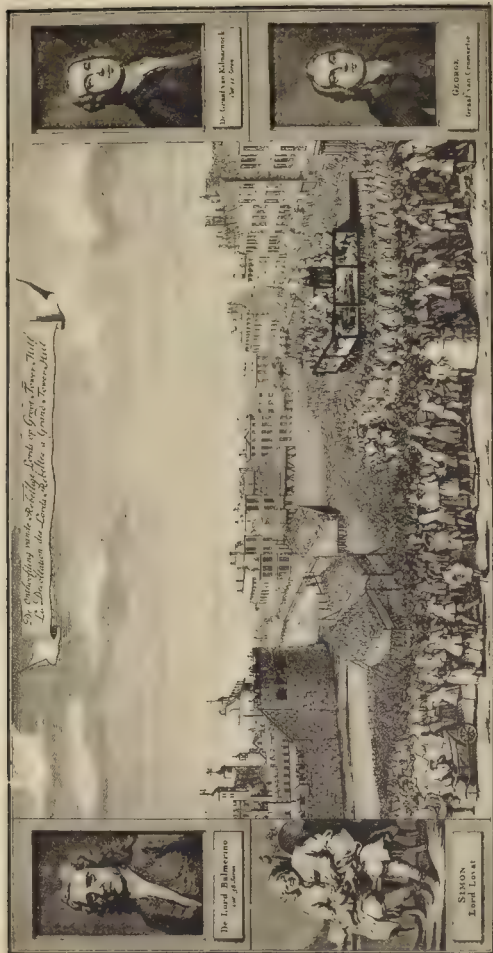
CXXVI.

EXECUTION OF LORDS KILMARNOCK AND  
BALMERINO.









Die Revolution von 1848 in Berlin  
 Die Revolution von 1848 in Berlin  
 Die Revolution von 1848 in Berlin



Die Königin von Preussen  
 Marie von Preussen



Die Königin von Preussen  
 Marie von Preussen



Die Königin von Preussen  
 Marie von Preussen



Die Königin von Preussen  
 Marie von Preussen

Die Revolution von 1848 in Berlin  
 Die Revolution von 1848 in Berlin  
 Die Revolution von 1848 in Berlin



first meeting. Those that were present said they never saw the like in their lives : and indeed, I defy the whole world to show another brother so kind and loving as he is to me. For my part I can safely say all my endeavours tend to no other end but that of deserving so much goodness as he has for me. . . . The Prince sees, and will scarce see anybody but myself for a few days, that he may have a little time to rest before he is plagued by all the world, as to be sure he will when once he sees company. I go every day to dine with him. Yesterday I brought him privately to see my house : I perceive he has as much '*gout*' for the chase as he ever had.

" Most humbly asking your Majesty's blessing,

" I remain your most dutiful son,

" HENRY."

In the year 1688 James II. abdicated ; just one hundred years after this date his grandson, Prince Charles Edward, died in Rome.

The Cardinal does not appear to have taken steps at any time to assert his Royal position, and, indeed, during the later years of his life he accepted an annual pension of £4000 from the English Government. There were still some who, crying "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi*," styled him Henry IX. and Walpole tells Miss Berri in 1791, "I hear there is a medal struck at Rome as Henry IX., which, as one of their Papal Majesties was so abominably mean as to deny the Royal title to the brother, though for Rome he lost a crown, I did not know they allow his brother to assume."

Henry Benedict was born at Rome, March 6, 1723. He was Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, Dean of the Sacred College, Vice-Chancellor of the Roman Church, Arch-priest of St. Peter's, and Prefect of the fabric of St. Peter's. He died at Frascati, July 1807, and in the Cathedral Church there is a monument to his memory. In the same building is also a monument to Prince Charles Edward erected by the Cardinal, on it the date of Charles Edward's death is given as January 31, 1788, he being sixty-seven years and one month old. This gives the date of his birth as 1720, probably on December 28.

Over the remains of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. has been erected a noble Cenotaph by Canova in St. Peter's at Rome, thus inscribed :

## THE STUARTS

JACOBO III.

Jacobo II · Magnæ Brit · Regis · filio.

KAROLO · EDVARDO

et · Henrico · decano · patrum · Cardinalium

JACOBI · III · Filiis

Regiæ · stirpis · Stvardiæ · postremis

anno M.DCCC.XIX.

"Beati Mortui

Qui in domino moriuntur."

Recurring to the monument in St. Peter's, it has been said "the cause had long been buried by Charles himself," and the fate of the three is described by a line which Lord Mahon found amongst the Young Chevalier's papers, and prints in his History of England, "De vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup plus de mourir." But the tomb is not, as is generally supposed, to be ascribed to the generosity of the House of Hanover, which, barring a paltry subscription of fifty pounds from "the finest gentleman of Europe," had nothing to do with its erection. The monument in St. Peter's is in the south aisle, against the first pier of the nave. It is of white marble, and about fifteen feet high, built in the form of a frustum of a pyramid, and surmounted above in entablature by the Royal arms of England. . . . The figures of the angels are amongst Canova's finest works, "exquisitely beautiful" a writer terms them in "Notes and Queries," from whence this account is taken. The bodies of these last representatives of a fallen race of kings are not under this tomb, but are buried in the crypt under the dome, and in that portion of it called the Grotto Vecchio. There, in the first aisle to the left on entering, against the wall is a tomb about six feet long by three wide and this contains all that is left of the ashes of the last of the Stuarts. Over it is a plain marble slab with the inscriptions: "This is the burial place of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England." Opposite to this is the monument of Maria Clementina, who died at Rome, January 18, 1735. It is an elaborate marble structure from the designs of Barigioni, relieved by a ground of blue sky and clouds painted on the wall. It was erected by the Fabbrica di S. Pietro at the cost of 18,000 scudi. Her heart is in the church of SS. Apostoli in a verde-antico urn, surmounted by a crown over which two angels hover.



The number of oil paintings, miniatures, engravings, and medals of the Stuarts which exist is legion. On the one side, loyal adherents demanded and cherished them; on the other side, self-interest on the part of the originals, prompted a supply as of importance in keeping alive and stimulating the feelings of attachment, especially as access to their Royal persons was difficult, and, in many cases, impossible. These are some of the reasons which may be adduced for the large numbers of portraits of the family which are to be found.

The following letter from the "Calendar of Stuart Papers" shows clearly the great importance which the Old Chevalier, at any rate, attached to the display of a portrait of himself.

JAMES III. to CARDINAL CAPRARA.

1707, March 28.—Though I could not learn without some displeasure that my portrait had not been exhibited in the Church of the English College the day of the feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, as is the custom, I decided to make no complaint on which you had written to Lord Caryll, that Cardinal Paulucci had informed you it was the desire of his Holiness that no portrait should be exhibited at the national feasts in order to avoid the disorders that might result under present circumstances, and on the supposition that this custom had been generally interrupted for some time. But being since informed that the suppression of this ceremony has taken place with regard only to myself, and that everybody considers it a sort of slight done to me, I beg you without loss of time to convey my complaint to his Holiness and to demand of him a reparation both suitable and as speedy as possible. For this purpose I believe the day on which the next feast of St. George, patron of England, is celebrated, might be chosen for exhibiting my portrait in the said church. I further wish you to act in this matter in concert with Cardinal de la Tremoille, who has received orders from the King, his master, to interest himself therein. *French. Entry Book 1, p. 48.*

Again, Prince Charles Edward seems always to have had miniatures of himself for distribution, in spite of his trouble and poverty. The mention of these portraits brings one back to the subject—the fascinating subject—of Stuart relics generally, a topic upon which I have already said a good deal. The appetite for these relics appears keen, robust, and lasting. As is well known, her late Majesty Queen Victoria was greatly interested in the acquisition of objects connected with Mary Queen of Scots, and there are many things of high historic value preserved at Windsor relating to



other members of the Stuart family, *e.g.*, the elaborately ornamented and gilded suit of tilting-armour which belonged to Henry, Prince of Wales : another suit which was made for Charles I. : the onyx "George" of the latter, and a beautiful silver-gilt cup of Nuremberg work which was his. This was presented by the King to a master of Queen's College, Oxford, but about 1820 it again became the property of the Royal family.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany also owns many interesting relics, some of which I am privileged to reproduce. Foremost among them as works of art may be put the beautiful enamels and ivory miniatures of Prince Charles Edward and Cardinal York. Although these are not identical, there is a close similarity between them, and they would appear to have been executed by the same artist. The portrait of the elder represents him wearing a scarlet coat, and the blue Ribbon and Star of the Garter. The Cardinal is in a grey velvet suit, also wearing the Ribbon of the Garter. Their own hair, tied with a knot of black ribbon, shows beneath the powdered wigs. *A propos* the hair, the Duchess of Albany possesses a beautiful lock of Prince Charles Edward's hair ; it is of a real golden brown.

The small enamel of the Young Chevalier shown in this volume, from the Claremont collection, seems identical with the portrait figured in the memorials of John Murray of Broughton, recently issued by the Scottish History Society. The latter is said to have once been the property of the Prince's Secretary (Broughton) himself. It now belongs Mr. Andrew Lang. The presumption is that the portrait is one of unquestionable fidelity, the only difference observable in the example from Claremont being that there is less shown of the figure. Another portrait of about the same period is a medallion representing the elder prince in profile and bearing the motto "Alter ab illo." This is similar to the obverse of a well-known medal by Otto Hamerani commemorating the birth of the Young Chevalier. On the reverse of this fine medal is shown Prince Henry wearing armour. The pen-and-ink profile of Prince Charles Edward is of truly admirable execution, but I am unable to give the artist's name. It is believed to be one of four known examples.

Another interesting souvenir, is a silver medal struck in anticipation of the triumph of the Jacobite cause. On one side is the inscription "Carolus Walliæ princeps," 1745. [On the reverse Britannia stands on the shore waiting the approach of a fleet ; she is holding a spear and a shield ;

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- (a) MISS WALKINSHAW.
- (b) COUNT OF ALBANY.
- (c) COUNTESS OF ALBANY.
- (d) DUCHESS OF ALBANY.









on the latter are the crosses of St. George and of St. Andrew, with the motto, "Amor et spes." This medal was probably struck in France when Prince Charles was preparing for the invasion of 1745, and was freely circulated amongst his adherents at home. Amongst the objects most highly prized at Clarendon is the Star of the Garter traditionally said to have been worn by the Young Chevalier at a ball at Holyrood, torn by him from his coat and given to Flora Macdonald. Alas that there should be any discrepancy between historical accuracy and picturesque legend! Unless I am mistaken, it was not at Edinburgh, but in the wilds of the Western Highlands that the young Prince met Flora Macdonald. The ball at Holyrood was given when his cause was triumphant for the moment, before the fatal day of Culloden, and before he was a fugitive. It is true Flora was in Edinburgh later, and doubtless then was fêted and honoured as she deserved to be.

The taste for collecting these and such-like memorials of the past is not confined by any means to exalted personages. According to Mr. Andrew Lang, two waistcoats worn by Prince Charles Edward fetched at a recent sale in Aberdeen the considerable sums of £61 and £35 15s. respectively; whilst an ordinary circular letter requesting an adherent "to rise," was sold for no less than £72! If such prices as these are obtainable, who shall appraise the value of some of the relics shown at the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery, and at Glasgow in 1901, when everything conceivable belonging to the family was to be seen, from the baby linen used at the christening of Charles I. at Dunfermline, to the chalice he used, on the morning of his execution, preserved at Welbeck; from the leading-strings of his father, to the rosary his grandmother used in the Hall of Fotheringhay, the highly treasured relic now belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, reproduced by the Earl Marshal's permission, and shown at the end of Chapter VIII. One of the most remarkable of all the precious heirlooms which I have been shown during the writing of this book, is the rosary of Henrietta Maria which the Duke of Portland possesses. This is the one that the Queen, in her necessity, pawned for £3000. It is made of six plum-stones and fifty cherry-stones, each minutely carved with subjects from Roman history and mythology. At Welbeck, too, is an ear-ring worn by Charles I. on the scaffold, as is testified by a note in the handwriting of Queen Mary II., "This pearle was taken out of ye King my grandfather's ear after he was beheaded, and given ye Princess Royall."

The medals struck in connection with the later Stuarts are numerous, admirable as works of art, and of considerable interest from every point of view. I am indebted to Miss Warrender, who possesses a collection, and who generously placed it at my disposal, for the opportunity of showing several of the most noteworthy; and I owe much to the courtesy of Mr. Grueber of the British Museum, who has kindly assisted me in a selection of some remarkable examples.

Perhaps, however, of all the Stuart relics extant, the voluminous papers preserved at Windsor must be accounted the most important, historically speaking, although it must be owned they have not the deep personal, often romantic interest possessed by many of the portraits and objects we have been considering. The letters and documents number, I believe, between sixty and seventy thousand. Any analysis, or even summary of such an enormous mass of correspondence is, of course, out of the question in this book, but just as these pages are being printed, the Historical Manuscripts Commission has presented the first volume of the "Calendar of Stuart Papers" to the House of Commons, and from the valuable introduction to this I am able to give a short account of how these documents come to be in the possession of the Crown. They were formerly the property of James III. and his sons Charles Edward and Henry, and were acquired by the Prince Regent on two different occasions.

The first collection was procured from the Abbé James Waters, the Procureur-Général of the English Benedictines at Rome, through Sir John Coxe Hippisley, who concluded a negotiation with the Abbé for the purchase of the papers in his possession. Italy at that time was in the hands of Napoleon, hence there was much difficulty in getting them over to this country. In 1805 the papers were deposited in the custody of the English Consul at Civita Vecchia, and a brig-of-war was sent to fetch them away, but the French, twelve days before, had occupied the town, and the brig's boats were not allowed to land. After this the Consul was thrown into a dungeon, but he had secreted the papers previously. Finally, with considerable risk, they were shipped to Leghorn, thence to Tunis, and afterwards to Malta. They arrived in England about 1810 and were placed in Carlton House library.

The second lot of papers were in the Cardinal Duke of York's possession at his death, and for many years lay neglected in a garret exposed to



CXXVIII.

HENRY, CARDINAL OF YORK.











rats and mice, being supposed to consist merely of tradesmen's bills. They were discovered by a Dr. Watson who bargained for them with Monsignore Tassoni, administrator of the Cardinal's estate. The purchase became known to the Papal Secretary of State, and the Governor of Rome declared the sale illegal, null, and void. They were afterwards offered on behalf of the Pope as a present to the Regent, and were made over on that account by Tassoni the original owner. The offer was accepted, and they were taken to London from Civita Vecchia. The British Government gave Watson £3600 in consideration of his services and claims.

The last Stuart relic to which I shall refer is the beautiful crucifix, composed of ivory and amber, once the property of Cardinal York, and now preserved at Syon House. By the courtesy of the Duke of Northumberland I am enabled to represent it. The mention of this treasured object brings us, after, I fear, a long digression, to the conclusion of this book, for with the death of Henry, in 1807, the personal history of the family, in a direct line, comes to an end.

The misfortunes of the Stuarts themselves are so absorbing that it has not been possible to devote more than a passing notice to their friends and foes; and when all is done, it seems as if one had but walked into a great gallery full of familiar faces of men and women of other times: had stopped before some well-known pictures, and compared pen-and-pencil portraits with them. Yet I know of no better method than that I have tried to follow if one desires to see these people as they really were, many of them so gifted, and nearly all so hapless. So much has been written about the Stuarts, so often have they been painted, that each one stands out before us as clearly as if in the flesh. One seems to hear the old-fashioned French, the sweet broken Scotch of Mary, the slight stammer of her grandson Charles; and one can see that monarch of melancholy mien wearing a great pearl in each ear, and dressed in the picturesque cavalier attire with which Van Dyck has made us so familiar. If this book, with the many portraits and relics it contains, helps to bring the originals, and former owners of these memorials before its readers, it has not been written in vain, and is a contribution, however imperfect, to the family history of the Stuarts. It has been truly said that their story has all the perennial freshness of a fairy tale. Moreover the scenes that crowd into one's memory are endless. We have seen Queen Mary a babe in Scotland,

a bride in sunny France ; have watched her, escaping from the crowded streets and ill-savoured wynds of Edinburgh, ride forth to the chase in the Highlands, rejoicing in the pure air and in the freedom of the mountain wilds ; later, have seen her pacing the leads of Sheffield Manor, like the caged lioness she was ; have heard the sobs of her weeping women in the Hall of Fotheringhay ; we have heard, too, the groan that went up from the crowd that bitter January morning when "the man Charles Stuart" stepped out of his own banqueting-house, to be taken back a headless corpse. We have been told how Charles II. spent his youth in weary years of exile at the Hague and elsewhere, getting no more good from idleness than other men do. We have stood beneath the oak at Boscobel ; and later, have walked with sober John Evelyn through the dissolute company at Whitehall on a Sunday evening ; have seen Monmouth, once the darling of that same Court, crouching in the bracken of the New Forest, dragged out a mud-stained, abject being ; and then marked him throwing himself in vain at the feet of his implacable uncle. And another fugitive we saw, the young Prince Charlie, leader of the forlorn hope of his house, hiding in the heather ; he who, but a few weeks before, had ridden in triumph through the streets of Edinburgh, amidst the huzzas of its populace.

The subject of this book is full of controversial topics, but time seems to soften their asperities ; they become lost, as it were, in the blue haze of distance, such as lends an added charm to our own English landscape ; and so it comes to pass that the reader of annals of bygone days is like a traveller who, as he mounts the slope with patient steps, leaves behind and below him the mists and exhalations of the valleys. Arrived at length upon the summit, he sees, but could not see till then, the prospect, in all its extent and in all its beauty, unrolled as in a map ; he marks, here a storm-cloud gathering over darkening woods, there the sunlight chasing the shadows across the meadows ; beyond, the river wending its way with many a fold to the sea ; and there, on the distant horizon, the sea itself, glittering like a silver shield reflecting heaven.

So, too, as the centuries pass along, the student of history should be able to mount above the clouds of ignorance and of prejudice. He heeds not the brawling streams of party and sectarian strife—nay, from where he stands he hears them not—for they have been swallowed up and lost in the river of Time, which, with mighty volume, with resistless and



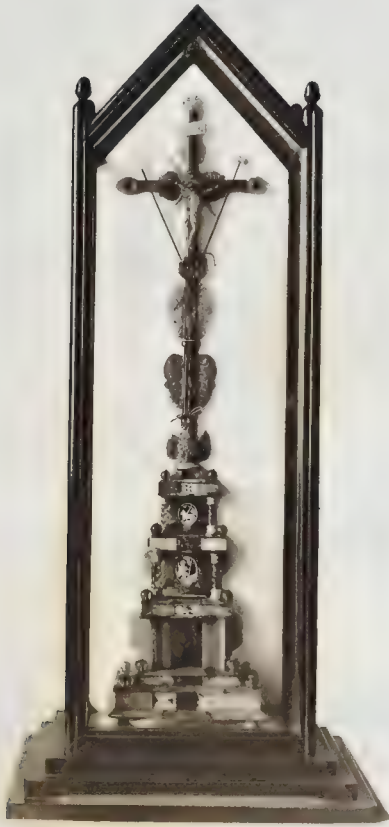
CXXIX.

CRUCIFIX BELONGING TO HENRY, CARDINAL  
OF YORK.



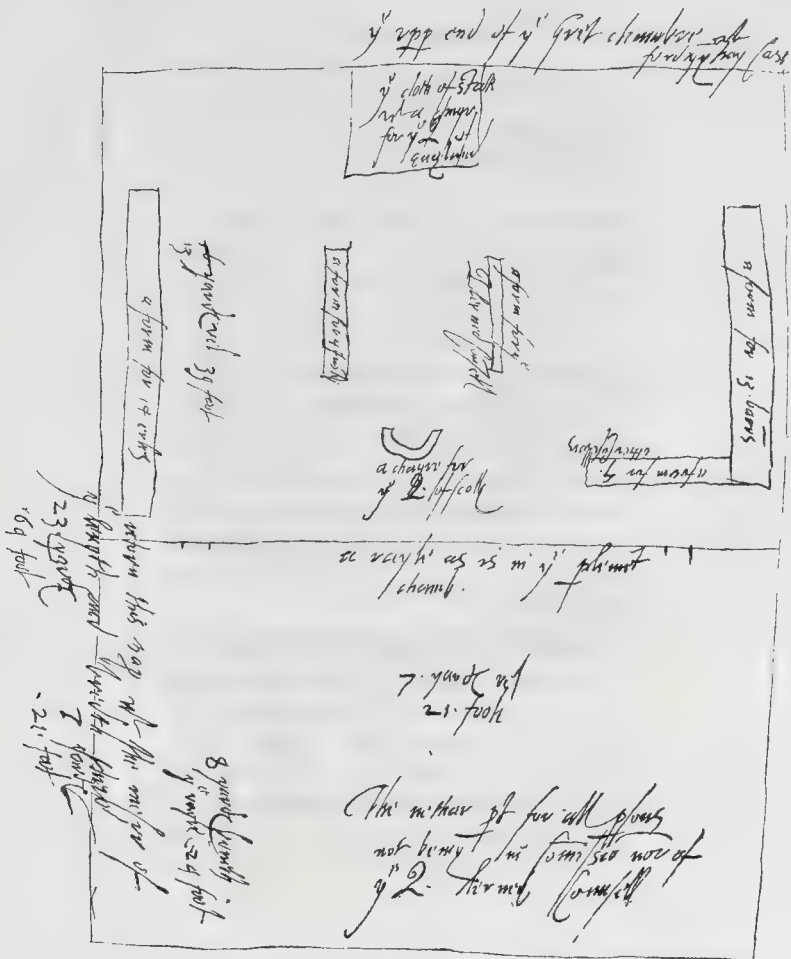


majestic flow, winds ever onward to the ocean of Eternity. And thus we who stand on the summit of the ages may survey the vast landscape of History in all its entrancing variety. It lies beneath our feet steeped in the serene sunlight of the Past.





PLAN FOR THE TRIAL OF MARY STUART, IN LORD BURGHELEY'S HANDWRITING



# APPENDIX B

## THE LAST LETTER OF MARY STUART

original  
Jm 1587

Monseigneur mon beaufrere estant par la permission  
de Dieu pour mes pechez comme ie voy venue  
me ieter entre les bras de ceste Roigne ma  
cousine ou ray ou launcemy deuenus et passe  
pres de vingt ans ie suis enfui par elle et ses  
estats condampnee a la mort et ayant demande  
mes papiers par eux ostez a ceste fin de faire  
mon testament ie nay peu rien retirer qui me  
seruist ny obtenir long de temps pour mes libere  
ny quoyes marmont mon corps fait beaucoup  
fellox mon deoir en vostre royaume ou ray en  
l'honneur de vostre rogne vostre sainte et ancienne  
alliee  
cerowdhy apres disner ma ceste de mon nece  
ma sentence pour estre executie demain comme  
une criminelle a huict heures du matin  
ie nay eu loisir de vous faire ung ample doire  
de tout ce qui sest passe mais sil vous plaist  
de croire mon meisme et ces autres meus  
desolez seruiteurs vous ayres la verite et comme  
grace a dieu ie misyrie la mort et fidellement

proteste de la recevoir innocente de tout crime  
 quant ce seroit leur subiect la religion catholique  
 & le maintien du droit que dieu m'a donné de  
 ceste couronne sont les deux points de ma  
 condamnation & toutesfois ilz ne me veulent  
 permettre de dire que cest pour la religion catholique  
 que ie meurs mais pour la crainte du champpe  
 de la lèze & pour prouuer ilz m'ont osté mon  
 anstomex lequel bien quil soit en la maison de  
 nay peu obtenir quil me vint confesser ny  
 communier a nul mort mais m'ont fait grande  
 instance de recevoir la consolation & doctrine  
 de leur ministre ammaine pour ce fait. ce porteur  
 & sa compaignie la pluspart de vos subiectz  
 vous témoignent mes desportemantz en ce  
 ouien acte dernier il reste que ie vous supplie  
 comme vostre chrestien non beaufrere & aussi mon  
 allié & qui manuez tousiours proteste de  
 maximer que ce que vous ferez prouuer en  
 toute ces points de vostre vertu tant par  
 charité me soulageant de ce que pour deschar  
 ger ma conscience ie ne puis sans vous que  
 est de récompenser mes seruiteurs desolés leur



Laysant leurs gages l'autre faisant pour dire  
 pour une rogne qui a esté nommée tres chrestienne  
 & meurt Chatelaine desuice de toutz ses biens  
 quant a mon filz & le vous recommande autant  
 quil le meritera car il n'en puis respondre  
 J'ay pris la hardiesse de vous enuoyer deux  
 prières vres pour la santé vous la desirant  
 parfaite amice fiemise & longue vie vous les  
 recevez comme de vostre tres affectueux  
 belle seur mourante en vous rendant témoignage  
 de son bon cuer &iers vous redons recommande  
 encore mes serviteurs vous ordonnans si il vous  
 plaict que pour mon ame & de son paye de  
 partre de ce que me de bien & de son Chastel  
 de Jesus Christ lequel ie prindz demain a  
 ma mort pour vous me laisser de quoy fonder  
 un obit & faire les halmones requises  
 ce mercredi a deux heures apres minuit

Votre tres affectueux & bien  
 bonne seur MARI E

## APPENDIX C

### PORTRAITS OF MARY STUART

\* Reproduced in this book. G.S. Mentioned by Sir George Scharf in "Archæologia."

It is practically impossible to make a complete list of portraits of Mary Stuart. In the following attempt to elucidate "the difficult question of her true portraiture" no mention is made of certain productions, of which so many repetitions exist in various collections; nor are copies referred to, unless there be some special reason for doing so. I have dealt only with those portraits which of I have personal knowledge, or which I have been able to identify. I have described them as correctly as I can, but *do not vouch for the absolute accuracy of the list, nor for the authenticity of every example recorded in it.* I have excluded engravings, as well as coins and medals, having mentioned some noteworthy examples of each in my remarks on portraits of Mary in Chapter VIII. Of the medals an interesting series was shown at the Stuart Exhibition in 1889, all described in the catalogue, and at the British Museum will be found a complete set of all specimens known; the whole subject of coins and medals moreover has been exhaustively dealt with in other works.

### OIL PAINTINGS—FULL LENGTH

No.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
* 1	P. Oudry	Life size, on panel, 83½ × 47	Duke of Devonshire, Hardwick Hall	Dated 1578, the only signed picture of the artist I am acquainted with, and undoubtedly contemporary and authentic. Stuart Exhibition. 35. G.S.
2	P. Oudry (?)	Almost identical with No. 1, but measuring 90 × 48	Earl of Darnley, at Cobham Hall	Exhibited Stuart Exhibition. No. 36
3	P. Oudry (?)	Similar to No. 1	Duke of Portland, formerly at Welbeck Abbey, now in Grosvenor Square	Inscribed "an original of M. Q. of S., taken at Hardwick whilst she was in the custody of Geo. E. of Shrewsbury." G.S.
4	P. Oudry (?)	Similar to No. 1, down to the most minute details of lace, pattern of the carpet, &c.	Marquis of Salisbury, at Hatfield	It has been suggested this was intercepted by Lord Burghley. Shown in Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1866 (305), where it was attributed to N. Hilliard. G.S.

OIL PAINTINGS—FULL LENGTH—*continued*

No.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
5		Life, 82 × 45 on canvas. Similar to Lord Salisbury's. No. 4	Scottish Corporation, Crane Court, Fleet Street (presented by Mr. W. Douglas, 1747)	Similar to the Hardwick picture. Chalmers says it was from Lord Salisbury's picture, probably an old copy. It has been destroyed by fire. This picture was not by Zuccherò as described in Nat. Portrait Exhibition. 1866. No. 319. G.S.
6	Mytens	On canvas, 88 × 54; figure reversed; l. hand on table; but similar otherwise to No. 1	Royal Collection, Hampton Court	Described in Van der Doort's Catalogue as at Whitehall, 1639. Was formerly at St. James' Palace, and ascribed to Zuccherò. Stuart Exhibition, 37. Doubtful if Myten's work. G.S.
7	Mytens (?)	87 × 49, dated 1580	Mrs. Keith Stewart Mackenzie	Corresponds to picture at Hatfield ascribed to Hilliard. Known as the Braham portrait. Shown at Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1866. 314. G.S.
8		76 × 48. Similar to Hampton Court picture. No. 6	Duke of Grafton	Stuart Exhibition. No. 41
9		In a black wooden frame		Mentioned in Van der Doort's catalogue as brought from Scotland, but not now to be identified. G.S.
*10		Life, 90 × 55	Blair's College, Aberdeen	Formerly at Douai, bequeathed by Elizabeth Curle. 1620. Stuart Exhibition. No. 39. Peterboro', 295. G.S.
11		Life size, 84 × 49. Black dress	Royal Collection, now at Windsor	In the background a representation of her execution, surmised to be a copy of the Blair's College picture. No. 10. Exhibited Stuart Exhibition. No. 38. Known as "the memorial type." G.S.
12		Similar to No. 10, but canvas enlarged	Earl of Darnley, Cobham Hall	Exhibited Stuart Exhibition. No. 40. Nine Guards instead of two, and names of females omitted. Queen's hair darker. G.S.
13		Similar to the three foregoing		From Lord Godolphin's Collection, sold at Christies in 1803 to Mr. Woodburn. Cannot be traced. G.S.
14		Small whole length, 11 × 7. Standing, left hand on arm of tall chair of red velvet and golden fleur-de-lys, dark cap, black gown, white under dress, collar and cuffs	H.M. the King	Stuart Exhibition (25) engraved in Montfaucon's Monumens de la Monarchie Française

## APPENDIX C

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OIL PAINTINGS—FULL LENGTH—*continued*

No.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
15	Zuccherò	Standing. Life size, three-quarter view to left, right hand on arm of chair, left hand holds white and red roses; gown red brocade; petticoat cloth of gold, girdle, brown rosary and pomander of gold. 74×44	Duke of Devonshire, Chatsworth	Stuart Exhibition (34). In background a city with church towers. Vertue dubious about it, it is known as the "Carlton (or Carleton) Type," having hung formerly at Carlton House
16		Standing, with James VI. as a child on her right side, boy in long red gown holding high crowned white hat in hand. Canvas 74×40	Captain G. H. W. Carew	Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1866 (316). Doubtful if Mary and James at all
17	Zuccherò	Mary and James I.	Draper's Company	Well known by the engraving by Bartolozzi, Peterboro'. No. 1 Mr. Way has observed: "It is certain that Zuccherò never saw Mary in France, and the great improbability of his having been permitted to have any interview with the captive Queen is manifest"
18		Standing. Black, pearl embroidered, satin-lined mantle, ruff and black veil, handkerchief in left hand. 84×52	Viscount Dillon	Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1868 (681). Quite young. Very unlike the recognised type of Mary
19	Ludger of Munster	Small, full length, in olive brown dress. Signed, anno 1561. Left hand to waist, right hand holding rosary; dark cap, lace network, sleeves and yoke. Standing on chequered floor. Nearly full face		From the collection of Lady St. Aubyn, Peterboro'. 207. Very doubtful if Mary Stuart
20	Copy by C. P. Harding	Small full length, holding rose in right hand, left hand resting on table, said to be from a portrait belonging to the Sardinian Consul (1887)	G. Murray, Esq.	Scottish lion shown on a shield on the wall. Peterboro'. 21
20A	Zuccherò		H.M. the King, private apartments, Holyrood	Has been much repainted



## OIL PAINTINGS—THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH

No.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
21		Life size, to knees, 37 × 29; face three-quarters to left; book in right hand, left hand rests on arm of chair; white lace cap, black dress, silver crucifix. Dated 1586	Lord Herries	Stuart Exhibition (32). From Hamilton sale
22		On panel, appears to be an early copy of the Sheffield picture (No. 1). The crucifix and cross are omitted	Earl of Morton. It is at Dalmahoy, near Edinburgh	Traditionally given to Earl Douglas at Loch Leven, engraved in Lodge and (badly) in Chalmers. The most to be depended upon, according to Walpole. G.S.
*23		Small three-quarter-length	Lord Battersea	See text
24	L. de Heere	35 × 28; rather more than half life size, three-quarter view to right. Red velvet gown, sleeves turned back, bertha, small ruff, carcanet and Holbein jewel	Duke of Hamilton, Holyrood	Stuart Exhibition (33). The date 1565 and initials HE have been found upon the canvas
25		Known as the "Hamilton Palace Portrait." In a dark dress with wide, open ruff. A young child wearing a close-fitting cap with ostrich feathers is shown to the waist standing at her side and holding her left hand	F. Bevan, Esq.	Seems to bear little resemblance to the features of Mary. May be the work of Peter Pourbus, who is said to have painted Mary from life in France
26	Jancz	27 × 20; face turned to right, red hair, blue eyes. In a light-blue dress with full sleeves slashed, holding two roses in hand. Ruby ring with diamonds on first finger, and ditto with one diamond on third finger of righthand. Head-dress richly ornamented with jewels. Collar of large pearls fastened by diamond and ruby brooch with large cross of diamonds and rubies. Enamel miniature hanging to collar	Earl Spencer	From the Stowe Collection. Authenticity doubtful



## OIL PAINTINGS—HALF-LENGTH

No.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
*27	N. Hilliard	To waist, looking to spectator's right, wearing jewelled cap, ruff, tight-fitting embroidered dress with shoulder puffs and a chain of large pearls with crucifix appended	Marquis of Ailsa	See also 28 and 29
28	Sir John de Medina	After original belonging to Marquis of Ailsa. See No. 27	Mrs. S. C. J. Wood	Peterboro'. No. 2
29	Sir John de Medina	Mary as Dauphine, Æt. 15	John Ferrier, Esq.	Peterboro'. No. 13
30		To waist, profile to spectator's left	A. de L. Curwen, Esq.	Known as the Workington portrait, said to have been given to Sir H. Curwen by Mary. Engraved in Miss Strickland's "Queens of Scotland"
31	Unknown	Face three-quarter to right; small life size, hands clasped and holding a pink. Dated 1562. Panel 17 x 12. Small jewelled head-dress, close frill, jewelled collar and pendant, high surcoat	Mrs. Michie-Forbes	Nat. Portrait Exhibition (324). Mary would be then 19
32	Janet (after)	Copy in oils of the Janet of Mary as Dauphine holding ring. See No. 71	Was in the Meyrick Collection.	Exhibited at Peterboro' Meeting Arch. Institute, 1861. G.S.
33		On panel half length; life three-quarter face, turned slightly to spectator's left, right hand on table covered with red cloth, left hand raised to side, dark grey curtain. Dated 1578	Formerly at Beaurepaire, Hants, the seat of the Brocas family. It is now in the Nat. Portrait Gallery. No. 96	There are several like it, but full length, standing on a Persian carpet. Branded on the back C. R. G.S.
34		To waist nearly full face, wearing a large cross on her bosom, said to be aged 12. In a quilted dress, and cap with ostrich feathers; large ruff	Lord Napier and Ettrick	Known as the Thirlstane Portrait. She looks 18 at least. There is good reason to believe this is the Infanta of Spain. It closely resembles a portrait of her at Newnham Paddox

OIL PAINTINGS—HALF-LENGTH—*continued*

NO.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
35	Zuccherò (?)	Long-waisted dress with large puffs on shoulders. Crimson and gold cap set with jewels	T. T. Oliphant, Esq.	Exhibited Peterboro'. 312. Said to be one of eight pictures painted after her marriage with the Dauphin, in which case she would be 16. Mrs. S. C. J. Wood exhibited a similar picture at Peterboro'. (No. 2.) See 28
36	Unknown	As widow of Francis II.; to waist; crown in right hand, crucifix in left. Canvas 31 × 24	A. Stuart, Esq., of Inchbreck	Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 328. Peterboro' Exhibition. 4
37	Luca Cornelli	To waist, looking to right; black dress, high single ruff, black white-lined cap peaked in centre. Panel 18 × 14½	Formerly Lord Taunton's	Nat. Portrait Exhibition. 320
38		Three-quarter face, looking to spectator's right. In close cap with three large pearls and pearl necklace	R. G. Erskine Wemyss, Esq., Wemyss Castle	Known as the Wemyss Picture, dated 1566, thus representing Mary age 24
39		Small head-dress, hands folded, holding gloves. Dated 1563, age 24 (?). Signed H.E. Arched top. Panel 53 × 31	B. C. Vernon Wentworth, Esq., M.P.	Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1866. No. 310. Peterboro'. No. 3
40	Unknown	Corresponds to No. 35, which see	Sir R. Menzies, Bart.	Peterboro'. 4A
41		28 × 24. On panel. Looking at spectator	Trinity College, Cambridge	Dated 1580. Her two hands are playing with something like a pearl
42	Janet	To waist, three-quarter view of face looking to right, in white mourning. Panel 12 × 9	H.M. the King, formerly at Hampton Court, now at Windsor	Exhibited at Nat. Portrait Exhibition (No 321), and at Stuart Exhibition. No. 27. Known as <i>le deuil blanc</i> . G.S. There is a good copy of this in the Nat. Portrait Gallery. No. 555
43	Janet	13½ × 11	Mrs. Alfred Morrison	Stuart Exhibition (28), a replica of last-named
*44		Panel 18 × 15½ to waist, with cap and feather	Duke of Devonshire, Hardwick	Stuart Exhibition. 30. When 16
45		Figure shown to waist, face three-quarter view. Hair auburn, eyes dark blue, black dress, slashed sleeves, jewelled necklace and head-dress, black veil hanging from back of head. 7 × 6	Earl Spencer	A Pendant to a portrait at Althorp of Francis II.

## APPENDIX C

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## OIL PAINTINGS—HEAD AND BUST

NO.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
46		Bust, with cap and feather, about 18; three-quarter view to right; cap of velvet with three plumes, gold gorget set with pearls. 10 × 7	Earl of Wharncliffe	Stuart Exhibition. 31
47		Three-quarter bust, to left, 14 × 10; white cap and ruff; bertha; black dress	F. M. Fraser, Esq., of Castle Fraser	Stuart Exhibition. 24
48		A head on a monument to Barbara Mowbray and Elizabeth Curle, erected by Mr. Curle, an ecclesiastic and relation of the latter	At Antwerp, in the Scotch Church of St. Andrew	Traceable to the memorial picture. No. 10. G.S.
49		Bust; black cap, dark dress, cambric falling collar; panel. 22½ × 16½	Bodleian Library	Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1866. 318
50		Head crowned, ruff. 25 × 21	Earl Cathcart	Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1866. No. 309
51		High ruff, cap with large pearls, jewelled dress; nearly full face, eyes looking at spectator	Lord Elphinstone	Known as the Carberry Tower picture
52	Paris Bordone	Profile, eyes looking up slightly, on panel	Miss Fletcher	Peterboro'. No. 8
53	Zuccherò	18 × 15; head only, full face, red hair, dark brown eyes, reddish brown background. Black dress and black hat over a white cap, double ruffs	Earl Spencer	From the Stowe collection
54	Jean de Court (?)	Head and shoulders, red dress and large necklace and cross, jewelled head-dress	H. C. Howard, Esq., of Grey-stoke	Peterboro'. 10
55	Peter Pourbus	Deep orange or red dress, cap and edges of ribbons fringed, pearl necklace	Miss Leslie-Melville	Bought at Kinloch House, Lochleven, 1819
56		Similar to Bodleian picture (No. 49)	J. M. Heathcote, Esq.	Peterboro' Exhibition. 15

OIL PAINTINGS—HEAD AND BUST—*continued*

NO.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
57		Panel 13×12, dark grey eyes!	P. J. C. Howard, Esq., of Corby	Stuart Exhibition. 29
58	Janet (?)	Flat cap, wimple; black dress; 13½ × 9½. <i>Deuil blanc</i> , Arms of France and Scotland quarterly	Jesus College, Cambridge	Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1866. No. 312. Peterboro'. No. 5
59	Janet	Dark reddish brown hair; canvas, 23 × 20; close ruff, red dress; jewelled winged, richly jewelled head-dress	Earl of Leven and Melville	Technically fine, face well modelled. Nat. Portrait Exhibition, 1866. No. 311. Inscribed F. Clouet
60		11 × 8, wearing hair - net, white ruff, red coat lined with ermine	Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart.	Stuart Exhibition. 26. Doubtful
61	Ascribed to Pourbus	As Dauphine; small high close ruff, three-quarter face, looking to right, pearls in centre of cap over forehead	Duke of Portland	Peterboro'. 16
62	Sir A. More	Said to be aged 17; in a jewelled crespine, ruby necklace, pearl pendant, jewelled dress, high ruff	Marquis of Salisbury	Engraved in Miss Benger's "Mary Stuart"
63	Unknown	Black velvet dress, diamond aigrette, hazel eyes. 30 × 26	G. W. Fitzwilliam, Esq.	Fair Women Exhibition. No. 17

## DRAWINGS

64	Janet	Representing Mary when 9½ years old	Chantilly collection	Formerly at Castle Howard. Stuart Exhibition. 216. G.S. Peterboro'. 20
*65	Janet	As Dauphine, aged 16	Formerly in St. Gervaise, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris	
66	Janet	As a widow representing her in mourning, known as <i>Deuil blanc</i>	Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris	See also Nos. 42, 43, 58. G.S.
67	Blanchard	As a girl; head and bust, in a close-fitting cap and jewelled dress	The Louvre, Sauvageot collection	
68	Copy by W. Hilton	In water colours	Earl of Derby	Known as the Morton type



## APPENDIX C

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## MINIATURES

NO.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
*69	Janet	In a carnation habit, putting a ring on her second finger	H.M. the King, Windsor	Exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition, New Gallery, No. 212. De- scribed in Van der Doort's catalogue of King Charles I.'s collection. G.S.
70	Isaac Oliver	$1\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ , with a blue background	H.M. the King	Much faded
71	Nicholas Hil- liard	Cap and ruff, black dress, jet necklace	Captain Edwardes Heathcote	Very like the Morton Portrait. Stuart Exhibition. 229
*72	Sir A. More	Enamel by W. Bone, 1828	Baroness Burdett Coutts	
*73	Sir A. More	Enamel by W. Bone, 1828	Duke of Wellington	Frontispiece to Vol. I
74	Unknown	In small oval re- liquary	Countess Isabel Curtis Cholmeley	Stuart Exhibition. 213
75	Unknown	In full black dress	Lord Braye	Formerly belonged to Mary de Medici. Stuart Exhibition. 214
76	Bernard Lens	Dated 1720	Duke of Buccleuch	Peterboro'. 35
77		In a black hat, under which a head-dress of white lace, plain ruff, gown black, cut square on breast	Duke of Buccleuch	Peterboro'. 33
78		In a richly laced cap with veil fall- ing over shoul- ders; auburn hair, large pearl in left ear, dress grey	Duke of Buccleuch	Peterboro'. 34
79	Unknown (after Zuc- chero)	Three-quarter- length, with hat on her lace cap, hold- ing a small dog under her right arm	Viscount Melville	Peterboro'. 252. Engraved by Thomson
80	I. Oliver (?)	To waist	Hon. Gray's Inn Society	Pendant to one of Elizabeth, both much repainted
81		Full length, holding crucifix in right hand	Hon. R. C. Herbert	Peterboro'. 31
82		Given by James III. to James Edgar	Miss Edgar	Peterboro'. 41
83	Unknown	Three-quarter- length, low yellow dress, small ruff; inscribed "La Royne Dau- phine." $4 \times 3$ .	Formerly owned by C. Magniac	Stuart Exhibition. 42. S. K. M., 1865
84	Unknown	Limoges Enamel. Head and bust, wearing wide col- lar; small cross at bosom	Mrs. Zwilchenbart Erskine	Peterboro'. 38. The mauve tint was only used for seven years, and that during the time of Mary's marriage to the Dauphin. Cut out of the back of an old book of <i>Hours</i> , in which there was also a corresponding por- trait of Francis II.



## MINIATURES—continued

NO.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
*85	Unknown	To waist, in voluminous cloak edged with lace, holding small book in left hand	Duke of Portland	Inscribed at top "Virtutis amore," Peterboro'. No. 39
86	Copy by G. P. Harding	Black dress, ruff	G. W. Fitzwilliam, Esq.	Fair Women Exhibition. 156. Age about 25
87	Unknown	Black dress, widow's cap	G. W. Fitzwilliam, Esq.	Age about 30
88		About one and a quarter inch circular. Maroon-coloured ground, with red dress embroidered in gold, gold necklace and cross, pendant, high ruff, red hair	Lord Tweedmouth	Dated 1587

## MISCELLANEOUS

89	Valerio Vincentino	Onyx cameo. Heads of Mary and Henry Darnley	Duke of Buccleuch	Stuart Exhibition. 900
*90	Cornelius and William Cure	Effigy on the monument at Westminster Abbey		G.S.
91		Electro bust from effigy (90)	National Portrait Gallery	
92		Antique ring with miniature	A. J. Rodway, Esq.	Stuart Exhibition. 340

## ADDENDA

## SOME PORTRAITS OF MARY STUART IN FOREIGN GALLERIES

NO.	TO WHOM ATTRIBUTED	DESCRIPTION	OWNER	REMARKS
93	Unknown; has been ascribed to School of Janet, but query	Three-quarter-length seated; hands resting on arms of chair; nearly full face; lace cap, lace-edged collar and mantle, rings on third finger of each hand	The Hermitage, St. Petersburg	About the period of the Oudry portrait (No. 1)
94		Three-quarter-length standing; left hand at side, right hand holding crucifix to her bosom; lace cap and collar and lace-edged mantle. A crown on table at her right side	Heidelberg	The ascription of the pictures of Mary at Heidelberg must be received with caution
95		Head and bust; three-quarter face, eyes looking to spectator. Fur-trimmed dress, high ruff	Heidelberg	
96		Another closely resembling foregoing but a little older	Heidelberg	
97		Three-quarter-length standing, nearly full face; left hand resting below breast; wearing crucifix, lace cap, ruff, white yoke	Royal Museum, Cassel	
98	Janet	Head and bust; almost full face; slashed, jewelled dress, double string of pearls round neck, high collar. A jewelled net over her hair	Prince Czartoryski, Paris	Said to be painted before her marriage with Francis II. Same view of face as Carberry Tower picture. Note a sly look in the eyes; mouth and nose unlike general type
99		Head and bust; three-quarter view of face to left, lace cap and ruff and lace-edged mantle	Uffizi Gallery, Florence	Corresponds in type to the Blair's portrait which it much resembles
100		To waist, looking to spectators left. Wearing large ruff, lace-edged mantle and cap which is surmounted by a high crown, a crucifix hangs over several rows of pearls at her breast	Versailles	The crown in this picture resembles in shape that in Earl Cathcart's portrait, but the jewels are different. The view of the face is the same

In addition to the foregoing there are numbers of other examples which have been shown in various exhibitions from time to time. I extract from my book on "British Miniature Painters" the following contributions to the great collection shown at Kensington in 1865, at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy 1870, and the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery 1889. I have made no attempt to classify these, as I have not sufficient personal knowledge of them; and here I may say, without expressing an opinion either one way or another upon the genuineness of these particular miniatures, that great caution is necessary with regard to portraits of Mary Stuart. The paucity of the art of the period, the difficulty of identifying the artist, and above all the multiplicity of copies which exist, make the subject extremely complex, and more and more difficult as time goes on.

## OTHER EXHIBITED MINIATURES OF MARY STUART

Dated 1565 . . . . .	Earl of Dartrey
After Janssen . . . . .	Mr. T. Kittrick
On panel . . . . .	Mr. H. Magniac
On vellum . . . . .	Mr. H. Magniac
From an old picture . . . .	Duke of Marlborough
From a miniature by I. Oliver .	Duke of Marlborough
Oil on copper . . . . .	Earl of Abingdon
Card . . . . .	Lord Fitzhardinge
By N. Hilliard . . . . .	Mr. C. Sackville Bale
Oil . . . . .	Mr. John Stewart
Card . . . . .	Mr. R. G. Clarke
Vellum . . . . .	Mrs. Browne
With James VI., by Hilliard . .	Miss Wilson
With James VI., by Hilliard . .	Mrs. Naylor Leyland
Copy of an old picture . . . .	Lord Leigh
Copy of an old picture, by Sir A. More . . . . .	Duke of Buccleuch
Enamel . . . . .	Earl of Charlemont
	Earl Spencer
Others belonging to . . . . .	Mr. G. Scharf, C.B.
	Miss Edgar
	Mr. Stewart Dawson
Three examples . . . . .	Lord Willoughby d'Eresby

The description and names of the owners are given as they were printed in the catalogues. Several have changed hands since. I may conclude by quoting the words Horace Walpole prefixed to his description of Strawberry Hill, "this account of pictures is given *with a view to their further dispersion*, nor do *virtuosos* dislike to refer to such a catalogue for an authentic certificate of their curiosities."

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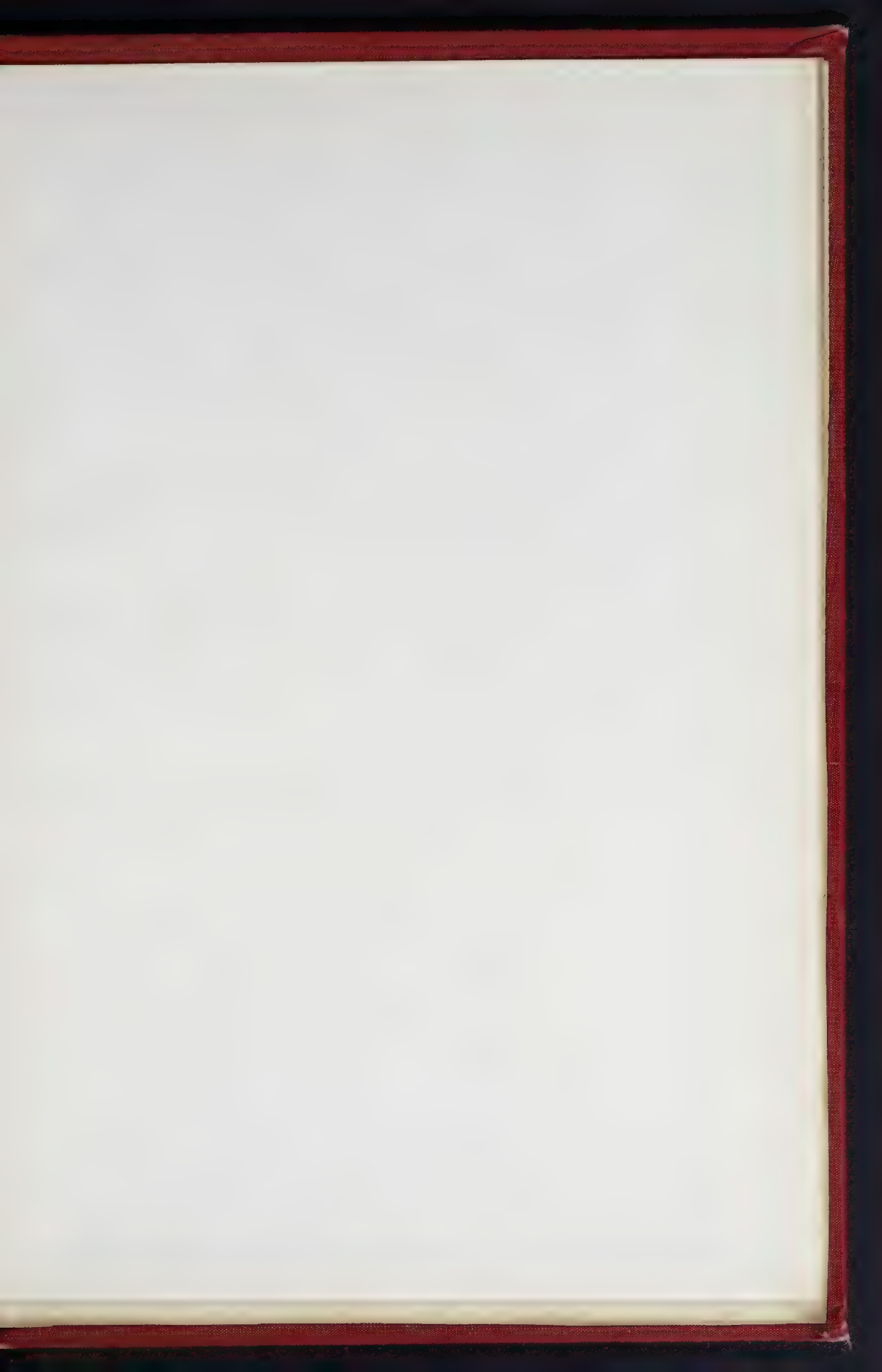
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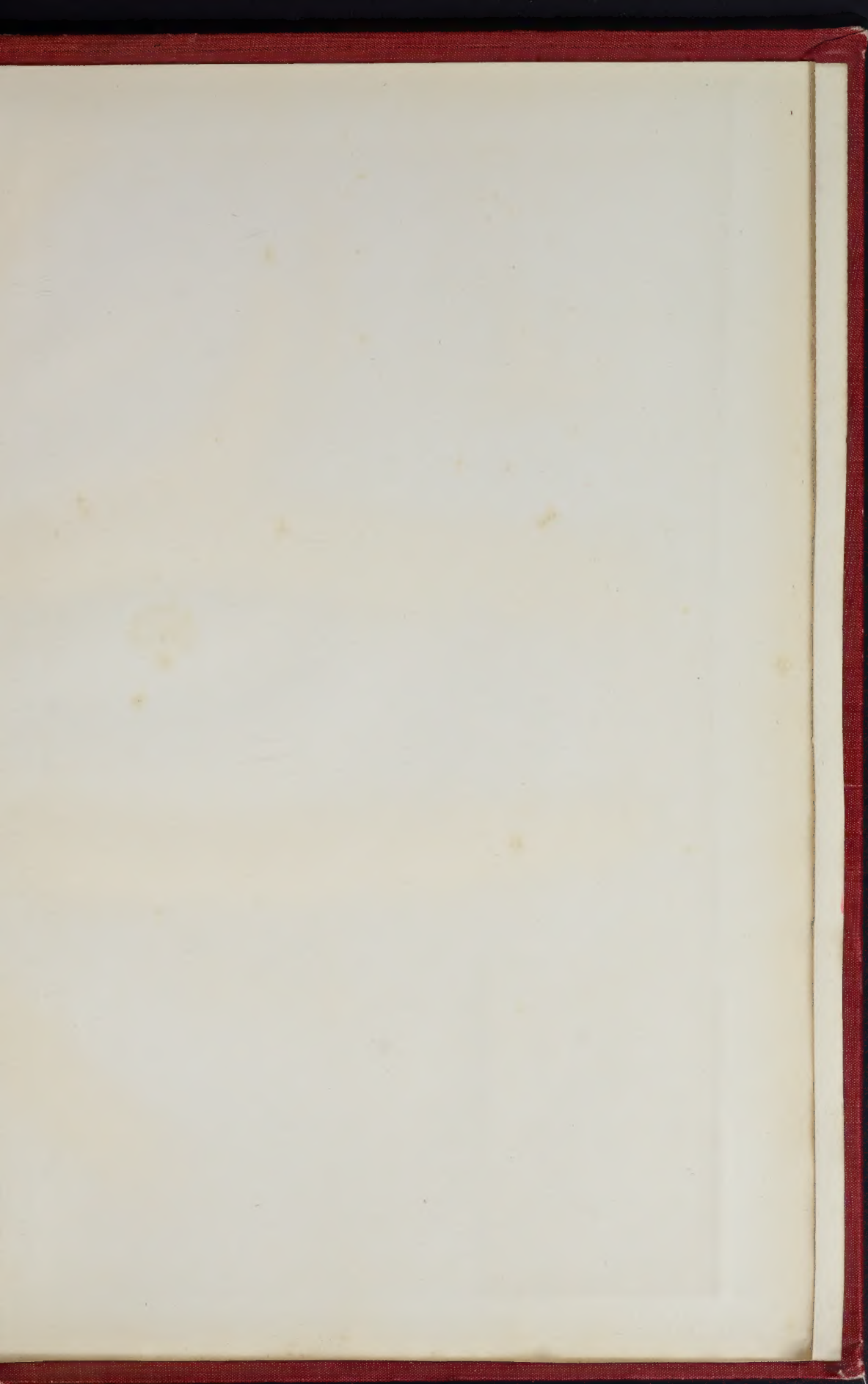












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